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THE NEW YORKER
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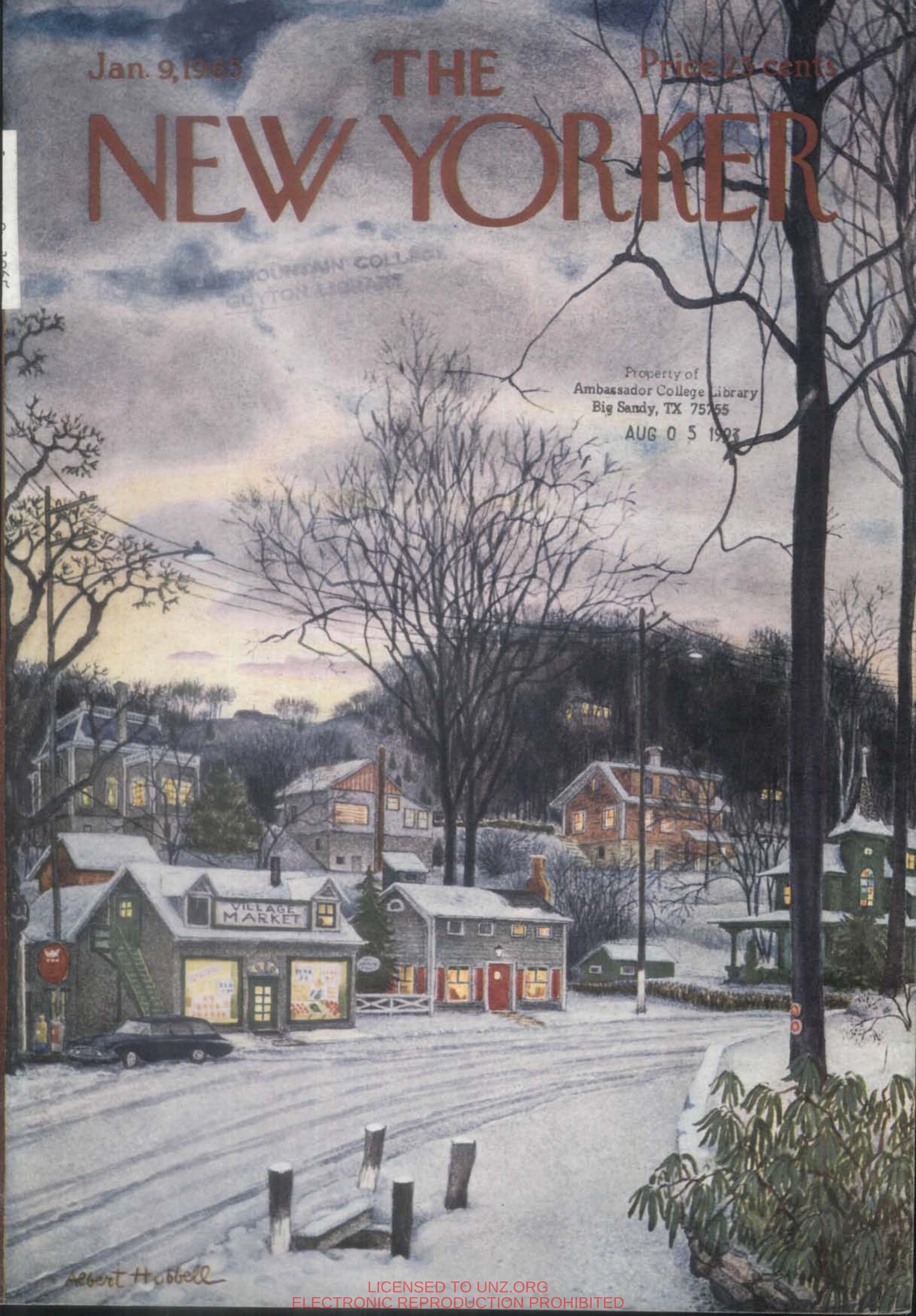
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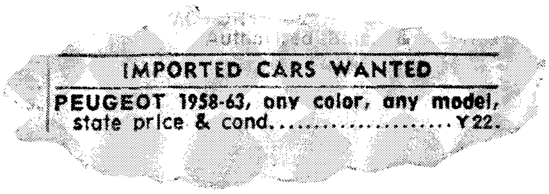

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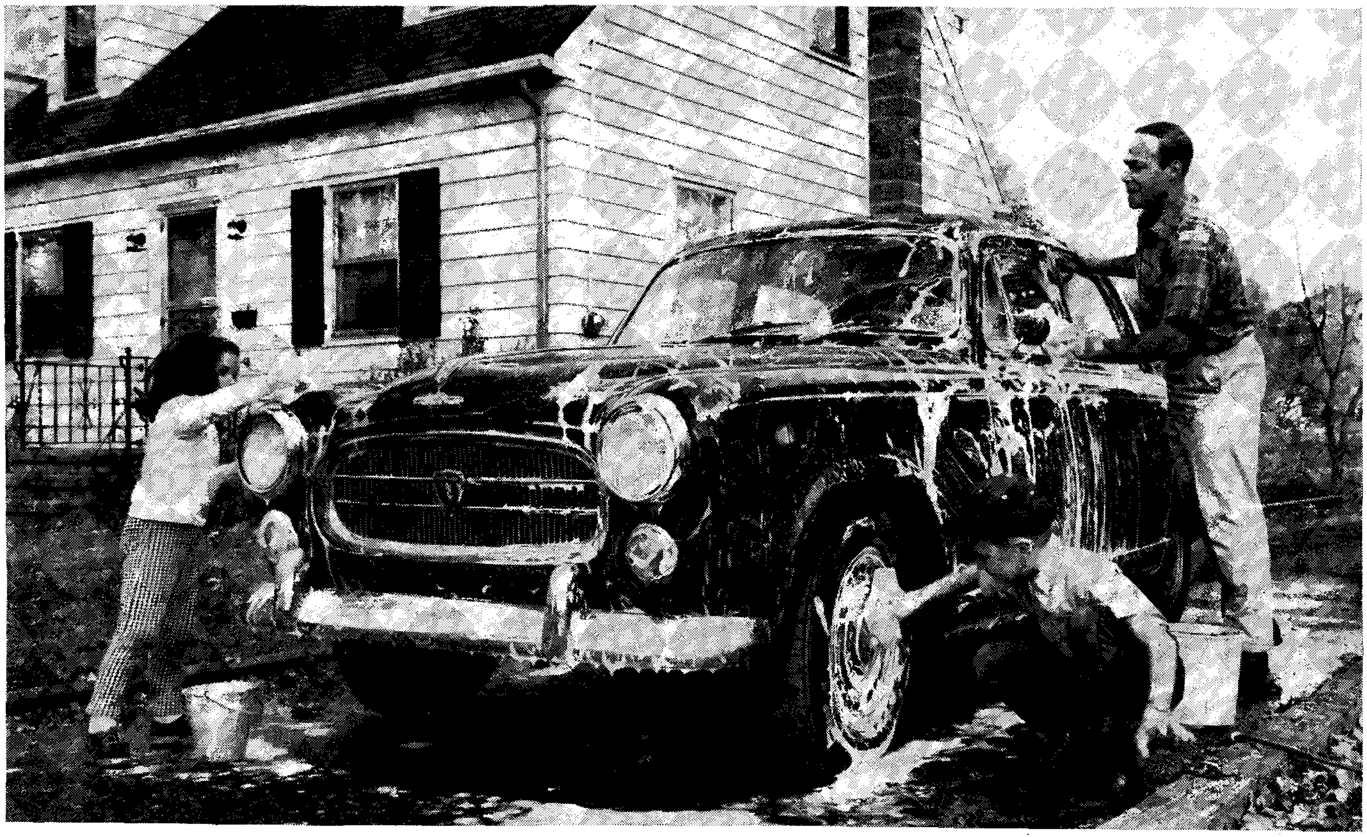

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Beyond the Fringe '65—A four-week return engagement of the English revue, with Donald Cullen, James Valentine, Robert Cessna, and Joel Fabiani. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly at 9. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 9.)

Hughie—A short play by Eugene O'Neill—one of the last that he completed—in which Jason Robards functions as a philosophical drifter convinced that pipe dreams make life tolerable. Practically a monologue, with a few interruptions by Jack Dodson, the only other member of the cast. José Quintero handles the direction. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Luv—A funny triangular trifle by Murray Schisgal, which has an excellent cast—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson—and has been wonderfully directed by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute, with sporadically amusing results. The play has been skillfully directed by Arthur Storch, and has a set designed by Jo Mielziner. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Poor Richard—A drunken English poet pursuing his reluctant views and anything else that happens along in Greenwich Village. This comedy by Jean Kerr has its witty moments, and a commendable cast headed by Alan Bates. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ready When You Are, C.B.!—Julie Harris as a would-be actress, aglow with avarice, who sublets her Manhattan apartment at an unconscionable rental to a Hollywood Adonis and finds herself falling in love with him, as you might expect. Lou Antonio is the man from the West. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window—A parcel of mixed-up characters in Greenwich Village. Gabriel Dell, Rita Moreno, and Alice Ghostley are prominent in Lorraine Hansberry's play. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground—A trio of eccentric neurotics gabbling away in a seedy candy store in darkest Brooklyn. The play was written by William Hanley, directed by Joseph Anthony, and has George Rose, Clarence Williams III, and Carolan Daniels as its players. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Subject Was Roses—About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tiny Alice—An excursion into metaphysics arranged by Edward Albee. The play often seems incoherent as it explains man's relation to the world above and below, but John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry are, for the most part, admirable. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's frivolity about the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A sixty-year-old gentleman is dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Dennis O'Keefe and Martha Scott. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Peterpat—Dick Shawn and Joan Hackett in a two-character comedy by Enid Rudd. Directed by Joe Layton. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies dancing, prancing, reading tea leaves, examining palms, and all that sort of thing in a lively creation that has a book by Ernest Kinoy and music and lyrics by Walter Marks. Peter Gennaro is responsible for the choreography, and the musical has the nimble services of Chita Rivera, Nancy Dussault, and many other attractive performers. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—An old-time piece of agreeable schmalz on the order of the Shubert operettas. The best thing about it is wonderfully ingratiating Robert Preston. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge doing his stimulating stuff, this time with Leonid Hambro. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, garnished with music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and choreography by Jerome Robbins, who also directed the enterprise. Although the material is rather too frail to sustain all the large production numbers, the cast, headed by the redoubtable Zero Mostel, is diverting. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—Sammy Davis in an adaptation of a tired Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. With the exception of a couple of fine production numbers, it has little in its favor. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—Behind the scenes with the grifters at Coney Island, who are no more diverting than the folks they try to swindle. The book was provided by Jerome Chodorov, and the music and lyrics are by Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are among those present. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh What a Lovely War—Joan Littlewood and a couple of collaborators have astutely assembled all kinds of compelling sidelights of the First World War for this revue, and the old songs of the period are still arresting. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**funny girl:** Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** The Carol Channing commotion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **high spirits:** Beatrice Lillie frisking through a musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit." (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** Ronnie Welsh plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Jeff De Benning plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées

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on the never-ending joys of diamonds

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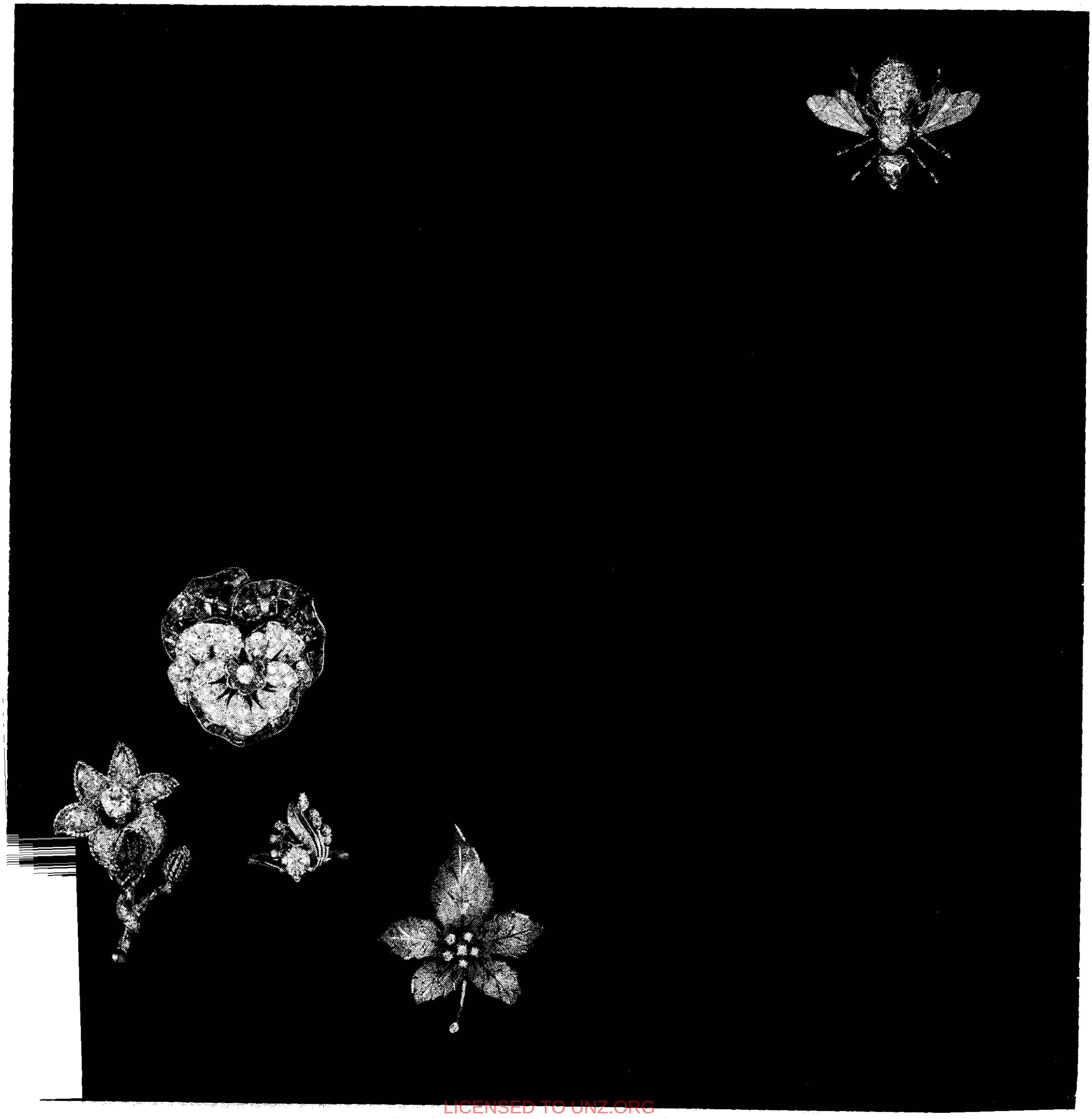

Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?**: A musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Family Way—A comedy by Ben Starr, with Jack Kelly and Collin Wilcox. Directed by Michael Gordon. Preview Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 13. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—POLISH MIME THEATRE: A two-week engagement by a company of thirty, appearing here for the first time, in a program including "The Detective," "The Post Office," "The Woman," and "The Book." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 17.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—INCIDENT AT VICHY, an attempt by Arthur Miller to dramatize the plight of a group of people rounded up by the Nazis in Vichy and scheduled for dispatch to a concentration camp. A rather static play in which Mr. Miller seems bent on exposition rather than action. Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne lead the able cast, which was directed by Harold Clurman. Performances Thursday and Friday, Jan. 7-8, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Molière's **TARTUFFE**, translated by Richard Wilbur and with Michael O'Sullivan, Hal Holbrook, and Salome Jens, will be the third offering in this season's series of plays. Previews Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2 and 8:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 12-13, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 14, at 7. Other performances Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

APA at the Phoenix—Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN** is the first in a series of three plays by this exhilarating company. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2:30 and 8. . . . ¶ Tolstoy's **WAR AND PEACE**, in an English version by Robert David MacDonald, will be the second offering. Previews Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 2:30. Opens officially on Monday, Jan. 11, at 6:30. Other performances Tuesday, Jan. 12, and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 14-15, all at 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

All Women Are One—Marian Seldes, Paul E. Richards, and Louis Zorich are the entire cast of this play by Ben Kerner. Opens Thursday, Jan. 7. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amato Opera Company—Friday and Saturday,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Jan. 8-9: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 14-16: "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Evenings at 8:15.)

Babes in the Wood—This prankish musical, which is based in the loosest possible way on "A Midsummer Night's Dream," has some of the attractions and many of the flaws of an undergraduate romp. Rick Besoyan, the man responsible for "Little Mary Sunshine," has provided a melodic score, but his book and lyrics are rather trying. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cat and the Canary—A revival of John Willard's mystery melodrama. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

The Child Buyer—Even such accomplished actors as Paul McGrath, John C. Becher, and Lester Rawlins cannot give much animation to this essentially inanimate melodrama about a man who attempts to buy a precocious child for his large, mysterious corporation. Paul Shyre adapted the play from a novel by John Hersey. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. SP 7-3810. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cradle Will Rock—A revival of Marc Blitzstein's opera of social protest, which was first done here in 1937. The performances, under Howard Da Silva's direction, are quite good. The opera is another matter. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The Zoo Story**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving Edward Albee's "The Zoo Story." No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Her Master's Voice—Doro Merande is very funny, and John Cecil Holm is good, too, in this limp and rather slipshod revival of Clare Kummer's twenty-year-old domestic farce. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3:30.)

Kiss Mama—A volatile Italian family in New York is a source of innocent merriment in this comedy by George Panetta. Tom Pedi, Francine Beers, Val Bisoglio, and Julius La Rosa are most helpful as members of the second generation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello—This production, which is approximately the same one that played in Central Park last summer, has its ups and downs. Bette Henritze's Emilia is one of its ups. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Play with a Tiger—The final battle in the battle-ridden love affair of a couple of leaden intellectuals, each of them a compulsive reminiscer. The play, by Doris Lessing, is long-winded, and its mechanics creak, but there are a few lively moments. Janet Ward and Barney Kates do well as the belligerents, and so does Jenny O'Hara in a supporting role. (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. AL 4-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen and Henderson Forsythe. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

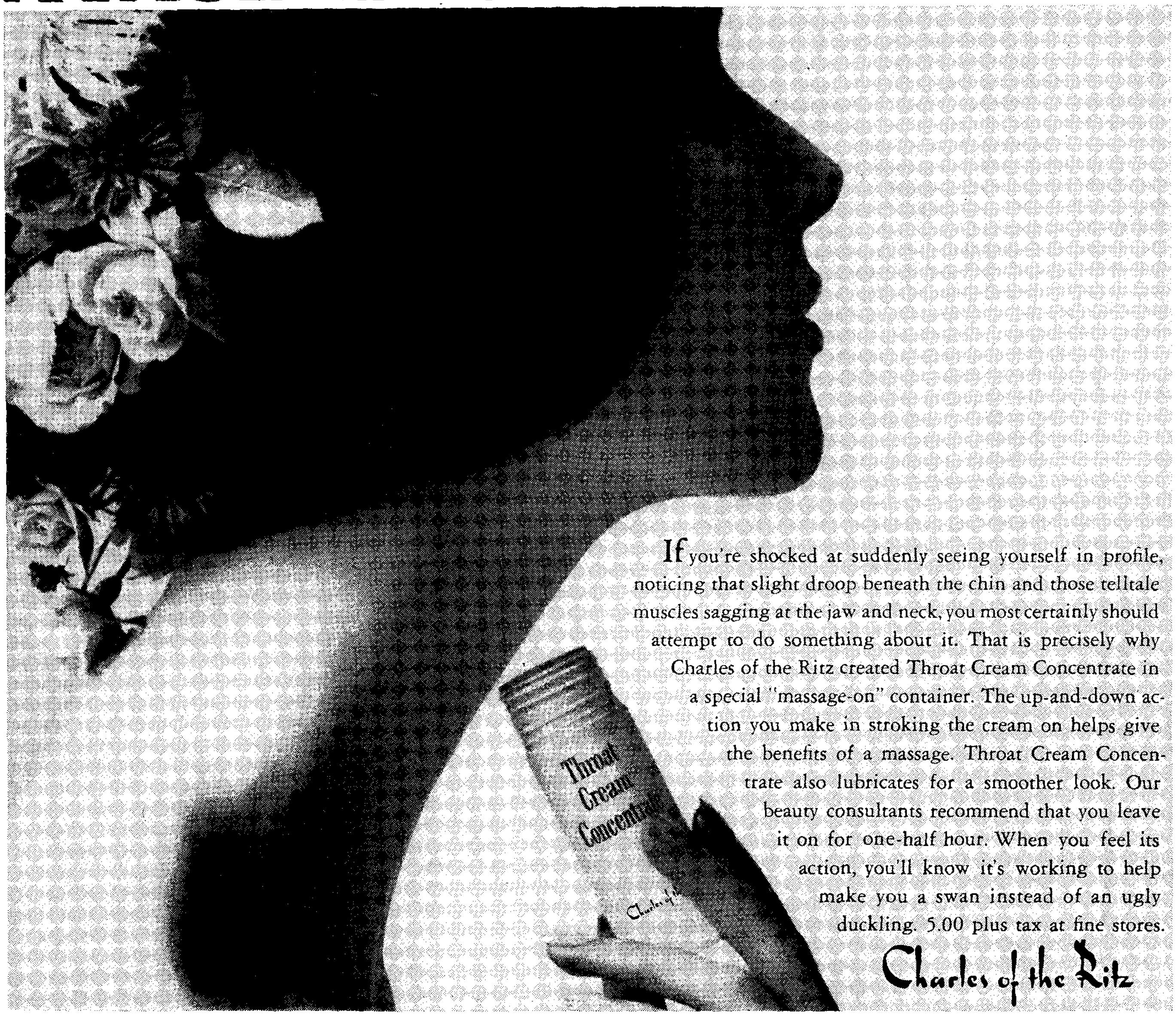
The Slave and **The Toilet**—These one-act plays by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Al Freeman, Jr., is very good as a crazy poet. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

That 5 A.M. Jazz—A pair of bright, sharp satires about Eden and Hell, one of them set at the World's Fair and the other in Las Vegas. Will Holt is the author of both, and he has written some extremely effective songs for the second play. His cast does him proud. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—A production of Euripi-

A FACIAL FOR THE THROAT



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

des' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War that is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 7: "Ebony Concerto," "Meditation," "Dim Lustre," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Friday evening, Jan. 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Dim Lustre," "Irish Fantasy," and "Fanfare."...¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 9: "Western Symphony," "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird."...¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 9: "Divertimento No. 15," "Prodigal Son," "Interplay," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 10: "Western Symphony," "Swan Lake," "Interplay," and "Fanfare." ...¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 10: "Serenade," "La Sonnambula," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Ballet Imperial."...¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 12: "Serenade," "Swan Lake," "Meditation," and "Ballet Imperial."...¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 13: "Divertimento No. 15," "Dim Lustre," "Con Amore," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 14: "Bugaku," an unnamed Delibes ballet (première), "Agon," and "Fanfare."...¶ Friday evening, Jan. 15: "Serenade," "Tarantella," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Ballet Imperial."...¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 16: "Con Amore," "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird."...¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 16: "Scotch Symphony," "Dim Lustre," "Ebony Concerto," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 21. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

José Greco—With his company of Spanish gypsy dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Final performances of a three-week engagement of three operas for adults. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8:30: "The Magic Flute."...¶ Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30: "The Abduction from the Seraglio." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.)

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1965." Opens Tuesday, Jan. 12, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 24. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box has become a sort of *panem-et-circenses* forum now that Billy Eckstine is in full voice at dinner and supper and the team of Rowan and Martin is doing a brisk business in surefire humor during the same feasting hours. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which is coming of age, does most of the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The restaurant's wallflowers (in the mural sense) are vast enough to make anyone feel Lilliputian, but the music is just life-size. George Anaya's minute band, which is Latin and American, does it menu style from eight to ten and prancing style from then until one. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A certain Britannic majesty has been added since John Mills, an overseer of London night life, has established this as his foothold in the New World. The ceaseless music issues from the orchestra of Freddie Jagels and the rumba band of Freddy Alonso. Customers who would rather be wired for sound resort to the Garrison, an alcove rearranged as a *discothèque;* customers who would rather not be on their feet at all resort to the Champagne Room, where a non-dance trio takes it easy. Closed Sundays.

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Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A humorous device, well executed, that is designed to persuade the eye that the setting is really a period-piece night boat. Stan Rubin's period-five-piece band and his Riverboat Ramblers do music contemporaneous with both Mark Twain and today. Their timetable: Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve; Fridays from eight-thirty to one; and Saturdays from nine to two. No music Sundays.

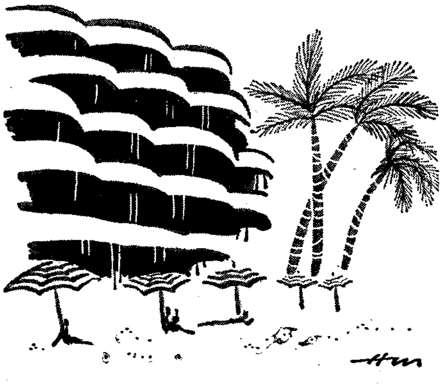
New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the piazza known as the Seven Hills, the Quintetto di Roma, a jaunty bunch of the boys, play from eight to one, or even to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Dino Palmero, the carolling member of the Quintetto, makes Italian a truly Romance language. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, one of Ben Cutler's jolliest do-or-die-for-dear-old-Yale bands is chattering away every night of the week. Alex Geraldo, who sings to his own guitar, is, though, given every Monday off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—There are times in the Persian Room when you think that the Barry Sisters never will stop singing and talking, but that is just an optical (and aural) illusion, for there is a considerable gap between their dinner and supper apparitions. On Wednesday, Jan. 13, they will be replaced by the songs of Lisa Kirk, a quite different cup of tea, and TNT. The sonorous band of Emil Coleman and the scampering band of Mark Monte will continue to wax eloquent through the night. Closed Sundays. ... ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play watercress-sandwich music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. ... ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the necromancy of light and shadow into a perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's heart-and-soul violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of lovely handmaidens laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is time to go home. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The tallest star in the firmament. Remote control brings the music of George Cort's quintet to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a small dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The orchestra of Charles Turecamo, late of the St. Regis Roof and other fashionable spas, has now descended to the Maisonette, where Quintero's knowledgeable crew of Latins has been discoursing all season. Closed Sundays....¶ La Boite goes grandiosely about its task of care and feeding, which are expedited by the outpourings of Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's violin, on hand between eight and two. No dancing. Closed Sundays.



Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—Nothing is more up-to-date than the country dances and city dances (the newest is the Urban Sprawl) executed (which is the *mot juste*) by the crew of athletes that haunts this Egypt of another day. The music is issued by computers, untouched by human hands, and it rolls on from eight to four every night.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The wide-open spaces, half a city block long, are occupied by serious dancers who want (and get) room for their daring but still decorous choreographies, and are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud. They sound off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one, but Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from one-forty-five to six, and a floor show at eleven-fifteen on Tuesdays. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Boys and girls together, sidewalks of New York, and bar-and-grill—all of which make for one of the biggest conversation pieces in town. Through this merry crossfire can be heard the sound of music, and on this schedule: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as upbeat, double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. ... **in boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors and sopranos willing to sing for their supper (and dinner, too) without benefit of microphones and other extra added detractions tackle anything from Porter to Puccini. Right now, they are devoting themselves to Puccini's study of butterfly life in Japan. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also casual dance music. Closed Mondays.... **le caprice**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jet is the setting, and jet is the set. While Bobby Short, the house troupial, is on his sabbatical, the singing, which begins at ten-thirty, is being done by a handsome girl, Djenara, first of the Caucasian mountains and then of the Continental *boîtes de nuit*, and by her young Spanish consort, whose name is the soul of brevity—Paco. Jules Kuti lifts the piano cover at five-thirty and plays until nine. Closed Sundays.... **drake room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The evergreen kingdom of Cy Walter, the Bureau of Standards by which drawing-room musicians must be measured. His piano, both succinct and succulent, is presented on a timecard that is generous—six to one, except Sundays.... **late edition**, in Delmonico's Hotel, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): It's the new home for Hugh Shannon, whose voice and piano have a late-late-show sound that keeps the room—and the adrenalin—jumping. Ten until three is his stint, and the customers are wined and dined all along. Closed Tuesdays.... **café ambassador**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough time for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday.... **downstairs at the upstairs**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): All the ills that love is heir to are alleviated, or even cured, by the artful lyrics that no one but Mabel Mercer has on the tip of a wise old tongue. Her ministrations to the walking wounded commence at ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton, her lifetime equerry, is her pianist. Closed Sundays. ... **château henri iv**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The divine right of a king to play at being Royal Architectural Nonesuch has been fully exercised in this castle keep. Norbert Faconi tosses and turns a come-hither violin as he roams from table to table. No sound on Sundays.... **king henri iv**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The optical illusion is that you have joined a royal Crusade to the Holy Land; it is *not* an illusion that the army involved travels on its stomach. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays.... **el chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH

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2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A road that leads in a straight line to Rome. Journeyers are serenaded along this Appian Way by half a dozen musicians eternally on the prowl. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from Gustavo Lopez, who begins at eight in the third room back of this opulent display. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—the guitar of José Luis Franco—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. He absents himself on Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys who belong to television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio every day of the week. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Budapest that was not built in a day is occupied by a hand-picked citizenry, such as players of the fiddle and the zimbalon. Béla Babai's band does the dance tunes. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The Hudson River, a next-door neighbor whom we rarely see, is plain as day from the windows of the Crown Restaurant. From seven to ten-thirty every Tuesday, the golden-haired Daphne Hellman quietly plies her golden harp; the rest of the week, Gladys Hubner does the honors. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's nip-and-tuck between the scenery and the musicians to see which are the livelier Latins. During the week, they come out even (sound effects from five-thirty to eleven), but the musicians, augmented by dancers, always win out on Sundays (sound effects from one to nine.) . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): An establishment operating on Central Standard Chekhov time, which means no haste, no waste, a plenitude of sombre *chansons d'amour* (Marina Fedorovskaya attends handsomely to these), Slavic violin and piano, and occasional Volga-boatman chimings-in by the gentlemen in the audience. Seven-thirty until two every night but Monday is the house rule. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, whose manner of song swings between gypsy-caravan and wickedest-woman-in-Paris, chants at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. A trio provides for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Singing waiters, singing cigarette girls, singing salad chefs, singing bottle-washers, none of them in the least frustrated performers of Italian opera, work here with all stops out. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A Book-of-the-Month Club in which the *Social Register* is compulsory reading. George Feyer noodles through his *point-d'Alençon* piano readings from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): On the top deck of the Casino-on-the-Park, Vincent Limoli is holding down the keyboard until Steven Weltner, its steady companion, ends his holiday, on Monday, Jan. 11. The music goes on from five-thirty until midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **IL SOLE,** 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): This year's *pied-à-terre* for Ralph Strain, court pianist for the Hamptons set. His carefully constructed music, which starts off during the dinner hour, flows gently through every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar, there is piano every so often from six until one-thirty by Tony Garody, who sheds a lovely *clair de lune* upon everything from Moon River to Vermont. Enzio Lembo, guitarist and tenor, sets to at nine-thirty. Mr. G. is away Mondays, Mr. L. is away Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Fun-and-games sort of piano by Bunty Pendleton, a girl who's seen a lot of New York night life but is still cheerful enough to sing at her work. Most of the evening, she takes turns with Lynn Richards, another girl pianist. Thus, there's apt to be music from eight until around three. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Tonight's the Night," a dream of fair women come true, is likewise a prodigious caper choreographed to the hilt. It is replete not only with young ladies but with the customary astounding variety acts—the fantasy ballet of François Szony and Nancy Claire, the death-wish French ballet of the Caron family, a maniacal Japanese demon-driver sequence, the very earnest and British Dagenham Girl Pipers. This year, the stand-up comedians usually to be heard in these horse-laugh latitudes have been replaced by George Matson, a merry imp whose caricaturings of womankind in her moments of folly are premeditated murder. Dancing. Private parties on Mondays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): From the lost-and-found department emerge the Mills Brothers, for whom croon is a boon. With this archeological discovery goes Dave Barry, a wit of a distinctly archeological bent himself. Among the throng, too, is an octet of coiffed and cushioned blondes who, stock-still or in their elemental ballet, are good to look upon. Dancing. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, Erskine Hawkins' quartet carries on as if there were no tomorrow. It stands to and delivers from ten to four every night of the week. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The commanding presence of Miriam Makeba, a true African queen, helps rather than hinders her folk songs, especially when they verge on set-my-people-free. Also on hand: Mongo Santamaria's Latin band and Bill Cosby, a humorist whose basic purpose is not always apparent. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The world and its problems are cut down to size (pretty damn small) by the words and music of "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the fourteenth of Julius Monk's annual White Papers. The enunciation of his cutting remarks is assigned to Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson, well-remembered faces from earlier Monk animadversions, and also by the newcoming Barbara Minkus, a tumultuous tomboy, and Nancy Myers, a little seraph. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are the pianoforte orchestra. Nine and eleven-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): There's gypsy blood in the strains of Juan Lejido, who does the singing, in torrential Castilian, for the troupe of Brazilian and Andalusian dancers who dust up the storms in the back room. Dinner and supper is the schedule for these players, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance here continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon and just one show, at ten-thirty. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): R. G. Brown, giving every line he reads a wonderful flavor of

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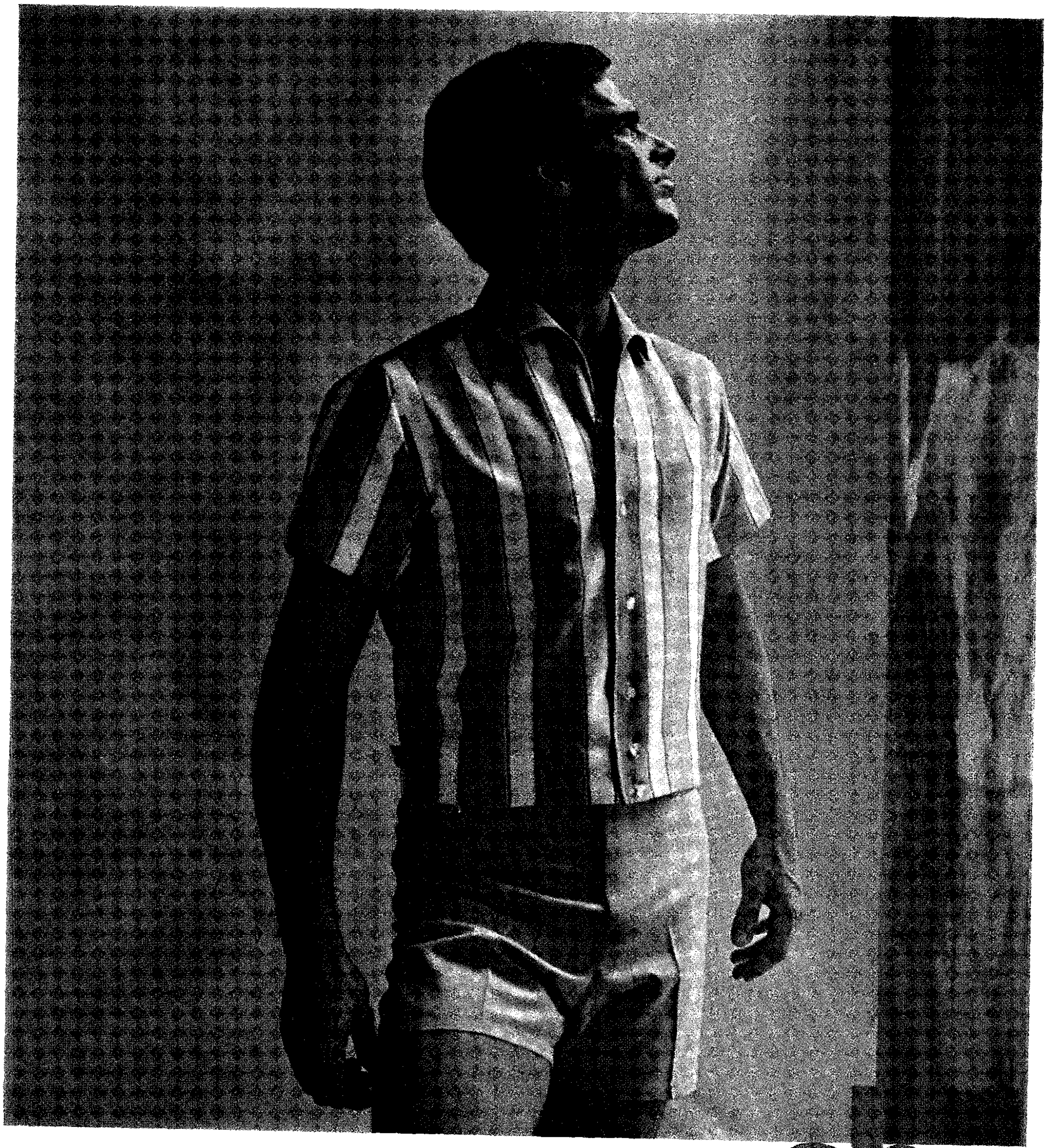

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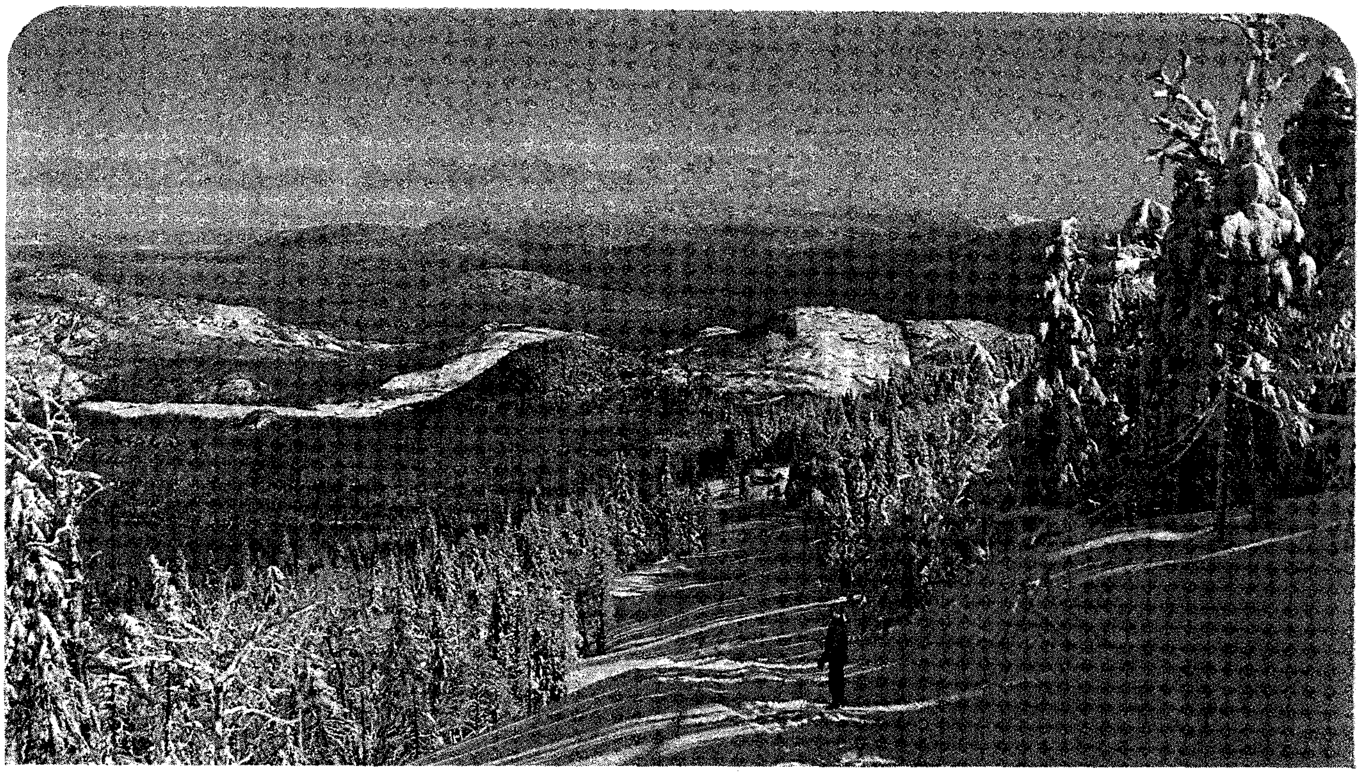

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lunacy, is the prize of a tiny revue, "The Game Is Up," which also makes good use of Carol Morley and Marian Mercer. The revue itself is sometimes sly, sometimes at a loss for words. The runs begin at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The British spoof called "Cambridge Circus," involving half a dozen young Britishers and one girl compatriot, is wending its uneven way here. On Thursday, Jan. 14, "Cambridge Circus" will begin publishing a new edition. Ray Bryant's threesome is the musical background. The charivari takes place at eight-thirty during the week (at seven-thirty the night the new version commences), at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Reopens on Friday, Jan. 8, to restore the long-absent Ornette Coleman (now equipped with not only trumpet and saxophone but violin) to night life. His threesome and the trio of Bill Evans, that pinnacle of abstruse piano, will alternate on the podium. Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. No music Mondays, which are dedicated to *conversazioni,* often spirited, by people accustomed to speaking their minds. The topic is always what's wrong with what, and the shooting begins at nine-fifteen. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The present plan makes this a weekend resort. Fridays and Saturdays, Tito Puente's purposeful and powerful band does the blowing. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The Village's leading coffee *finca.* Mike Settle, a gentle Ozark zephyr, carries on the tradition that folk music is king here, and the Bitter End Singers follow suit. Humor is provided by Jim Connell, of the late and esteemed squad of Jim, Jake & Joan. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): You can't tell the players without the program, which is always a crash one. Late afternoons, the music issues not from templed hills and rocks and rills but from rocks and rolls; later on, Max Kaminsky leads a bumptious band (Jake Hanna and Bob Wilber are in it) into action, and Conrad Janis brings on a group that contains Johnny Windhurst and Kenny Laverne. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Woody Herman's current Herd, which is apt to bear down hard, takes turns with the Wynton Kelly threesome. The Herd winds up on Sunday, Jan. 10; on Tuesday, Jan. 12, John Coltrane's quartet moves in. Jam sessions Mondays, when the standing army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, which has a neat, almost whimsical way of putting things, is at work among the hero sandwiches. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Roland Kirk, who wants to (and practically does) play every instrument in the band, has a foursome standing by in case he runs out of breath. On Mondays, the music comes instead from the Upper Bohemia Six, a collection of gentlemen jockeys, of whom Larry Rivers is the principal amateur. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko's assemblage of ah, yesterday musicians—Cutty Cutshall, Yank Lawson, and Cliff Leeman among them—really enjoys turning time backward in its flight. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): All there is to know about playing jazz piano—all, that is, until Mary Lou Williams, the narrator, invents some more of it. Her threesome shares the podium with John Bunch, whose solo piano is likewise of intricate interest. Nine-fifteen is starting time; no music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Zutty Singleton are his snap-the-whip aides. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four every night, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and not especially ancient come-as-you-are devotees. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). On Sundays from four-thirty to eight-thirty there is a Dixieland jazz concert. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, weird, wild, and sort of wonderful, plays piano and organ, and sings, too, after ten o'clock. Closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM,** 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris and band (Sidney de Paris is in it) use this period piece to make music that matches it. Closed Mondays. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): A fairly Junior League, and a fairly informal one, spends the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. A nice, easygoing band of traditional standing does the exercise music from nine-thirty until early morning night after night, except Sundays, when another band gives the proceedings a different Twist.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ARMAN—Pop art; through Jan. 23. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Paintings; through Jan. 30. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX BECKMANN—An exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings that is running simultaneously with the showing of his works at the Museum of Modern Art; through Jan. 30. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT DE NIRO—Paintings and drawings; through Jan. 23. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

HERBERT FERBER—Welded-metal abstractions and drawings; through Jan. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEX KATZ—Wood cutouts; through Jan. 30. (Fischbach, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

YASUO KUNIYOSHI AND CHARLES SHEELER—Drawings and lithographs by the former and paintings in tempera on Plexiglas by the latter; through Jan. 23. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDRÉ LANSKOY—Abstract paintings by a School-of-Paris artist; through Jan. 30. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

JACOB LAWRENCE—Paintings done in Nigeria; through Jan. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

FERNAND LÉGER—Figure and still-life paintings (1920-30); through Jan. 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

LANDÈS LEWITIN—Paintings; through Jan. 23. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

MATTA—Bronzes by this Paris artist better known for his paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

GRANDMA MOSES—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

SIDNEY NOLAN—Paintings (Australian themes, Antarctica, and heads) by this Australian artist; through Jan. 30. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARIA POTOCKA—Watercolors by a Polish artist; through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT REID—Abstractions; through Jan. 22. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

WALTER STEIN—Figures and flowers; through Friday, Jan. 15. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER TAKAL—Drawings; through Jan. 30. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

FRANCISCO TOLEDO—Watercolors and oils by a

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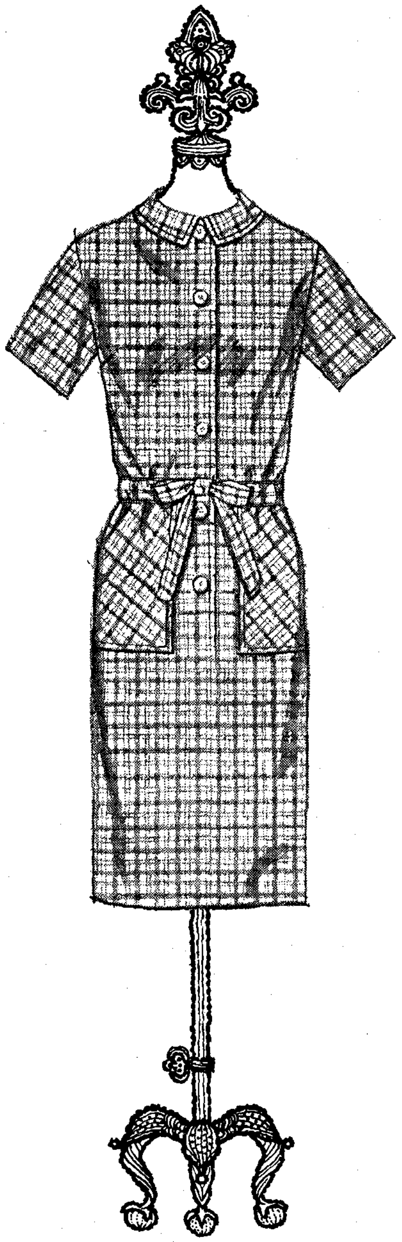

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mexican Indian who lives in Paris; through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joaquín Torres-García—Abstract paintings by the late Uruguayan artist; through Feb. 13. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margit Varga—Paintings, in her first show in eleven years; through Jan. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Wilfrid Zogbaum—Sculptures; through Jan. 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

The Sculptor and the Architect—Elevations, blueprints, photomurals, drawings, and models of sculptures illustrating how sculptors and architects (such as Harry Bertoia, Minoru Yamasaki, Antoni Gaudí, George Rickey, and Victor Gruen) work together; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

African Art—"Old African Tribal Sculptures," an exhibit containing masks, statues, and utensils (in wood, ivory, and brass) used in religious and magical ceremonies; through Jan. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **de nagy**, 149 E. 72nd St.: "Shape and Structure 1965," an exhibition devoted to new directions in abstract painting and sculpture by ten new names; through Jan. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: Optical paintings by eleven artists, including Henry Pearson, Julian Stanczak, and Ernst Benkert; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, and others; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: French paintings of the nineteenth century, "From Delacroix to Monet;" through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Etchings and lithographs by four members of the Cobra group—Pierre Alechinsky, Corneille, Asger Jorn, and Henry Heerup; through Saturday, Jan. 9.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition of pre-Columbian pottery from the Nathan Cummings Collection. . . . ¶ "Aesop, Five Centuries of Illustrated Fables," a display of illustrations beginning with anonymous fifteenth-century woodcuts and ending with prints by Antonio Frasconi. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A travelling retrospective of paintings, drawings, and prints by the German Expressionist Max Beckmann; through Jan. 31. A good complement to this exhibition is the Beckmann showing at the Catherine Viviano Gallery, 42 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ "Architecture Without Architects," examples from sixty countries, ranging from undatable past to present and including underground villages, cliff dwellings, storage fortresses, and amphitheatres; through Feb. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fifty twentieth-century Japanese prints; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—"Robert Henri and His Circle," an exhibit celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Henri's birth, in which his paintings are supplemented by those of, among others, George Bellows, William Glackens, and George Luks; through Sunday, Jan. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Genoese Painters from Cambiaso to Magnasco," a show covering the period 1550 to 1750; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Beach, the Burlesque, and the Bowery," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and prints by Reginald Marsh, marking the tenth anniversary of his death; through Jan. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of some three hundred items by Alexander Calder. Along with the mobiles and stabiles, there are line drawings, toys, wire sculptures, jewelry, wood carvings, bronze figures, abstract constructions, mechanized objects, tapestries, and paintings. Through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Art Israel: Twenty-six Painters and Sculptors," a travelling exhibit of works by contemporary Israeli artists; through Jan. 24. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Rembrandt etchings, landscapes, and self-portraits; through Friday, Jan. 15. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Amusements" is the name of a show made up of toys, constructions, books, figures, dolls, paintings, and other things to look at and play with; through Jan. 17. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Santos–The Religious Folk Art of New Mexico," an exhibition of sculptures and paintings on loan from the Taylor Museum of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center; through Jan. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1964 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, an invitation show, comprising a work apiece by a hundred and twenty-three artists, among them Alexander Calder, Costantino Nivola, and David Smith; through Jan. 31. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Jan. 7: "The Last Savage," with Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, George London, John Alexander, Donald Gramm, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 8: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, Ezio Flagello, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 9: "Les Sylphides," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 9: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Lucine Amara, Biserka Cvejic, Laurel Hurley, Janis Martin, John Alexander, William Dooley, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 11: "Madame Butterfly," with Gabriella Tucci, Joann Grillo, Sándor Kónya, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 12: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Flaviano Labò, Anselmo Colzani, Justino Díaz, and Elfego Esparza. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 13: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Jess Thomas, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 14: "Les Sylphides," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Don Pasquale," with Anna Moffo, Elfego Esparza, Luigi Alva, Frank Guarrera, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 15: "The Last Savage," with Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, Walter Cassel, John Alexander, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 16: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Jess Thomas, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 16: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Ingrid Bjoner, Judith Raskin, Teresa Stratas, Gladys Kriese, Geraint Evans, Gérard Souzay, and Elfego Esparza. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Thomas Schippers conducting on Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 8, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 3 (all with Mr. Schippers and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Barbara Blegen as piano soloists); and a Beethoven-Rossini program on Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 15, at 2:15; and Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3 (all with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Tito Del Bianco, tenor; Justino Díaz, bass; and the Camerata Singers). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30 (with Leonard Pennario, piano).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting the second in a series of three all-Beethoven programs with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—At Philharmonic Hall, Thomas Dunn conducting—Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30: A Haydn-Satie program, with Hugues Cuénod, tenor. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30: A varied program, with John Atkins, piano.

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting—Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 9-10, at 8:30: With Hermann Prey, baritone, and John McCollum, tenor. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 16-17, at 8:30: With Melvin Kaplan, oboe; Charles Russo, clarinet; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. All seats for the last two concerts have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK—Enrico Leide conducting, with Roberta Kolber, piano. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

CONCERT OPERA ASSOCIATION—Thomas Scherman directing the first performance here of Rameau's "Castor et Pollux" in concert form, with Elizabeth Mosher, soprano; Gérard Souzay, baritone; Ara Berberian, bass; and Lupe Serrano and Scott Douglas with a ballet company of eight. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Jan. 11, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Association will hold a preview of "Castor et Pollux" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700) on Friday, Jan. 8, at 8.

ESTERHAZY ORCHESTRA—David Blum conducting a benefit Bach-Haydn concert, with John Ogdon, piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA AND THE MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC CHORUS—Howard Shanet directing a performance of Sousa's comic opera "El Capitan" in concert form. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Martin Josman directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Helen Merritt, soprano; Barbara Crouch and Joan Caplan, mezzo-sopranos; Matthew Raimondi, violin; John Solum, flute; and other soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Frank Brieff directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

LEON FLEISHER AND TOSSY SPIVAKOVSKY—The first two in a series of three recitals of Beethoven sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 7, and Thursday, Jan. 14, both at 8:30.)

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—The last in two series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30, no guest artist; and Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30, with Walter Trampler, viola, and Benar Heifetz, cello.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The Juilliard String Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

MARIAN ANDERSON—Contralto. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

GIUSEPPE DI STEFANO—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

MARTIN CANIN—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

PAUL DOKTOR—Viola, in the first in a series of three concerts, this one with Artur Balsam, piano, in a program of sonatas. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

GRETE SULTAN—Piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

EVENINGS FOR NEW MUSIC—The second in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of, among others, Webern, Wolff, Ginastera, and Solberger. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

LENOX QUARTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

KOHON STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 15, at 5:30.)

ARTISTS' CHOICE CONCERT—Sonya Monosoff, violin, and Howard Lebow, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

JOAN CAPLAN—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of early baroque music of Italy and Germany. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Ralph Kirkpatrick will give a harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 17, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 11, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

LOTTE LENYA—In a Kurt Weill program, including a German concert version of "The Threepenny Opera," with an orchestra conducted by Milton Rosenstock and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Nina Simone with her quartet and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Knicks vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 7:30.)

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Monday, Jan. 11, through Saturday, March 13.

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Jan. 15, at 7:30. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "Il Trovatore," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2:30.) . . . **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2:30.) . . . **THE MANY FACES OF MUSIC:** The fourth in a series of six offerings, this one a program of chamber music, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—At the **GRAMERCY ARTS THEATRE:** "Merlin and the Singing Stone." (138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 11 and 1.) . . . **JAN HUS CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Adventures of Pinocchio." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th

St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "Treasure Island." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturdays at 1:50 and 3:30, and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 12:30 and 1:50.) . . . **NICOLO MARIONETTES:** "Pinocchio." (Lincoln Square Theatre, West Side Y.M.C.A., 5 W. 63rd St. SU 7-4400. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 1 and 3.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Fortunately." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PLAYERS THEATRE:** "Glittertind." (115 Macdougal St. 677-9911. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3, and Sundays at 12:30.) . . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30, and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 12:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) . . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2:30.)

CALEDONIA—Singers and dancers of Scotland. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show is called "The Earth's Unending Journey." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The nineteenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to reconvene on Monday, Jan. 18. In the meantime, there may be meetings of the Security Council and of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Alan Dugan and Richard Murphy reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.) . . . ¶ Denise Levertov and Galway Kinnell reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, at 1:45: English furniture, Staffordshire and other lustreware, silver, rugs, and Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes and flowers modelled by Dorothy Doughty; from the estate of Sheldon M. Stewart and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 1:45: American historical manuscripts, including letters and documents by Signers of the Declaration of Independence; two Jefferson items; and autographed copies of President Kennedy's "As We Remember Joe" and "Profiles in Courage:" from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8: Forty abstract and other modern paintings by such artists as Léger, de Staël, and Mondrian; from the collection of the late Ira Haupt.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history, and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Jan. 8, tentative.)

Fail Safe—Henry Fonda as the President of the United States, in what one hopes is a contemporary fairy tale. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Jan. 12, tentative.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad comedy about young love in old Dublin, with the marvellous Rita Tushingham. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 12.)

Goldfinger—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 13.)

Mary Poppins—A "My Fair Lady" for children, or maybe grandchildren. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8, Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nothing but a Man—A strong and affecting study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, flawlessly enacted by Ivan Dixon. The screenplay is by Michael Roemer and Robert Young; the former directed the picture, and the latter photographed it. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This modest movie about the marriage of a white woman and a Negro man is often charming but seldom credible, in spite of a splendid performance by Bernie Hamilton as the hero. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Jan. 13.)

The Pumpkin Eater—A miserable wife and mother, brilliantly played by Anne Bancroft, is the central figure in this curious examination of the married state. Also on hand are Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. Fancy but effective direction by Jack Clayton. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—In London, a nutty medium and her craven husband carry out a particularly repellent kidnapping and are, thank goodness, foiled. Kim Stanley is the medium and Richard Attenborough is the husband, and they both give remarkable performances. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Showings Sundays through Fridays at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, and Saturdays at 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, and 11. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption above stairs and below. Stylishly directed by Joseph Losey. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

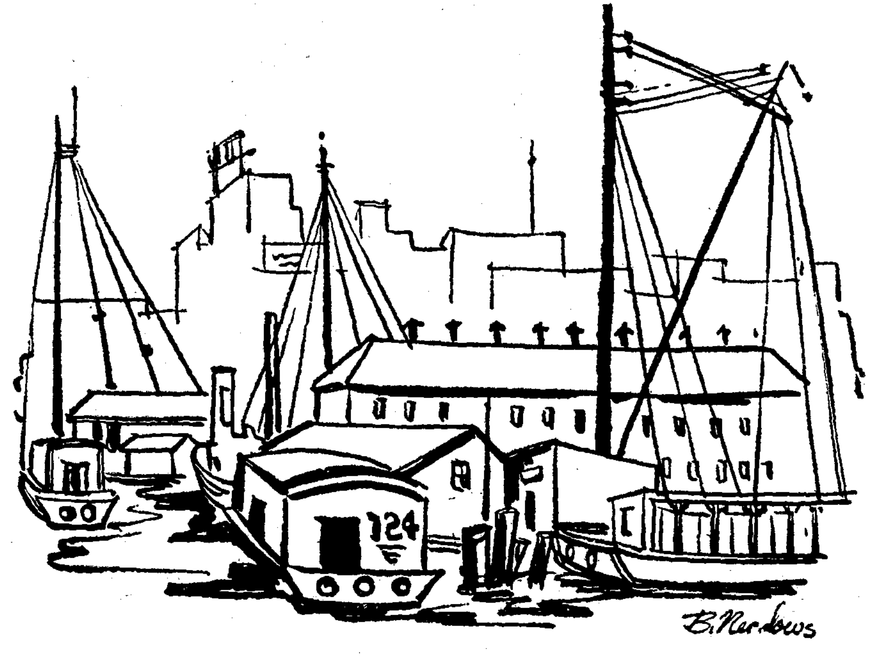
A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers splendidly inept as a French policeman determined to keep a pretty doxy from having her head chopped off for killing her lover, a chauffeur. Blake Edwards, who collaborated on the script and directed the film, deserves high honors. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 12.)

Topkapi—A Jules Dassin thriller, with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, Istanbul, and too many reached-for jokes. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Jan. 10-12.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

World Without Sun—According to Captain Cousteau, it's feasible, and may someday be economically desirable, for men to spend much of their time under the sea. This picture shows how beautiful it is down there, and how eerie. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Zorba the Greek—A bold burst of a picture, notable for Anthony Quinn's embodiment of the passionate hero, for Michael Cacoyannis's direction, and for Walter Lassally's photography. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)



REVIVALS

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 11.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Jan. 9.)

The Conjugal Bed (1963)—An account of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 7.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Jan. 9.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart, no less, and Edward G. Robinson. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 10-12.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—A director named Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 11.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 11.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl, and Tom Bell is the boy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 7.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 12.)

Monkey in Winter (1963)—Jean Gabin and Jean-Paul Belmondo in a French picture about drink, loneliness, Channel weather, and dreams. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 12.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 10-12.)

Quo Vadis (1951)—Christians vs. pagans in a first-century bout. Robert Taylor and some thirty thousand others. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Jan. 12.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart (it's his week). (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 13.)

The V.I.P.s (1963)—Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Margaret Rutherford, and Louis Jourdan are all trapped by a sudden fog at the London Airport. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 12.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 13.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Jan. 7, at 8 P.M.: "Michelangelo: The Man with Four Souls" (1964), a documentary film, with an Italian narration. . . . ¶ Two programs in a series called "The Films of Billy Wilder," showings at 3 and 5:30. Jan. 7-9: "Double Indemnity" (1944), with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray. Jan. 10-13: "The Lost Weekend" (1945), with Ray Milland and Jane Wyman. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker. (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
GOLDFINGER.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Jan. 10: "Emil and the Detectives," Walter Slezak, Bryan Russell.
From Jan. 11: "Love à la Carte" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Simone Signoret.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Jan. 12: "Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day; and "Taggart," Tony Young, Dan Duryea.
From Jan. 13: "Two on a Guillotine," Connie Stevens, Cesar Romero; and "Hercules in the Haunted World," Reg Parker.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Jan. 12: "The Pleasure Seekers," Ann-Margret, Carol Lynley.
From Jan. 13: "Baby the Rain Must Fall," Steve McQueen, Lee Remick.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"The Hidden Fortress" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Mediterranean Holiday," a documentary film about a Scandinavian training ship.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE PUMPKIN EATER.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Jan. 12: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian); and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Jan. 13: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 12: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**, revival; and "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner.
From Jan. 13: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 12 (tentative): **FAIL SAFE**; and "Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.
From Jan. 13 (tentative): "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
TOPKAPI; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SERVANT.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 12: "Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day; and "Taggart," Tony Young, Dan Duryea.
From Jan. 13: "Two on a Guillotine," Connie Stevens, Cesar Romero; and "Hercules in the Haunted World," Reg Parker.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

Baronet (EL 5-1663) and **Coronet** (EL 5-1664), 3rd Ave. at 59th.
GOLDFINGER.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
NOTHING BUT A MAN.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
WORLD WITHOUT SUN.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Jan. 10: "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
Jan. 11: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.
From Jan. 12: "Marnie," Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery; and "Desk Set," revival, Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Guns of August," a documentary film on the First World War.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TOPKAPI.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Jan. 7 (tentative): "The Pleasure Seekers," Ann-Margret, Carol Lynley.
From Jan. 8 (tentative): **BECKET.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 9: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.**
Jan. 10-12: **TOPKAPI.**
From Jan. 13: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 12: "Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day; and "Taggart," Tony Young, Dan Duryea.
From Jan. 13: "Two on a Guillotine," Connie Stevens, Cesar Romero; and "Hercules in the Haunted World," Reg Parker.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 12: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.
From Jan. 13: "Baby the Rain Must Fall," Steve McQueen, Lee Remick.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 10: "Nine Days of One Year" (in Russian).
From Jan. 11: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 12: **MONKEY IN WINTER** (in French), revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).
From Jan. 13: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 12: **TOPKAPI**; and **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**
From Jan. 13: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**, revival; and "Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 12: **QUO VADIS**, revival.
From Jan. 13: "Goodbye Charlie," Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds; and "Raiders from Beneath the Sea," Ken Scott.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 12: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "A Game for Six Lovers" (in French).
From Jan. 13: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**; and "Crooks Anonymous," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Jan. 10: "Emil and the Detectives," Walter Slezak, Bryan Russell.
From Jan. 11: "Love à la Carte" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Simone Signoret.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Last Woman of Shang" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MARY POPPINS.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Tchaikovsky's "Yolanta" (in Russian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Jan. 12: "Contempt" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.
From Jan. 13: To be announced.

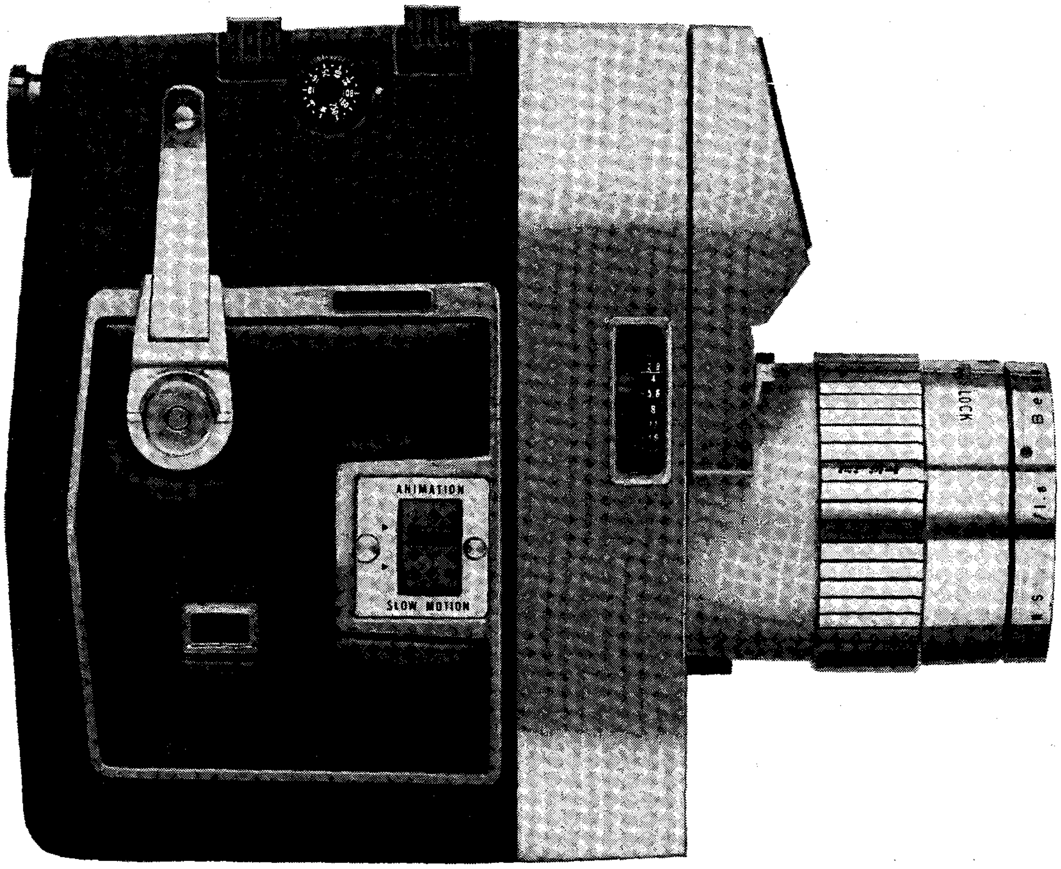
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Sweet and Sour" (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 9: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **HIGH SIERRA**, revival.
Jan. 10-12: **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**, revival; and **KEY LARGO**, revival.
From Jan. 13: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and "The Oklahoma Kid," revival, James Cagney.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 12: **THE V.I.P.S**, revival; and "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner.
From Jan. 13: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker; and "Love with the Proper Stranger," revival, Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 7: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival; and **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian), revival.
Jan. 8-11: "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti; and "Gate of Hell" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.
From Jan. 12: **LUST FOR LIFE**, revival; and "The Anatomy of Love" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 12: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "A Game for Six Lovers" (in French).
From Jan. 13: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**; and "Crooks Anonymous," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White.



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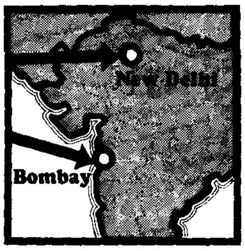

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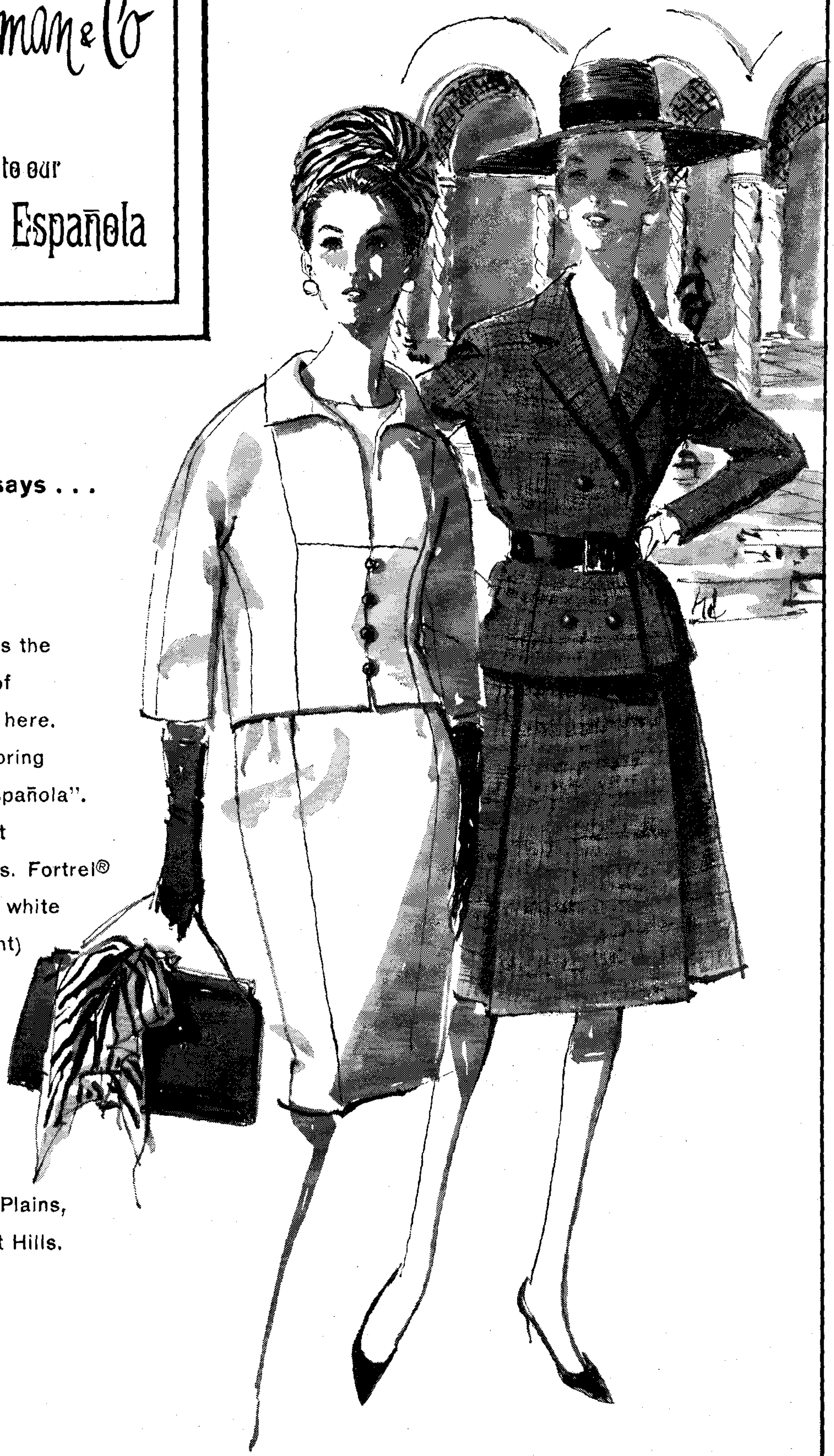

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have been waiting quietly for a safe time to say how much we miss Nikita Khrushchev. It seems safe now, because it's becoming obvious that a number of other people miss him, too. For instance, those in charge of the hot line that connects the White House to the Kremlin have recently acknowledged, with some concern, that there is no way to tell who is picking up the phone over there these days, and we have heard many complaints that the *News* editorial page has been notably less lively since there stopped being anybody it could describe as "the little Red Hitler." We are now prepared to admit that Khrushchev was a very jolly figure compared to the row of stone faces that have replaced him. Also, we have been smoldering all this time over the fact that one of the announced reasons for Khrushchev's dismissal was that he was a "phrasemonger." In the first place, we see nothing wrong with phrasemongering. Anybody who has ever spent a few hundred hours staring vacantly at a blank sheet of paper in a typewriter has to believe that anybody who is fortunate enough to think of a phrase ought to go right ahead and mong it. It is just possible that we in this country could use a few more phrasemongers in public life. Of course, we don't suddenly oust our Chiefs of State, but if we did, it seems unlikely that phrasemongering would be listed among the present Chief's crimes. We can't remember hearing one phrase monged during the entire Presidential campaign, in fact, except for Hubert Humphrey's remark that while some people were passing legislation in Congress, Senator Goldwater was "sitting under the No-No tree, in the shade of his own indifference."

A further irony of the phrasemongering charge is that Khrushchev's most vocal opponents in the Communist world and those who crowed most loudly over his downfall—the Communist Chinese—have long been phrasemongers themselves. The phrases they have monged, however, have been so far below Khrushchev's standards that we can't help thinking some professional jealousy might have been involved. During the aforementioned Presidential campaign, about all that Hsinhua, the Chinese Communist Press Agency, could think of to say against the candidates was that they were both "blue-eyed boys of United States monopoly capital." And a Chinese attempt to outmong Khrushchev resulted only in the charge that he was stuck in a "revisionist quagmire." (We would like to see the Chinese ideogram for "revisionist quagmire.") Khrushchev, on the other hand, not only could toss off a folksy proverb but also could mong a phrase or two of high rhetoric when the occasion demanded. At the opening of the Twenty-second Party Congress, he predicted that the meeting would be "a mighty unifying thunderstorm marking the springtime of mankind." We rather like that, especially when we compare it to Mao Tse-tung's remark that "no matter what kind of teeth imperialism may have—whether guns, tanks, rocket or nuclear teeth—its paper-tiger nature cannot be changed." Khrushchev occasionally got carried away by a metaphor himself, but he did have the born phrasemonger's knack for adapting a phrase to his audience—he told some visiting Italians that ideas are not salami, and told the Supreme Soviet that rockets are not cucumbers, leaving both audiences to draw their own conclusions from statements that might have sounded like truisms in the conversation of a less talented man—and he had the born phrasemonger's gift for invective. He may or may not have told a United States labor leader that Richard Nixon was "a grocery clerk," but he did definitely say in an official speech that if Dwight Eisenhower left Nixon to represent the United States at a summit conference, he would be "leaving the cabbage to the care of the goat." Our theory is that this gift may have contributed to his downfall. Last year, the *Peking Review* angrily charged that Khrushchev had once called Mao "a man old but unwise, [who] reminds one of a worn-out galosh which can only be put in a corner of a room to be admired." We think Mao finally realized that if a man who has been called a worn-out galosh can think of no more eloquent comeback than to call his tormentor a revisionist, a coup gives him his only hope for revenge.

Reading

THESE days, anyone with some good will, some education, and a few hours a week to spare can go out and improve the world a little. A group of five hundred ladies—most of them mothers whose children have grown up or are away at private schools—are busy proving that proposition in New York. They are called, collectively, the P.E.A. School Volunteers, and what they do is help some of the city's underprivileged children learn to read. The project was begun in February, 1956, when a group called the Public Education Association put twenty volunteers to work in a single school. In 1962, the program was enlarged by a grant from the Ford Foundation, and last year approximately twenty thousand children, at schools all around the edges of the city, received study help of one kind or another from volunteers.

We went up, one recent morning, to P.S. 158, at York Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street, to see how the project is working out. Having been directed to the fourth floor, we found volunteers and children just arriving there for a reading session. The walls of the room were covered with blackboards and bright posters. "Let's Put Reading Into Orbit!" was carefully scrawled above a picture of a red-and-black guided missile. Another poster had the caption

This is Our
Four Decker
Bed
I Am on TOP
Reading a Book
The Book Is About Abraham Lincoln

"Where's Davis?" asked an attractive, kindly-looking lady sitting behind one of a number of tables set about the room.

"He's absent," said another.

"Where's Boyd?"

"He's not coming. He's being disciplined."

The first lady, who was evidently in authority, looked pained. "Well, then, Luis, will you go over and sit with Mrs. Bellfort this morning?" she said to a boy in a green sweater with patches at the elbows.

"*This* one is Luis," said the second lady, pointing to another child.

"Of course," said the first lady calmly, putting an arm around both children, who beamed. "We've been so busy this morning I've lost track."

The lady in authority turned out to be Mrs. Daniel M. Lazar, the wife of a contractor, and the chairman of P.S. 158's reading-help program for this year. The school, she told us, serves a mixed and rapidly changing neighborhood, where children of predominantly Middle European descent have been joined by children brought in by bus from overcrowded schools in East Harlem and also by children from the Pavilion, a high-rent apartment house recently built across the street from the school. "All the volunteers have had a few sessions in the techniques of teaching children to read," she said. "We were told, for instance, that a book called 'Harold and the Purple Crayon' helps break the ice with a child of any background and of any age. But we find that just being here accomplishes a lot. And sometimes the most important thing in helping a child to read is just to listen when he talks. A lot of parents and classroom teachers simply don't have the time."

Mrs. Lazar quickly introduced us to the other volunteers: Mrs. Alfred Steiner, whose husband is a physician; Mrs. Thomas Griffith, whose husband is an editor at *Time;* Mrs. Rolland Thompson, the wife of an architect; Mrs. Dena Humphreys, a former schoolteacher, now on a kind of busman's holiday; and Mrs. Jerome S. Philippson, Mrs. Joseph Bellfort, Mrs. Fred Kaufman, Mrs. George Justin, Mrs. Ernst Englander, Mrs. Edwin S. Friendly, Jr., and Mrs. Jerome Sonnenborn. Then everyone settled down at the tables to work.

"The . . . rat . . . is . . . sick. . . . He will . . . not . . . eat," Miriam, a little girl in a pink sweater, a polka-dot skirt, and shiny patent-leather shoes, and with brown hair that continually fell in her eyes, read in a faltering monotone to Mrs. Sonnenborn. Mrs. Sonnenborn looked totally absorbed.

"When you see a word, Johnnie, I want you to draw me a line from the word to the picture of the word," said Mrs. Thompson to an intense-looking little Oriental boy with a fringe haircut. "Now, 'mouse' would begin with an 'm,' wouldn't it? . . . Good. And a dish? . . . No, that's a fish. . . . There, that's better." Johnnie folded his legs under himself and leaned forward to concentrate.

"Now, that isn't 'no,' is it, Systeria?" said Mrs. Humphreys to a girl wearing Topsylike pigtails. "Tell me what it really is."

"'On,'" said Systeria.

"Now, where *were* we, Kermit?" said Mrs. Englander to a bespectacled Negro boy with a book on his lap.

"We were up to the cow," said Kermit.

"No matter what letter you put in front of it, Gayle, whether it's a 'b' or a 'c' or an 'h,' that sound is still going to be 'at.' 'At,'" Mrs. Philippson said to a girl beside her.

Gayle smiled rather bitterly and said nothing.

"Ffff-ffff-ffff. Now, you *know* that word," Mrs. Friendly was saying to a blond, dreamy-eyed boy named Bernardo.

"Say it, Luis! Just say it!" Mrs. Bellfort whispered, pointing to a word she had written on a tablet for him.

Mrs. Steiner was playing Scrabble with a tall sixth-grader named Hermann, who had completed the word "moody" in a space that gave him a triple score.

Mrs. Lazar was filling out a report on her pupil of the week before. The report headings were "Phonics," "Reading," "Games," "Vocabulary," "Other." Under "Reading," Mrs. Lazar had written, "Read mouse book. Didn't like it much."

A card game was started by several of the volunteers and children in one corner of the room—an alphabetical version of Go Fish. "We try everything—books, games, alphabet soup—but sometimes, when I see them concentrating on their cards like that, I think we should give them all green eyeshades and just call this place Las Vegas," Mrs. Lazar said. "We've been getting wonderful results. On the basis of tests given last year, more than seventy-five per cent of these children advanced between one and three years in reading grade. It hardly seems to matter *what* we do; the individual attention apparently makes the difference. We always try to send the children Christmas cards at home, and postcards when we go away on trips. Some of these children have never seen a birthday cake, and when I think what our children have . . ."

Just then the period ended, and the children got up—with apparent reluctance—to go. Bernardo walked over and put an arm around Johnnie, who was finishing a beautifully drawn poster of a house in snow. Mrs. Bellfort patted Luis on the back. The Go Fish game broke up. Gayle, smiling broadly, got up from the Go Fish table and made her way over to Mrs. Lazar. "You know that reading game?" she said. "Today, I won."

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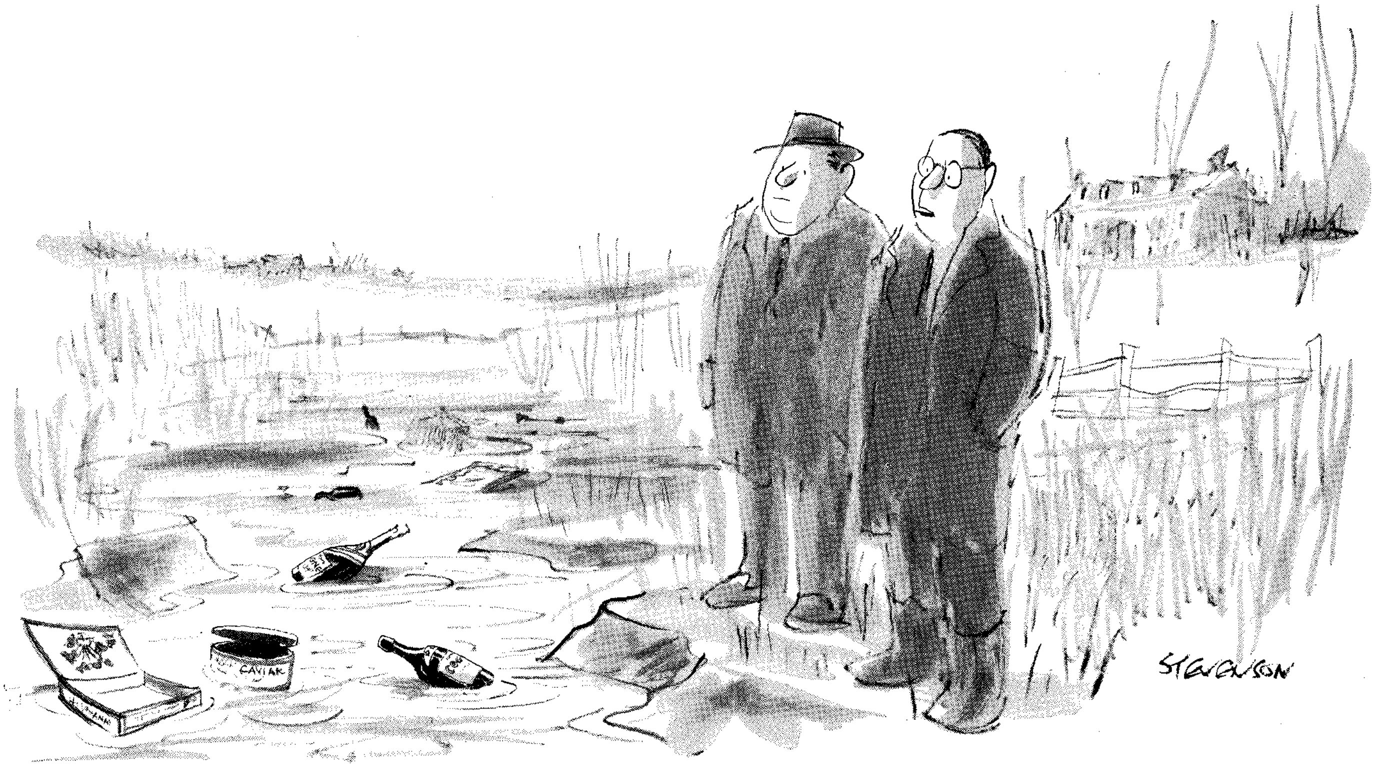
SIGN observed at the sightseeing-bus-reservations desk in the lobby of Boston's Statler Hilton Hotel:

All Tours Leave 15 Minutes
Before Trip Time

Mycophiles

WE spent a euphoric evening recently hobnobbing with the members of the New York Mycological Society at their annual banquet, for a more cheerful group could scarcely be imagined. One might suppose that last summer's long drought, which proved to be as catastrophic for mushroom



"It's pollution all right, but it's pollution of rather a high order."

hunters as it was for farmers, would have made this year's banquet a somewhat subdued affair, but no. From the moment, around five o'clock, when we stepped inside the door of Mr. Joseph Hyde's nobly proportioned seventeenth-century house up in Palisades, where he holds his well-known cooking classes, and where the Society has held its banquet for the last three years, it was clear to us that no mere drought could subdue a mycologist. A large mixed company of mycophiles, the men for the most part conservatively dressed in dark suits, the ladies in modish silks and brocades, had been gathering since four o'clock that afternoon, undeterred by a heavy fog that made driving a hazard comparable, perhaps, to mycophagy. By the time we got there, the company had formed into two groups, equally convivial, one of them centered on a bar and the other on a table in an adjacent room bearing a generous tureen of Mr. Hyde's superb *rillettes de Tours*. We made our way toward the tureen. John Cage, the composer, who is a founding member of the Society, waved to us from across the table. "Welcome! Welcome!" he called. "Have some of this delicious pâté! Did you know that Joe grinds up the whole goose in it, not just the liver? Oh, and here's Guy Nearing, whom you must meet! He's the leader on most of our mushroom walks, and he knows everything there is to know about mushrooms." Mr. Nearing, a soft-spoken septuagenarian who looked as though he could outwalk a Sherpa and who later proved to be a recognized authority on lichens, rhododendrons, and English philology as well as on mushrooms, gave us a vigorous handshake. We asked him how the New York Mycological Society had come into being, and without a moment's hesitation he told us.

"It started back in 1959, when the New School for Social Research asked John Cage to give a course in experimental music, and he said he'd do it on condition that he also give a course in mushroom identification," Mr. Nearing said. "Well, they agreed, and the mushroom course was listed in the catalogue, and a great many people signed up for it right away. Probably the main reason they signed up was that it was the cheapest course being offered—a registration fee of two dollars, and ten dollars a term. They came out for the mushroom walks, and a surprising number got interested and have been coming ever since. We go out every Sunday during the season, which lasts from mid-May through November, and our membership is now up to forty-two. Three years ago, the New School dropped the course, so we just reorganized as a society, that's all. We've been most successful. We can stand up to any mushroom society in the country in respect to enthusiasm. This season was disastrous, of course—the worst drought I've seen in forty years—but two days ago John Cage found some *Pleurotus ostreatus*, which saved the banquet. And it looks as though everybody had turned out for the banquet, as usual."

Members and guests were still arriving, and most of them made for the pâté and a cooked-dandelion salad that Mr. Hyde and his assistant, Pierre Abadie, had produced to accompany it. We spied Jasper Johns, the painter; Merce Cunningham, the dancer and choreographer; and Henry Geldzahler, associate curator of American painting and sculpture at the Metropolitan Museum—all, like us, guests rather than members. Sixty people were expected, all told, about a third of them guests. Nearly everybody had driven out from New York—a forty-minute drive under normal conditions but more like an hour in the fog—though two members, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Knighton, had come all the way from Ohio for the occasion. Mr. Knighton, we learned, was national chairman of the Subcommittee on Fungi of the People-to-People Program and also the publisher of a mycological newspaper that used to be called *The Toadstool Picker's News* and was recently renamed *The Mycophile*. He told us he had heard great things about the New York Mycological Society and would not have missed the banquet for anything.

Dinner, which was served at long tables in Mr. Hyde's baronial dining room, was not quite the mushroom-dominated feast that we gathered it had been in previous years. A delicate striped bass *poché sauce mousseline*, followed by sirloin steak *à la poivrade* with fresh peas and *marrons glacés*, and accompanied by a great deal of excellent Beaujolais, kept everyone in a highly favorable frame of mind, though, and when Cage's *Pleurotus ostreatus* made its climactic appearance, there was unrestrained applause. This turned out to be a steaming bowlful of rich, meaty, succulent fungi *à la Bordelaise*—a delicacy much prized by knowing mycophiles. Finding the principal ingredient had apparently been a stroke of phenomenal good luck. "It grows on dying elm trees," Mr. Cage explained. "A friend and I were out in the woods, and I saw this big bunch growing up high on a tree trunk. We got a ladder and attacked it with all sorts of weapons, including an icepick and a saw, but it had been frozen solid and we couldn't budge it. We started home to get an axe. On the way, we happened to see some construction workers, so we went over and asked one of them if by any chance he had an axe, and he had, and we asked if we could borrow it to chop down some mushrooms. He said yes, and that's how we got them. Isn't it incredible to have found so much? A whole bushelful from one tree—enough to feed sixty people. We took some back and offered them to the construction worker when we returned the axe, but he said no, he was too 'skittish.' I remember it seemed an awfully funny word to use."

The New York Mycological Society takes particular pride in having no parliamentary procedure of any kind. The founding members (Cage, Nearing, and a few others) make all the necessary decisions by general consent, and the Society runs itself accordingly. That evening, the formalities, conducted over a delectable *mousse à l'orange*, consisted only of Cage's reading a letter from a founding member named Esther Dam, temporarily absent in Denmark ("Never in my life have I seen so many *Armillaria mellea*," she wrote. "They are all over in the woods around here"), followed by a sort of operatic recitative called "Who's Who in the New York Mycological Society," which was sung, in a rich and penetrating contralto, by a member named Florence Tarlow. This curious offering ended, appropriately, with verses in homage to Mr. Nearing ("Over trails both steep and veering/ Sprints our leader, G. G. Nearing./ He is our honored functionary,/ Our guide, our teacher, our dictionary,/ Our most endearing G. G. Nearing"), who acknowledged the tribute with unabashed good humor and proceeded to tell a mycological anecdote too arcane for our comprehension.

Equals

WE pass along the following frosty exchange between a Park Avenue matron and the proprietress of one of those laundries on the upper East Side that give the impression of doing socks by appointment only.

MATRON: "I'm just the wee-est bit curious about the unspecified five-percent charge that has been added to our bills lately."

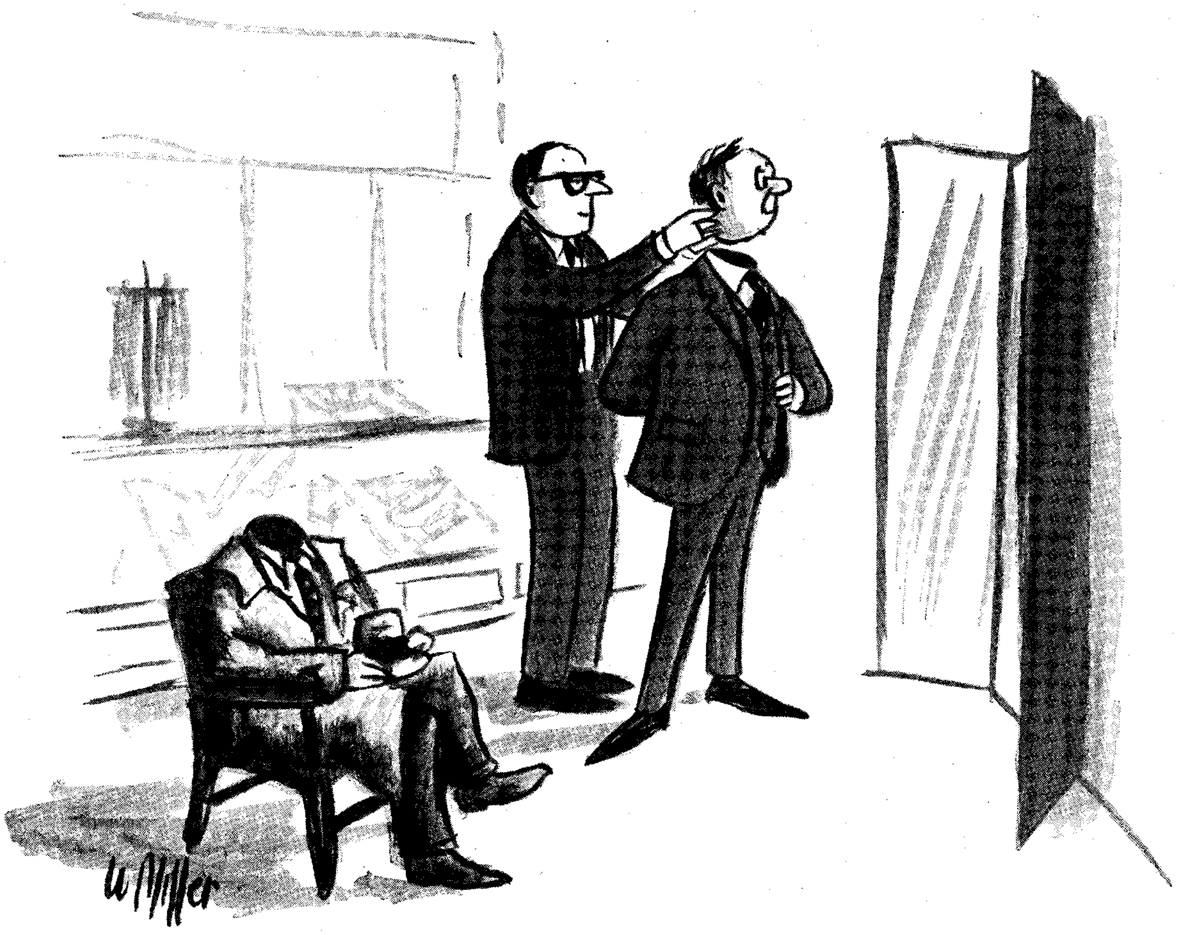
PROPRIETRESS: "What would Madam like to know about it?"

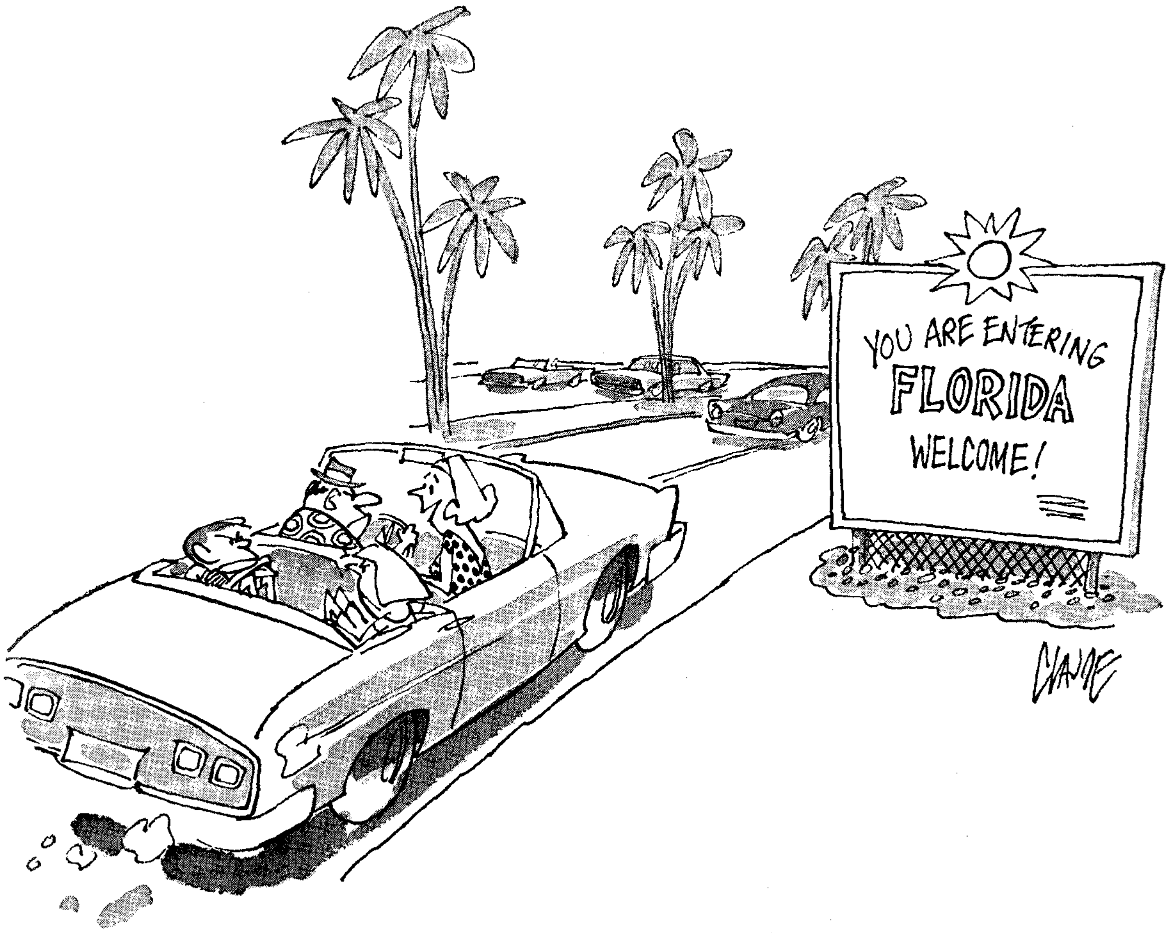
MATRON: "Now, let me see. Well, for one thing, are *all* your clients being similarly favored?"

PROPRIETRESS: "Certainly, and some of them are very distinguished people."

Robbe-Grillet

EVER since seeing that haunting and dour movie "Last Year at Marienbad," we had been curious to meet Alain Robbe-Grillet, who wrote its screenplay. M. Robbe-Grillet, one of the leaders among the New Wave fiction writers, is the author of four novels—"Les Gommes," "Le Voyeur," "La Jalousie," and "Dans le Labyrinthe"—which have now been translated into English and published by Grove Press, and he has been in the United States on a lecture tour, which has covered, in his words (translated into English by us), "forty universities and forty-three cocktail parties." Having heard the first of M. R.-G.'s lectures, at La Maison Française of New York University, and having been impressed by its charm and lucidity, we were pleased when he agreed to see us on his return trip through New York. The meeting took place the other day in Greenwich Village, in a brownstone house belonging to Barney Rosset, the owner of Grove Press. We were greeted at the door by Mrs. Rosset and a young German shepherd named Suki, who took an immediate and somewhat violent





"Now let's all be changed people!"

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liking to us. Mrs. Rosset told us that she does not speak French, and neither does Suki—that, in fact, Suki becomes extremely frightened whenever M. Robbe-Grillet, who has a low, deep voice, speaks French to her. After a while, M. Robbe-Grillet joined us. He is a sensitive-looking and also athletic-looking man of medium height with wavy black hair, a thick mustache, sharp, humorous eyes, and a ready smile.

We thought we would get right to the point, so we told him that although we had been fascinated by "Marienbad," we didn't feel we had completely understood it.

"*Moi non plus*," he answered, with a laugh.

Sensing a blind alley, we took off in another direction. We knew that M. Robbe-Grillet, who was born in Brest in 1922, had been until 1952 a practicing biologist—an expert on tropical plants, to be precise—and that his specialty had been diseases of the banana, which he had studied in Africa and the Antilles. We asked him how and why he had made the changeover from science to literature.

"*Assez curieux*," he said thoughtfully, and added that he wasn't sure himself how it had happened, but that it had come as a great surprise to his family when, at the age of thirty, not having written a word, and having established a successful career in biology, he suddenly began to write.

We asked him if he had ever thought about writing while he was working on banana plantations.

He said no, and went on to tell us that, in fact, he had found his work immensely absorbing. Not only had he observed the effects of different chemicals and the like on the bananas but he had planted his subjects with his own hands. His method was mainly statistical, he said; one would try something, and then, by taking samples, determine how a given plot of bananas compared to neighboring plots.

We asked him whether he thought he might return to tropical agriculture if he ever stopped writing. He replied that he did not think it would be possible, because the people in his erstwhile profession would never take him back. He conducted an imaginary interview for us with a future agricultural employer: "Yes, a degree from the Institut National Agronomique, in Paris; several years of experience on plantations; four novels; lectures, critical essays, the cinema . . ." He told us that people who are not scientists often think that his writing reflects "the scientific method," but that people who are scientists find no clear resemblance (and here he agrees with them) between his strangely real-and-unreal descriptions and genuine scientific descriptions. However, he added, his first large public in France was made up of scientists and philosophers—this at a time when he was hardly known to literary people. Most of today's conventional French literature, he feels, is written as if none of the great twentieth-century scientific discoveries had been made. The quantum theory, for example, has altered our perspective on the relation between the observer and the observed, but conventional literature has simply ignored this.

Before we could dig deeper into the quantum theory, Mme. Robbe-Grillet, a charming lady with light-brown hair, came into the Rosset living room and announced that it was time for M. Robbe-Grillet to be off to Columbia.

"Ah, when you are a lecturer, they move you from place to place like a package," he said.

Undaunted

AN itinerant friend of ours recently took an American Airlines flight from Los Angeles to New York and found a sour-faced woman beside him and an Astrovision set in front of him. Being not very fond of Doris Day movies, one of which was being enjoyed by his seat companion, or of stereophonic excerpts from Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake," Astrovision's alternative entertainment at the moment, he extracted a book from his briefcase and settled down to read. After ten minutes or so, the woman suddenly removed her earphones, turned to our friend, and said, "I know what you're trying to do, young man. You want to embarrass me into reading a book or looking out the window. Well, young man, you won't!" She thereupon replaced her earphones and returned her attention to Doris Day.

CLAUS

(A LEFTOVER CANDY CANE FOR MR. SAUL BELLOW)

IF I am entirely imaginary, then who is the overweight *misnagid* in all of the Coca-Cola ads, wondered Santa E. Claus.

Some people believed that he did not exist and for a time he himself had doubted his own being. I think, therefore I apparently am not. Descartes (1596-1650) is stacked against me, he had thought, smiling morosely at the old joke from his University of Chicago days when, ignored and unseen by the other graduate students, he had painfully labored through his Ph.D. thesis—"The Pathetic Fallacy in Sartre's 'Being and Nothingness.' " But now, alone in bleak early January in his big old house at the North Pole, bundled up in his WMCA Good Guy sweater, he felt a sudden new confidence in his own existence. After all, he thought, *someone* had driven the sleigh in Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade—let Martin Buber dispute that.

Nervous, excited, and certain for the first time that there must be a Santa E. Claus, and that he was almost surely it, he had fallen under a spell and was writing letters to everyone under the midnight sun. Hidden in the upper reaches of the Arctic, he wrote endlessly, fanatically, to friends, to people in public life, and even to the dead.

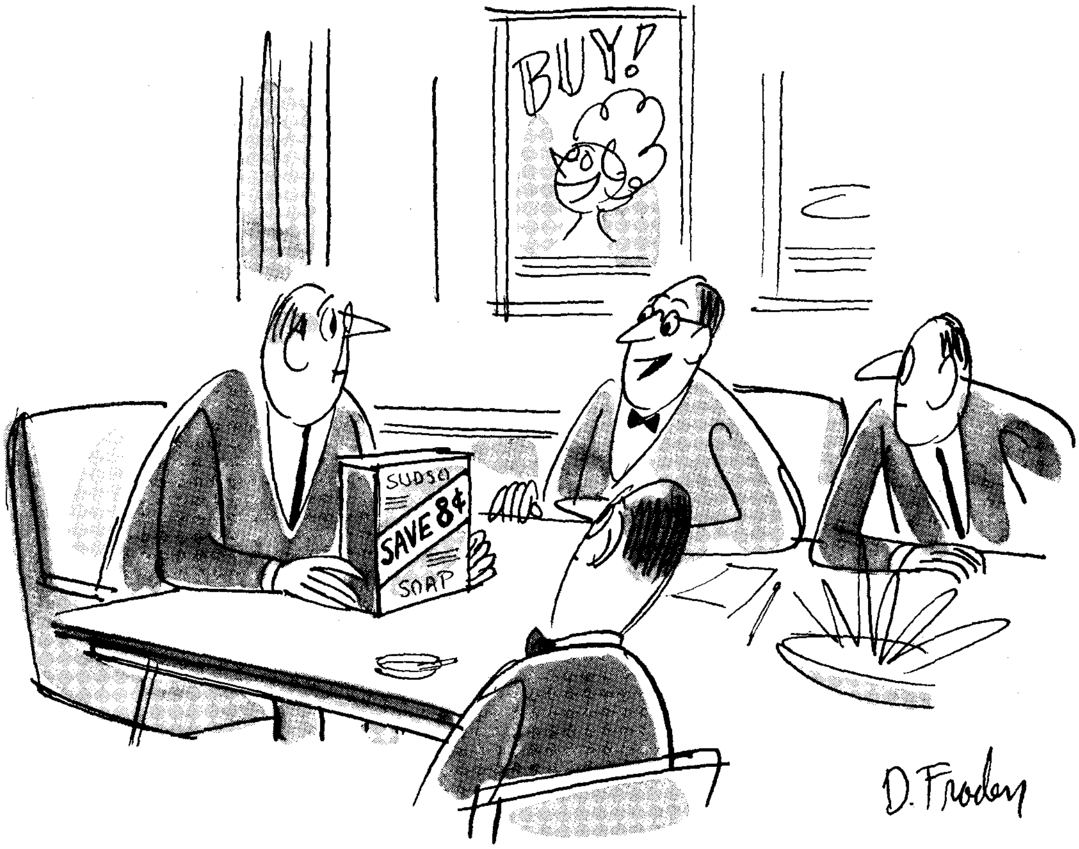
Dear St. John of the Cross, he wrote, *Admittedly, you more profoundly than I have experienced the dark night of the soul. But in the often tortuous search for the essential either/or in my own condition, I feel that when it comes to spiritual suffering I have been no slouch. And what of the torments of one whose dark night of the soul is six months long?*

Curiously elated at being for the first time a writer of letters rather than a receiver of them by the truckload, he stayed up half of one gelid night to carefully type out, and himself mimeograph, a reply to one of the questions by which he was constantly bugged. *As to your query on how I am able to cover so much ground on Christmas Eve,* he wrote, *I have only this to say—it isn't easy. Indeed, I would point out that the growing demands of an increasingly bourgeois and materialistic industrial civilization have caused my* (in esse) *Transcendental stunt* (*a kind of metaphysical Parcel Post*) *to become, as de Tocqueville rightly predicted it would, less and less of a cinch each year.*

A week later, down with a case of the sniffles (the sickness unto death?), he lay in his bed writing feverishly to Clement Clarke Moore. *Sir,* he began, *kindly go climb a tree. As you see, I make no attempt to hide my powerful hostility toward you, for I would argue that the piece of popular poetastery for which you are responsible ("A Visit from St. Nicholas") has over the years greatly contributed to the entirely erroneous and grossly sentimental image that the American public today has of me. I have tried to understand the origin of your oddly distorted views, and can only conclude that you must have inferred—as Barth and Tillich both also mistakenly inferred—that because I symbolistically represent altruistic Good I must therefore be conventionally Biblical—bearded, old, and not prone to give a damn about what the public thinks of me. But I can assure you that none of this is so—I do not normally wear a beard, I am not especially aged, and I care as much about my image as, say, U Thant, the Xerox Corporation, or Bobby Rydell. Nor, by the way, am I an elf, jolly or otherwise. I am five feet eight inches tall in my stocking feet, forty-six years old, and, you may be surprised to learn, Jewish.*

As one of the more prominent symbols of Christian romantic moralism, he himself frequently found it difficult to believe in the fact of his own Jewishness, but there it was, and there was little that he—plump, ludicrous, eternally middle-aged, a *baal-chov*—could do about it. Of course, he realized, being Jewish, as well as woebegone, an intellectual, and hopelessly long-winded, greatly increased his chances of becoming the central figure in any one of a dozen soon-to-be-written paralyzingly introspective American novels. But if, falling back into the old Berkeleian anxiety, he was an imaginary character, had he anything to gain in the shift from being a figure in the imaginations of succeeding generations of cheerful kindergartners to being the product of the melancholy Jewish subconscious of Wallace Markfield, Bernard Malamud, or Saul Bellow?

AT his letter-writing again a few mornings later, he suddenly realized that for the first time this year he hadn't fallen into his annual January depression—what his psychiatrist, Dr. Himmelfarb, only half jokingly referred to as his *post-Christmasum triste.* (It was Himmelfarb who had years earlier led him to understand that his compulsive Christmas giving had nothing whatsoever to do with any innate good in his character but was



"Hey! Why not 'Save nine *cents'?"*

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instead the product of a deep-seated and neurotic sense of guilt.) *Listen, Sid,* he wrote to Himmelfarb, *good news—I'm happy. Nonetheless, I would still dispute with you that it is rationalistic to turn a man (me) into a symbol of limitless and indiscriminate magnanimity (jolly old Santa, as popularly conceived), though I'm sure that we both agree, with Buber, that by means of a spiritual dialogue the I-It relationship can be transformed into the I-Thou relationship. At this point, though, Sid, things are not so I-Thou between us that I'm going to pay that bill of yours, which is, as usual, outrageous. (In any case, as you know, I'm inevitably caught a bit short this time of year, after the terrific expenditures I have to lay out at Xmas.) Nevertheless, thanks for being one of the few* schlepps *over the age of six and a half who believe in me, although, at thirty-five dollars an hour, I suppose it's worth it to you. By the way, as to the discussion during our most recent session, I have to agree now that you were right—I* have *made a mess of things with the reindeer.*

Dear President Johnson, he wrote the following afternoon, *You speak frequently of the so-called Great Society, but do you honestly believe that such a society can be achieved as long as the fundamental hypocrisy in respect to this writer is permitted to continue unchallenged? That is, on the one hand, it is coyly pretended by the manufacturers of Barbie dolls, Hammacher Schlemmer floorwalkers, and similar types that I exist, while, on the other hand (indeed, in the very next breath), these same people snickeringly deny my existence. For such blatant materialists, I am apparently some sort of mythic delivery boy who is to come running whenever they whistle. But I feel that it is time to cease this childish game of Heidegger (1889-) and seek. Either I exist or I do not. Under the pressures of conformity to an essentially predestinarian Calvinistic society, I admit that I myself have at times had doubts on this question, but, on the other hand, Buster, here I am.*

Having sent off this last missive by dog team to Nome, he was suffused with a weird tranquillity, and whatever had come over him during those days, the spell, seemed abruptly to have passed. He stopped writing letters and told himself once again that he was almost certainly not imaginary, thus bringing things, in a circle, back to where they had started from. And somehow, reading over the carbons of all the letters he had written during his curious seizure, it seemed to him now that they proved almost nothing, other than the possibility, of dubious value, that he himself was an uninteresting man. Still, the letters did lend him claim to being, as far as self-indulgence goes, the world's long-distance champion. Perhaps he could put the letters together into a book, bearing a title he'd had in mind for some time—"Toward a Theory of Boredom." With this thought in mind, he fell into a long winter's sleep, as visions of sugarplums, paperback rights, a six-figure sale to Joseph E. Levine, and the New York *Times'* best-seller list danced in his head. And, for the rest of that winter, to the relief of virtually everyone but Philip Rahv, he didn't write another letter. Nothing. Not a single word. —THOMAS MEEHAN

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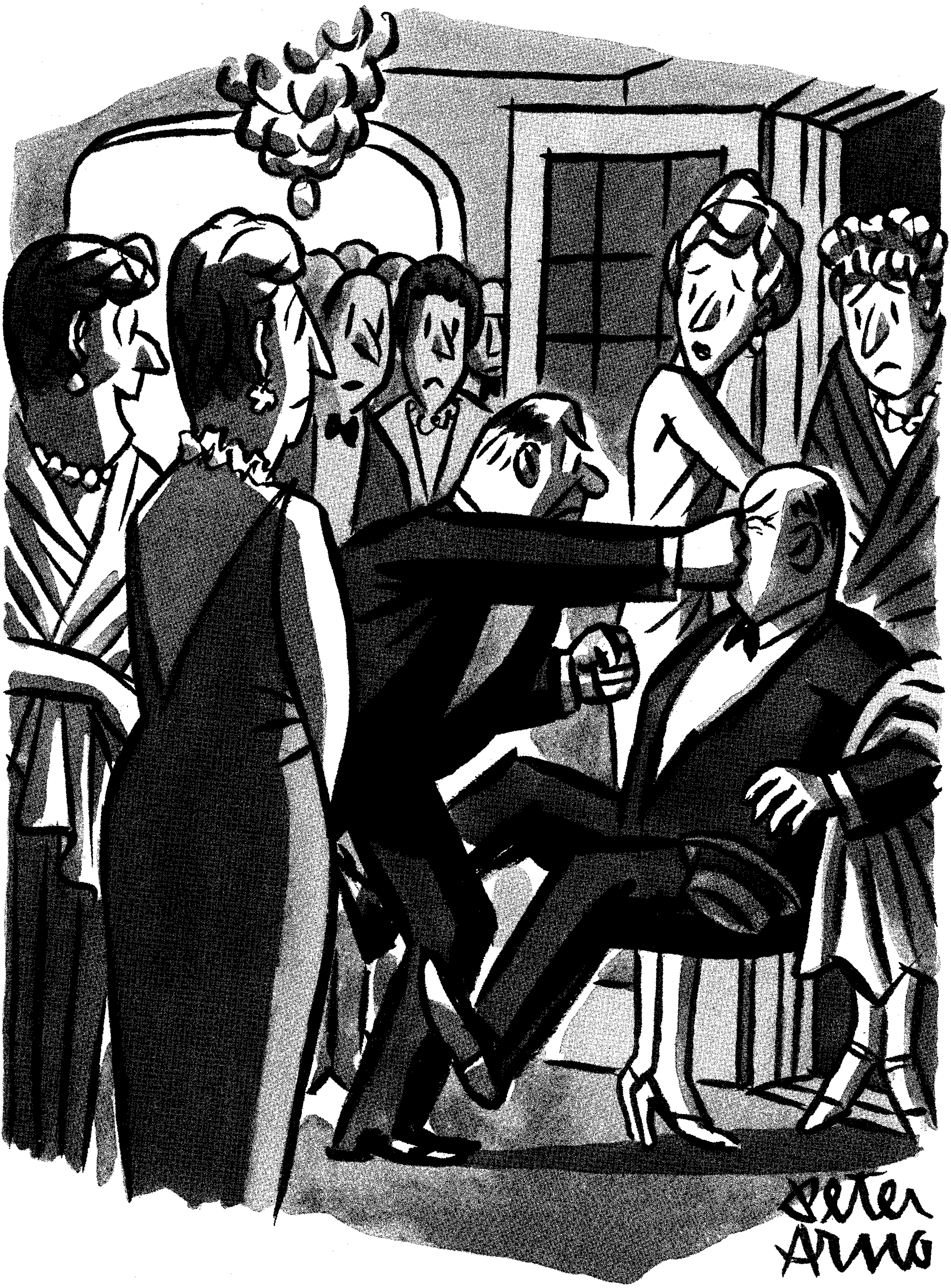
BALLAST

It isn't I that settles down, it's all
These drifting trifles nesting on my shoulders
Like leaves, like snow
A shrug disperses,
But constant, constant—
Buried under nothings.

Oh, to go stripped and lean and savage
With furniture of air,
Rejecting all kindness!
The world settles on me like a bolster, and
How am I ever going to bat my way up through
These feathers of stone?
—FRANCES MINTURN HOWARD



"My husband never forgets a face."

IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

ALONE at last. Cradled by the rooftops, lulled by the chimney pots, rocked by the beacon on the Eiffel Tower. Alone at night in a room with an uncurtained window, drifting into sleep slowly, and coughing, while the beacon touched her body on the bed; around once, and around once more; around once, and around once more. All night long.

She drifted into sleep slowly, and woke up coughing (how much later?) with a knowledge of dawn at the uncurtained window and a promise of a dove-gray sky. Clichés, that's what they were—the rooftops, the chimney pots, the tower, and, worst of all, the dove-gray sky. (It wasn't dove gray in any case, or even pearl gray. Yesterday it was a pale sort of livid pink, and this morning it appeared a dirty white.) The rooftops, the chimney pots, the tower, and the sky had become clichés in her mind, their symbolic meaning worn out by repetition long ago. The trouble was, it was difficult to think of them in any other way. Her feelings (as opposed to her thoughts) about them were hers alone and unimportant at the moment. What was important was to be alone; alone in a bed that drifted all night by the light of the Eiffel Tower beacon, drifted and moved and turned until it went away altogether, like the bed in Balanchine's "Nutcracker" Suite.

She floated six floors above the sleeping city. She was off on a sea voyage. She was on board ship. Many years ago, just after the war, on the Ile-de-France sailing to Le Havre, she had shared a cabin with three women, one of whom ate apples in her upper berth at night. On the third day out at sea, a radiogram was delivered to her cabin. The three women crowded around her as she read it. It said, "WE ARE BOTH IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. PICK ME SOME CHESTNUTS. LOVE EATON." How happy she had been at that moment, with the women around her, and the smell of stale apple cores rising from the wastepaper basket under the sink.

Three months later, Eaton was dead. It was a stupid and senseless death. He had gone to a hospital to give his blood to the Red Cross, without knowing that he was anemic. They took his blood and told him to rest in the waiting room before attempting to go out. And that's where they found him, stretched out on a bench, with the life gone out of him. They rushed him into emergency and gave him transfusions, but somehow it was too late. She never bothered to find out what had gone wrong; it seemed so useless.

Eaton had died, and the death of a promising poet (for he had been a poet, with one thin book to his name) at the age of twenty-one had become a cliché in her mind, not unlike the rooftops, the chimney pots, the tower, and the sky. But the fact that Eaton was dead had never ceased to move her. Eaton's death was a punctuation mark that separated an end from a beginning. After his death she changed. She acquired, for example, a taste for speed. It wasn't a vice, exactly, but it soon became a habit. Once, she had loved getting on a boat; she now considered it a total waste of time. (She rationalized her love of speed by thinking of herself as "modern.") Spring no longer meant anything to her; she had become immune to the charm of sudden rainfalls; to babies sitting up in carriages and squinting against the sun. No longer did she suffer from sorrowful pangs of the heart at dusk.

She had married a man who set his alarm clock for eleven o'clock in order to have time to call his broker before noon. He must be somewhere in the Caribbean now (it was that time of the year) and there he could set his alarm for ten o'clock, because he found it easier to get up in a hot climate. They were legally separated. Eventually, she supposed, she would get a divorce. But she hadn't given the idea much thought. A divorce on what grounds? Incompatibility? (What, exactly, *was* that?) Mental cruelty? Or physical cruelty? He had hit her once, with a terrible absence of passion, and knocked her down a flight of stairs. It could have been mutual; she could have done it to him. In any case, she felt she had deserved it, his simple violence a good counterweight to her indifference. And Guilt held the scales, instead of Justice. She had brought sculpture up to date. Or symbolism. Either one. At times he drank, but that was neither here nor there. . . . Or would she plead boredom? Boredom would be valid, but was it legal? Was it ethical? Was the boredom of her own creation entirely? Was he the bore incarnate, total, and complete in himself? Did he have the power to activate her own capacity for boredom? This was more logical, of course, but she wasn't sure.

She had begun to have seasonal attacks of boredom, after Eaton's death, every spring and fall, the way other people had hay fever. And it was from this boredom that she needed escape. She drove a white Alfa and longed for a Porsche Carrera (which she knew now she would never be able to afford). She drove the Alfa much too fast but, except for landing in ditches and minor scrapes, had never had a serious accident. She skied much too fast, too, but had slowed down since her fracture. When it happened, she was alone, and afraid that the sun would go down before she was found, and then she would freeze to death. She took a long swig of brandy from the hip flask she always carried when she skied, and by the time a member of the ski patrol reached her and gave her a painkiller and she lay strapped on the blood wagon under a blanket, she began to feel pretty cheerful. The man, who was very small and wiry and wore a mustache like David Niven's but looked like a jockey, apologized for having to bring her down the mountain all by himself. There had already been an accident; a boy, a twelve-year-old, with a concussion, had been taken down half an hour ago. He was the only man left on the ski patrol. Such a freakish day: poor visibility; weird snow conditions; ice one minute, porridge the next. Just the day for accidents, and they were short of guides. Usually, two men skied down with the blood wagon, one holding the rope in front, the other holding the handle at the back. She felt happy as he talked; she was warm, and no longer alone. She felt happy as she lay there, rocked by the painkiller and cradled by the brandy. Off they went, a plunge into deep snow. It felt like the tonsil operation when she was five. "Breathe deeply," said the doctor. Quiet and passive, she obeyed. She took a deep breath of anesthetic but unexpectedly began to wage a frantic battle, which, in the next moment, she lost. A plunge, a single track on snow, as if she travelled on one gigantic skate with a blade as sharp as a carving knife; off she went, smoothly and terribly fast, toward infinity and, finally, sleep. She lay dozing on the blood wagon, but instead of the doctor's white voice calling, "Wake up, it's time to wake up," she heard a frantic Swiss-German oath, and came to with the immediate knowledge that the man had let go of the blood wagon. She was sledding down the mountain, helpless and strapped; the *piste* was uncompromisingly frozen and below, inevitably, lay a black patch of pines. The wagon picked up speed, the black patch grew. It was still far enough down the mountain for her to see but soon she would lose sight of it; nevertheless, she was headed straight for it, in great fear at first. But then an incredible feeling of elation came over her. Something tremendous is happening to me, she thought, and she began to laugh. She laughed softly, to herself; she laughed and laughed. It wasn't hysteria, it was pure joy. It was the sudden absence of pain in her leg that made her laugh, and a general sense of well-being; and then there was this thrilling and calm, this organized and, except for her laughter, *silent* race toward death. But the man somehow caught up with the wagon. He took a terrible fall when he stopped it, but he did stop it. She heard a dry snapping sound as he fell, like a twig breaking, but he had stopped the wagon and saved her life. He held his right shoulder with his left hand, and when she saw his face, she began to laugh again, a high-pitched, delighted child's laugh. "Will you ever forgive me?" the man asked, heavily, in English, although they had spoken French higher up on the mountain. "I'll forgive you," she said sweetly, "but don't do it again." And he, too, began to laugh. He unstrapped her after he had wedged the wagon up carefully with new snow. She gave him some brandy. Between them they soon finished the flask. It was dark when she was finally brought to the hospital. And there she stayed, for the longest time, with her leg in traction; she smoked, played solitaire, read Agatha Christie, and didn't feel the least bit bored. For a while, the man, his shoulder in a cast, went around the village saying, "I never skied so fast in my life." His honor was safe, and he didn't mind a little boasting. But he did not tell anyone that the young woman had spent what should have been her last moments on earth giggling with pleasure.

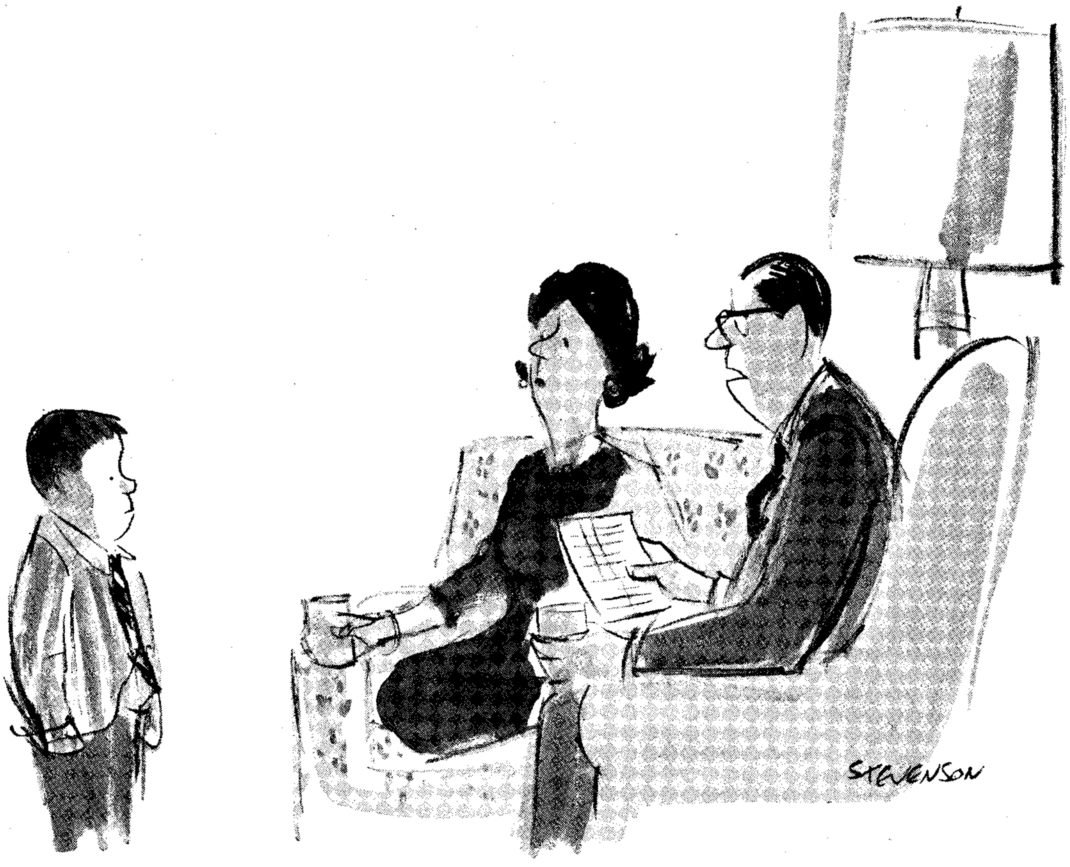
She loved the moment of takeoff in a jet. She loved the violent release from the earth, the power of the machine in that moment of irremediable farewell. It was beautiful, and yet, for her, leaving everything behind was never quite enough; she would have liked to experience weightlessness before coming down to earth again. She was capable of, at a moment's notice, boarding a jet in New York, wearing a skirt, sweater, and raincoat, with black ballet slippers on her feet and a mink coat over her arm, in order to buy a piece of sculpture in London. The phrase "a piece of sculpture" was not hers. It was her dear erstwhile (as a friend of hers called him) husband's. "A piece of sculpture," as in "Have a piece of fruit."

"Won't you have a tossed green salad?" he had asked kindly, from behind a menu, about a week after their wedding. And that simple question, phrased in innocence and delivered in kindness, drove the steak knife she happened to be looking at right through her heart. What am I doing here, she asked herself. She looked up at him, saw that he wore a menu instead of a head, saw that he was hidden to her, and that moment (as is so often said about so many marriages) marked the beginning of the end.

The marriage had been a mistake so total that it proved relatively easy to eradicate. She left him with no regrets, no tears, and almost no memories. She called the marriage "a gigantic mistake on the human level," and the questions that had to be asked she had to ask herself; there was no one else around to ask them. But she didn't get very far with her answers, because by that time she had discovered in herself (for one thing) a strange lack of curiosity about her fellow human beings.

So now she was alone again, alone in a bed that drifted, while the city lay below the room, huge and beautiful; the city floated, too, which made it extraordinarily mysterious, but it was unwilling to share its mysteries, because Paris was a city in which she had never lived spontaneously and which she had never willingly explored.

And that was why she felt for the rooftops and the chimney pots, the skies and the tower, neither the attachment of the tourist nor the constant astonishment of the permanent inhabitant. That was why she drifted at night, because she was waiting, and her nature was such that when she waited, when action was absent from her life, she felt she had been set adrift. She was waiting, and Paris was a city where she had always waited; waited, simply, for something to happen. Where she had waited to be born, and where she had waited to be old enough to know *where* she was. Where she had waited to be sent to boarding school; where she had waited, one Christmas, for an attack of whooping cough to subside so she could be sent *back* to boarding school. Where she had waited, still a child, but now so aware, for the exact moment (somewhere between

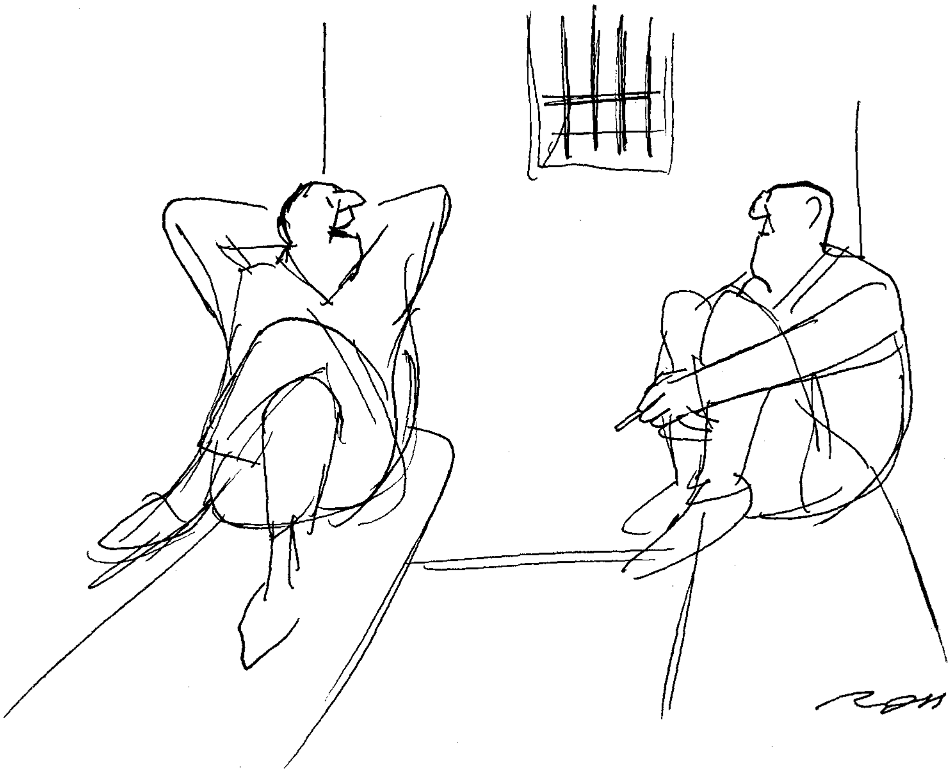


"With a report card like this, I guess we can stop thinking of him as a future John V. Lindsay."

remediable disaster and war) to board a ship for the United States.

And where she waited now, in bed, for the result of an X-ray. The doctor had said he would call her in the morning. He would, by then, have the results on the tests; he would have weighed them, together with the X-rays. She would then either enter the American Hospital in Neuilly for a week or so, or else go south with a bottle of two-tone miracle pills in her overnight bag. (Sulphur yellow with royal blue? Turquoise with brown?) The pills would help, no doubt, and probably make her dizzy or nauseous, or else thoroughly depressed. Never mind; first things first. If she went south, she would walk, up and down, through cobbled streets; she would have time to think. She wanted to become a writer. (Two years before she had wanted to become a sculptor.) She had taken a freighter to Greece once, with a girl friend, in order to try and write a play, but the friend had been difficult to cope with, and the sea voyage had been altogether too tumultuous for her to be able to concentrate. She managed to write one long story, about two girls travelling on a freighter, which she must still have somewhere; she knew she hadn't thrown it away, but she hadn't shown it to anyone, either.

The trouble had begun with a stiff bronchitis that she had been unable to throw off. She had coughed and felt tired for weeks, until suddenly she felt much worse, with a terrible constriction in the chest when she woke up mornings. The left lung, it seemed, had been affected. This sounded slightly outmoded in the face of all the cancer scares. Of course, it could be cured with antibiotics (she kept telling herself), although you never could tell, but if the worst came to the worst, she could always go to a healer. She had heard of a healer who lived in Paris and had cured a man of leukemia. The patient was an American born in Paris, and he had been to all the doctors in the United States, ending up at the Mayo Clinic, and the verdict—or the death sentence, rather—had been unanimous; he had been given between two and three months to live. So, in the middle of winter, he packed a modest suitcase and went, with his wife, to Paris to die. In Paris, somebody spoke to him about the faith healer. "*Mais il faut avoir la foi*," he was told. "*La foi; quelle foi?*" asked the man. "*Moi, j'ai la foi*," said the wife very quickly. And it was true; she did; she was Roman Catholic and devout. "I am



"*And now the story of* your *life, please.*"

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not going to any faith healer," said the man to his wife as soon as they were alone. "I am not going to let a faith healer interfere with the dignity of my life and of my death." "What have you got to lose?" the wife quietly asked. So she called up the faith healer (who was deep in litigations) and made an appointment. They went up three dark flights of stairs to see him. The faith healer placed his right hand on the wife's chest (he couldn't work directly with the man, because the man had no faith) and his left hand on her back, and she felt an electric current go through her that was not unlike the Relax-A-cisor reducing treatment she had taken the year before, before her life had become a tragedy that made weight immaterial. Two weeks later, the man felt better and decided he needed a change of air. They went to St. Anton. A week later, he put on a pair of skis. The wife sat in a deck chair under a blanket in the sun and prayed. One afternoon, she took down the straps of her bra to get an even tan on her shoulders, and as she did that she knew that her husband would live. That had been three years ago. The man was working at the American Embassy in Paris; he felt fine; he had been back to the United States for a checkup, and the doctors said it was too late to speak of remission. But the disease had been arrested completely. The doctors said they did not understand. The man did not say anything. The wife said *she* understood.

So she had the faith healer to fall back on, in case the antibiotics failed. It was a comfort, although God knew (she kept telling herself) she would have to search for someone with faith to take along. Adam, perhaps. No, that would be unnecessary. Patience. A week in the hospital perhaps. Soon the telephone would ring, and she would know.

Any moment now the telephone would ring, and it would be the doctor, and she would know. Or it might be Adam. She had left a message for him to call back this morning; he had been out last night. And knowing Adam as she knew him (Did she know him at all? She had not seen him for a quarter of a century! She had no idea what he looked like), she was certain that he would call.

Why *had* she called Adam? For want of something to do? Because she was lonely? Or because she was curious. That was more likely, and curiosity would no doubt kill the cat. Which cat? Adam? No, she was the cat. And Adam the strange bird that would step out of the cage of the elevator on the sixth floor, to be inspected by her.

This morning she regretted having called him. She had had a similar experience in New York once; an old schoolmate had called up and invited himself for a drink, and the meeting had been dumb and slightly painful. Nostalgia for childhood was an indulgence not to be pursued, especially if the years had been happy, which hers, at boarding school, had been.

She had not seen Adam for twenty-five years. They had been boarding-school companions, and while she remembered most of her boarding-school friends, Adam she did not remember at all. He was a perfect blank, yet their childhood association had never been allowed to dissolve, because of an unnerving loyalty to their former school. The children had been amazing correspondents; for years after a child left school, he would regularly receive news of the dog who cried at night and hid when he heard church bells, of a guide who had taken the wrong route, of a mademoiselle who had had the ill luck to marry a stationmaster. (Ill luck because he beat her.) And now the children, fully grown and with children of their own, still felt incapable of breaking the magic chain, still picked up their pens and wrote, "We have two daughters now and . . ."

Adam had begun to write to her after the war. He wrote seldom, and she answered even more seldom, being an indifferent correspondent. He wrote only on the backs of postcards. Sometimes he entrusted the card to a friend, and the address would be written in a different hand. She received a postcard at Barnard the year she studied there. She received another in a rooming house on West Ninety-fifth Street, the time she ran away from her aunt and supported herself by working in a dentist's office. Over the years, Adam's handwriting narrowed, then it filled out again; finally it settled into a small, well-ordered, and cerebral script. The first postcard after the war said, "Greetings from Paris where I now live and think." It was a beautiful postcard—a woodcut of a medieval calendar for the month of March, and it reached her in the full bloom of May. A postcard bearing two Aztec masks arrived one day, mailed from Austria. "I've been skiing," it said. "It was a very Proustian experience and made me think of you." Years later, after she married, a beautiful head of the child Tutankhamen arrived on her breakfast tray one morning. It said, "I read about you under people in time. Shame." She had to reread the message to understand it, since he had capitalized neither People nor *Time*. (She had let a twenty-carat diamond ring disappear down the drain of a washroom sink in a night club, while fishing for a hairpin.) A Dürer pine tree had reached her not long ago. She turned it over and read, "I'm sorry I haven't written for so long, but I bought a château outside Paris and have been very busy."

SEA SCHOOL

This afternoon I swam with a school of fish.
Waiting in shallow water for the tide to change,
They swept at leisure through their green pleasance,
Turning at will as one, or at some private
Signal all felt;
White and delicate, each one bedizened
By an ochre spot behind his sickle of gill,
Pale translucent fish they were, divided
By the hair-thin mustache-line of backbone.

We plied our way along, taking our ease
In concert, as a school,
Feeling the flickering lozenges of light—
Chicken wire of sunlight grazing us
As we passed up and down under its stroke.
So for an hour, an age, I swam with them,
One with the rhythm of the sea, weightless,
Graceful and casual in our schoolhood,
Within our coop of light,
One with a peace that might go on forever. . . .
Till, of a sudden, quick as a falling net,
Some thought embraced them. I watched them go
Tidily over the reef, where I could not follow.

—Barbara Howes

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Perhaps it was curiosity and nothing else that made her call Adam when she could have, and should have, called others. Yet she was free to choose; nobody knew she was in Paris; it had been years since she had come here. She had not one obligation; even the apartment she occupied belonged to an absent friend. The strange thing was that the last time she had come to Paris she had not bothered to get in touch with Adam at all.

Perhaps it was curiosity—an emotion she found strangely lacking in dignity—that had made her call him. But she had an obligation toward herself. She had to satisfy her curiosity, because over the years, simply by superimposing the postcards (they were her only clue), she had built up such a preposterous, imperious, flimsy, insulting, and highly peculiar image of Adam that the image needed checking. The creation of Adam had been the work of her unconscious; there had been no possible control. But now common sense could no longer correct imagination. She had gone too far.

Adam in her mind carried a cane with a knob, and that cane was so annoying to her that she kept knocking it out of his hand. Nevertheless it kept reappearing. He moved against a background of mahogany—Empire, to be exact. She saw fake leopard in an alcove, and thought herself stingy, because he could no doubt afford real. She saw ebony sphinxes with necklaces of old coral wound around their necks, Dali drawings, a collection of *objets de vertu* (*ivoire tourné*, *XVII*^{e} *siècle*). There was no stopping her. And there stood Adam, smelling faintly of Vétiver, his face blurred by the smoke of a Balkan Sobranie, leaning against a bookcase with his feet crossed. This image persisted in spite of her efforts to erase it. And at the same time, she remembered that Adam had once written (she couldn't remember the postcard, only the text), "The thing I remember about you most is that you were always laughing at me."

Perhaps she had called him because he sounded kind, and although she didn't know it, she was in need of kindness.

SHE was all dressed except for stockings and shoes; she had her cough under control and had looked through a kitchen cupboard by the time the telephone rang. She had to refrain from running, positive that it was the doctor. The white phone stood right by the front door, on an "occasional table" with rickety legs. She almost upset it when she picked up the receiver.

"Hello," she said in a terribly loud

"I'll bet you never dreamed you'd be married to the Chairwoman of the Greenville Safety and Planning Commission."

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voice, and then, correcting both her tone and her accent, "Allo."

Adam announced himself in a voice that was precise, cool, ponderous, slightly veiled. It suited her imaginary portrait of him to perfection.

"Yes, I know," she said, knowing that her disappointment was audible and not caring. (The fact that Adam had called before the doctor made her feel the doctor had let her down.) "How are you, Adam?" she asked.

"I'm fine," he said, in a voice that trailed away, which often happened on Paris telephones. She wasn't used to that, and groped for the voice at the end of the line, pursued it. Eventually, with no help from her, it returned. . . . "I came in to see my lawyer."

"Yes?" she said, and made a face.

"Yes," he said. "I'm trying to sell my apartment here. I don't need it anymore. I spend all my time in the country. I'm going back shortly, but I'd love to see you."

She stood on one bare foot and held her balance.

"What time have you got?" she asked politely.

"About ten-thirty," he said.

"Well, why don't you come *here* about eleven? I can't go out because I'm expecting a phone call. Come for elevenses!" she said, suddenly inspired. "I'll put you in a deck chair on the terrace under a blanket, and melt a Maggi bouillon cube in a cup, and the kitchen cupboard is loaded with English biscuits."

She was delighted. It was the thought of Adam sitting in a deck chair under a blanket (looking like a young Berenson), with his cane somewhere beside him, surrounded by potted plants with pitted leaves, drinking bouillon, and with the Eiffel Tower behind him that delighted her.

"We'll pretend we're on board ship," she said, without knowing why she had said it. "Oh, and I'm in a funny apartment, all mirrored. Now, about the address: it's Rue Christophe Colomb, *numéro 3*."

"Is it in the *Seizième*?"

"No, *Huitième*, I think, but you had better check. Now, you take the *ascenseur* and come up to the sixth floor, and the door of the *ascenseur* opens directly into the living room, so ring the bell (under where it says '*Sonnez*') and I'll open the door. Such a lovely gray day. . . . Don't worry, I won't put you outside. See you in a little while."

THE marble of the living-room floor felt cold underfoot; she went into the bedroom, crawled under the

bed, found her black ballet slippers and put them on. She did not dread Adam's visit; it was neither here nor there. But what would they talk about? What did one talk about with a childhood friend one had not seen for twenty-five years. Not having seen someone for twenty-five years automatically made her feel sixty-seven.

SHE (*voice from the Jazz Age*): "*Dear* Adam! *So* good to see you! Done anything *smashing* since I saw you last?"

Or (*practical*): "Do you own a car?"

Or (*affected*): "I'm dying to see the new Picasso show; *on dit que c'est si jeune, si gai, si joyeux!*"

Or (*still affected, but more earnest*): "Do you like Buffet's insects? I find they haven't been translated into anything, I mean into an art form, the way Picasso said he translated Spain for 'Le Tricorne'—do you understand what I am trying to say?"

Or (*straightforward and immediate*): "Have you seen 'Goldfinger'?"

SHE heard the metal door of the elevator cage fold up, and the bell rang so sharply that she jumped. It was the first time she had heard it. As she walked toward the door, she saw the knob turn and then she heard it being pushed, unsuccessfully.

"Just a minute, Adam," she said, hoping it was Adam. (She had been warned that the concierge would be up with her absent friend's laundry.) "I'm afraid I locked myself in for the night. Hold it!" she said, and she laughed because she had to crouch in order to liberate the safety chain. "I'm sorry, Adam," she said through the crack, and then, as she opened the door, "What a reception."

SHE leaned against the elevator door through which he had just come in. Adam stood by a large table in the dining room. He was enormously tall; he held himself awkwardly, with a slight stoop. He held an attaché case in one hand and a folded black umbrella with a bamboo handle in the other. He put the attaché case on the table and switched the umbrella to his right hand. Then he placed the umbrella on top of the attaché case.

"You're not in the *Seizième*," he said, "you're in the *Huitième*." His voice belonged to the imagined Adam. It did not suit this one at all.

"But that's what I told you." She laughed. "I'm sorry, Adam. I wasn't laughing at you. Please sit down, over there, on that white satin; satin or mirror, take your choice. I don't think there *is* anything else. I was laughing because I did not remember you from school and—"

"What did you expect?"

"Nothing . . . I mean, maybe I'll tell you someday."

His hair stood in a crest on his forehead and came down over the collar of his jacket at the back. He looked like a pale, frail migrating bird. He looked (dressed as he was in corduroys, olive green for the trousers, brown for the jacket, with lighter leather patches at the elbows) very much in transit. Under the jacket he wore a gray sweater, and a navy-blue cotton shirt under that. He looked perfectly happy sitting there on the phony *bergère* covered in white satin. After a while, he took a pipe out of his pocket.

"Wait," she said, "I'll get you an ashtray."

"There's no rush," said Adam.

"Well, I'll get it anyway. Whether I get it now or later . . ."

But she couldn't find one. Finally she returned from the kitchen with a Lunéville saucer with a rose on its rim. "Here," she said, and laid it at Adam's feet.

She looked up at him and saw two Adams. They were superimposed, but the superimposition did not make a double exposure, because neither Adam matched the other. And the voice belonged to the imagined Adam, but the dialogue that followed could have been anticipated by either of the two Adams, and certainly by her.

"So," said Adam, once his pipe was lit. "What did you do when you left school?"

"I went to Paris. I mean I came *here* for a few days and then boarded a ship for the United States."

"By yourself?" he asked.

"Yes, all by myself," she answered. "My parents sent me to an aunt who had emigrated to New York. They couldn't leave at the time. They thought they would join me a little later. They were both killed in the war. I don't want to go into that right now."

Adam was silent. She looked up at him, expecting to see the imaginary Adam. She was angry with herself for the lack of adjustment, but the old Adam was evolving slowly. She had already forgotten his cane.

"I was brought up by that aunt," she said, "and I loved her, so that was that. She died, too, but she was polite enough to wait until I was grown. So I'm an orphan. I have no family at all except for a distant cousin somewhere in England, whom I've never seen—and have no wish to see. I'm of the type that never settles down," she said cheerfully. "There's another type, you know, that can never be moved, not even from one apartment to another."

Adam didn't say anything. After a while he asked, "How did we get on the subject?"

"It's inevitable," she said. "Do you know that I once mentioned a clubfoot to a man *before* I noticed he had one?" She sounded very pleased with herself, but felt she had not made herself clear. She wanted to amplify her thought; she was looking for an image but couldn't find it. But she had taken far too much time over it to turn back, so she said,

DAVID LANGDON

"It's in the air, you know. Like butterflies."

Adam's pipe had gone out, and he was struggling to light it again.

"And you?" she asked. "Where were you during the war?"

"I went to the States, just as you did."

"I didn't know," she said. "I thought you were English. I thought you'd stayed in England."

"No, no," he said, "I'm perfectly American." His pipe was lit, so he settled back and crossed his legs. "Actually, my mother is Austrian, but my father is American. It's my accent that confuses you; I'm thought to be American in England and English in America. And French in France, but I'm not French at all. Like you."

"Yes, but I *am* French. . . . I mean I *was*, before I married."

"Are you divorced?"

"No, no, separated."

"I thought I had read somewhere that you had divorced."

"You might have. And did you go to school in the States?"

"In California, at first. And then in New England."

"And after that?"

"After that, I tried to get into the State Department."

"What happened?"

"It didn't work out."

"Why not?"

"They thought I wasn't American enough."

His pipe had gone out again. She began to laugh and, laughing, closed her eyes. What made her laugh was the thought of the imagined Adam (cane in hand) being interviewed for the State Department.

"What's so funny?" asked Adam. He didn't seem the least bit offended.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I'm having a good time. And we all seem to be in such a muddle. And we literally never know where we come from—nor, I suppose, where we're going."

She didn't give him time to say anything, for the simple reason that she was talking to herself.

"Would you like me to make you a cup of tea?" she asked. "I wasn't serious about the bouillon."

"I'd love one, but I must be going soon. I have to get back to the country."

"It'll only take a moment—or would you rather have coffee? Or a drink."

"No, I'd rather have tea."

He followed her into the tiny kitchen. She opened a kitchen cupboard.

"China? Ceylon? Earl Grey?" she said, in the tone of an airline hostess asking, "Coffee, tea, or milk?"

"Earl Grey," he said, handing her the box. He lit a match, turned the gas knob, lifted the teakettle, shook it slightly, placed it back, and tried to light the burner.

They smelled gas, but the burner wouldn't light. She began to cough.

"You waited too long," she said, coughing.

"Yes, I know, but logically we should have had an explosion instead of this."

He struck another match, and this time succeeded. She had turned her back to him and was coughing, with her face in her forearms and her forearms against the kitchen cupboard.

"You're not well," he said, and was silent again.

"It's nothing," she said after a while. "It's not as dramatic as it sounds. Really, if it were, I would tell you. You believe me?"

"I have an excellent doctor."

She didn't let him go on. "And an excellent lawyer, and an excellent dentist, I'm sure," she said, defending herself against sentiment.

"Don't speak until you've stopped coughing," he said.

She started for the bedroom, and he followed her. She turned around and smiled.

"I'm sorry," he said. He went back into the kitchen. She could hear a clatter of china.

She took half a grain of codeine, filled a toothbrush glass with water and drank it, and waited a moment, arms propped against the sink, face lifted to the ceiling.

When she returned, she saw that he was installed by the large dining table, with a tray with the tea things in front of him. He was smoking and looked pleased with himself: it was a surprise. She noticed that he had forgotten the lemon, the milk, the sugar.

"Do you take sugar?" she asked.

"No, do you?"

"No, I don't either."

"I didn't think you did. Most women don't. They all diet. *Tu vas mieux?*" he asked.

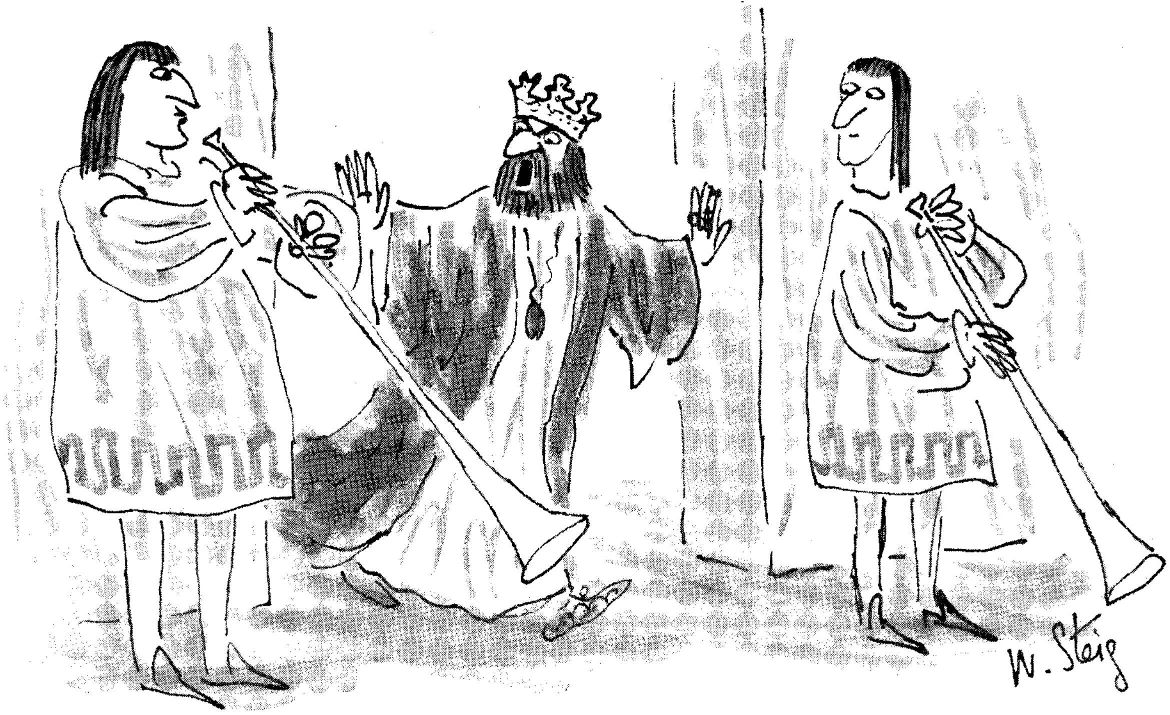
"*C'est vrai,*" she said. "*Il faut se tutoyer quand on s'est connu enfants.* I hadn't thought of that."

Adam got up, fetched his ashtray, brought it to the table, put his pipe on it, and began to pour tea. "Here," he said.

She was watching him, and as he put the teacup on its saucer in front of her, she knocked her fist on the marble of the dining table and said, quite loud, "I remember you, Adam. I remember you as a child, in boarding school. I remember you perfectly."

She sounded both happy and relieved to have stumbled on a chunk of her life she not only had lost but never thought she would find. She heard the metallic sound of high heels on marble floors. She thought of two signs: *Salle des Pas Perdus*, and *Objets Trouvés*.

She looked at Adam, and saw him as a child, sitting cross-legged on the cork floor of the school gymnasium, dark eyes tilted in a pale face, pale hair held back, as boys' hair often was in those days, by a girl's barrette. He sat very quietly, his hands around his



"No trumpets today."

ankles. (Like a dwarf, but then all children between the ages of three and nine reminded her of dwarfs.) He was dressed in very short black velvet pants, a white silk shirt with fluting around the collar and long sleeves, white wool socks, and patent-leather pumps with silver buckles. He grinned, and his eyes tilted more. He threw his head back and laughed. He laughed and laughed and laughed.

Adam tapped the bowl of his pipe against the ashtray. He smiled and he no longer had seed pearls for teeth. All of which was to be expected, but she could have wished for less abrupt transitions.

"I remember you perfectly," she said again.

Adam said, "What you don't seem to remember is that we met in New York during the war. We sat next to each other at somebody's birthday party. I remember that my mouth was full of the most awful cake, and you said, 'Adam, if you don't want to speak to me, I'll go and sit somewhere else.' And soon after that, a woman came to fetch you, quite early. It must have been your aunt."

"You must be right, because she always came too early."

"She was rather good-looking but bowlegged."

"So she was. Both. What a memory," she said. "I wish I had a good memory. More tea?"

"No." He shook his head.

"And what about your château?" she asked, amiably, catlike, and setting her last trap.

"Oh, *that*," he said, and she understood that he had been waiting for that. "The château," he said, after a silence and a piece of business with his pipe, "is taking up all my time. When I said, or rather wrote you, that I had bought a château, I meant that I had bought it on behalf of a foundation. I sort of direct the whole thing. How can I explain it? *Je reçois.* I play host (although *that* certainly doesn't sound right); I do liaison work. This coming June, for example, the château is being rented by the foundation to a congress of geologists. *Tu comprends?* I'm caretaker, too. I cultivate tea roses. Please don't laugh. Wait, I must have a photograph of the château in my case."

She waited for it, without anticipation, as she waited for people to bring out photographs of their children. Adam sat on the floor, taking books and manuscripts out of his case and putting them back in again.

"You know, Adam, I feel as if we were both in the middle of nowhere," she said, as if this was the greatest compliment she had ever paid anybody. (And in a way it was.)

"I'm in the middle of all sorts of things," said Adam, putting a book back into his attaché case before closing it. He had not found the photograph of his château. "Good God!" he said, looking at his watch. "I'm not at all where I should be. My train leaves in eleven minutes."

"You won't make it," she said.

"Oh, but I will because I must," he said. "Somebody's coming, and I can't let him down." He gathered his things.

They stood by the door of the elevator. Adam pressed the button, and the light under the button glowed red.

"I'm sorry to leave so hurriedly," he said. "You're sure you'll be all right," he said. It was not really a question. "I got all involved with the château, I'm afraid. The message last night said you were leaving tomorrow. Will you be all right?"

"I'll be all right," she said.

"Do call me when you get back. Call me at the château. The number you had was the apartment, you know. Get the number through regional information."

He tried to open the door, but the elevator had stopped on the floor below.

"What a funny view of Paris," he said, waiting again, looking down the length of the living room at the large windows. "With the Eiffel Tower to the right, like on a postcard."

"Yes," she said, "and all those rooftops and chimney pots and . . . all that jazz," she finished, because the elevator had arrived. The red light went out. He shut himself in, and she was about to close the door of the living room when the telephone rang. She wanted very much to answer it, yet she let it ring, conscious that the moment was being lived and, simultaneously, turned into memory. Adam waited, his finger on the button, for her to shut the door. The telephone went on ringing. Before shutting the elevator door, she blew him a kiss. Then, with her right hand still on the door, she reached with her left for the telephone, and almost upset the rickety table when she lifted the receiver.

—NATACHA STEWART

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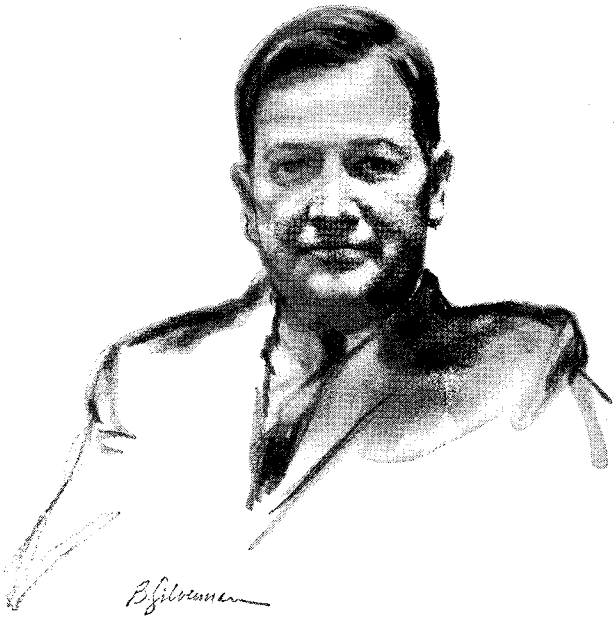
Lieut. Gen. Clarence R. Huebner, director of the State Civil Defense Commission, predicted yesterday that within five years most Americans would be living in fallout shelters and would see sunshine only by taking a calculated risk.—*The Times, January 7, 1959.*

Yoo-hoo, General! All right to come up now?

PROFILES

RESOURCES AND RESPONSIBILITIES—I

BEFORE David Rockefeller, who, at forty-nine, is the youngest of five well-known and well-to-do brothers, decided to go to Russia last July for a conference on Soviet-American relations, he gave the trip a good deal of thought. There is nothing unusual about an ordinary American's visiting Russia nowadays, but, as Rockefeller realizes, he is not ordinary. Not only would he arrive bearing an emphatically capitalistic surname, the mere mention of which is supposed to suffuse Russians with wrath, but there was also the matter of his being the president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, a worldwide power structure with over twelve billion dollars in assets and the kind of influence that that kind of money begets. Moreover, Rockefeller had heard hints that if he should get to the U.S.S.R. he would probably be invited to confer with Premier Khrushchev, and there was no telling how explosively the Communist leader might react to a confrontation, on his home ground, with a notorious international banker. For a while, accordingly, Rockefeller wasn't sure he should go. While assessing its pros and cons, he told one acquaintance, "I wouldn't want to do anything disadvantageous to the country or the bank. I want to make sure I do what's appropriate."

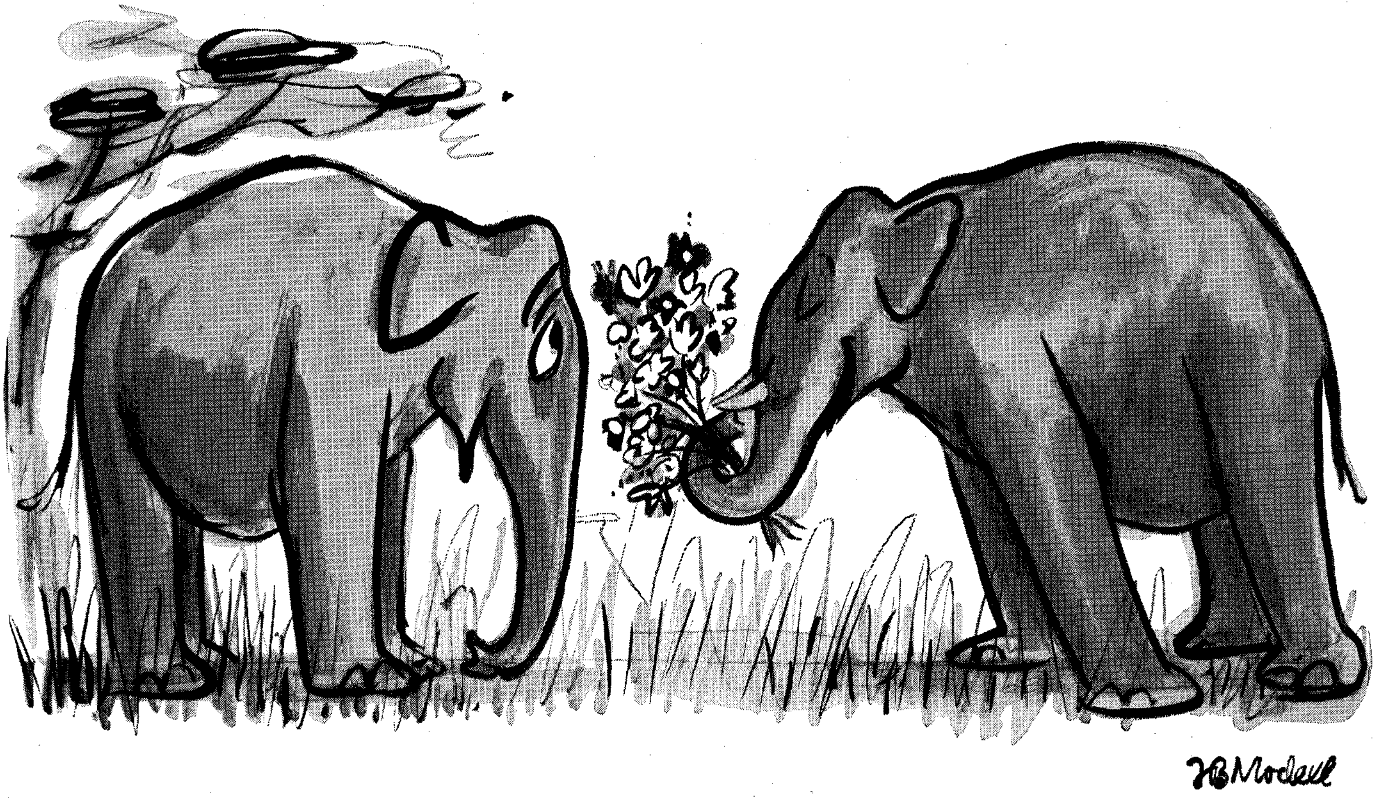


David Rockefeller

"Appropriate" is a word that Rockefeller often uses. He does not mean by it that he is loath to do anything others might disapprove of; he means that he wants to do what it is proper and useful for someone to do who is endowed with his unique combination of vast personal and business resources, and who, because of these, is saddled with no less vast responsibilities. For any Rockefeller to do anything *in*appropriate, he feels, would reflect unfavorably, if not damagingly, on the entire clan, and would also raise doubts about that particular Rockefeller's ability to carry his fair share of the family's heavy joint burden. David Rockefeller was once fittingly presented to a dinner audience as "a man for whom life is an obligation, not a joy ride." And he himself, upon being asked not long ago how he and his wife went about helping their children adjust to their uncommon heritage, said, "We've tried to teach them that they are fortunate but that along with their opportunities they'll have responsibilities. You can't expect to have the one without the other." Rockefeller has six children—two boys and four girls, the oldest twenty-three and the youngest fourteen. Some of his friends considered it a characteristically thoughtful touch on his part that, of the six, the one he elected to take to Russia with him was his second-oldest daughter, Neva, who is twenty and a junior at Radcliffe. The conference he attended was held in Leningrad, and her name, as it happens, is also that of the broad and handsome river that flows through the heart of the metropolis. Neva Rockefeller was actually named after her maternal grandmother, Neva Smith McGrath, but when Rockefeller arrived in Leningrad he could not resist letting the local citizenry leap to its own delighted, erroneous conclusion.

It was in Leningrad, on a Tuesday, that Rockefeller was told Khrushchev would like to see him the following afternoon at the Kremlin, in Moscow. Taking Neva with him, the banker went south by overnight train, and the next day participated with the Soviet leader in two and a half hours of what Rockefeller subsequently called "the most intensive conversation I've ever had with anyone." It was a far-ranging, if inconclusive, colloquy, covering, among other subjects, the capricious attitude of the Russians toward international copyright law, the failure of the Soviet Union to repay its wartime lend-lease obligations, and the possibility of increased trade between the two men's nations. Neither the Communist nor the capitalist arrived with any prepared memoranda; they talked off the cuff. (Khrushchev, who furnished an interpreter and some mineral water, acceded unhesitatingly to Rockefeller's request that Neva be permitted to take notes.) At one point, Rockefeller remarked that his mother had visited Russia in Czarist days—back in 1896, the year before she married John D. Rockefeller, Jr. She had been travelling with her father, Senator Nelson Aldrich, of Rhode Island. That got Khrushchev going on what he called the inevitable evolutionary progress of the entire world toward Communism. Waving a hand toward the scribbling Neva, the Soviet leader told her father that sooner or later people everywhere would spontaneously embrace Communism. "Someday your daughter Neva will think as I do," the Russian said amiably. Neither Neva nor her father replied.

Rockefeller's concern about going to the U.S.S.R. in the first place had been compounded by his awareness that although the Kremlin obviously knew who he was, there seemed to be some vagueness about this lower down the Party line. Two months earlier, he had had a letter from a Russian he'd met at a 1962 conference in the United States—a *Pravda* commentator who was also a deputy of the Supreme Soviet. In the course of plying Rockefeller with questions about the state of the American economy, this correspondent had inquired, "Is it true that you intend to enter politics, trying your chances in Ohio? If that is so, I wish you success." Whether the *Pravda* man had in mind Rockefeller's brother Nelson, the Governor of New York and then still a contender for the Republican Presidential nomination, or his brother Winthrop, then the Republican gubernatorial nominee in Arkansas, was uncertain, but the mere question was



"You remembered!"

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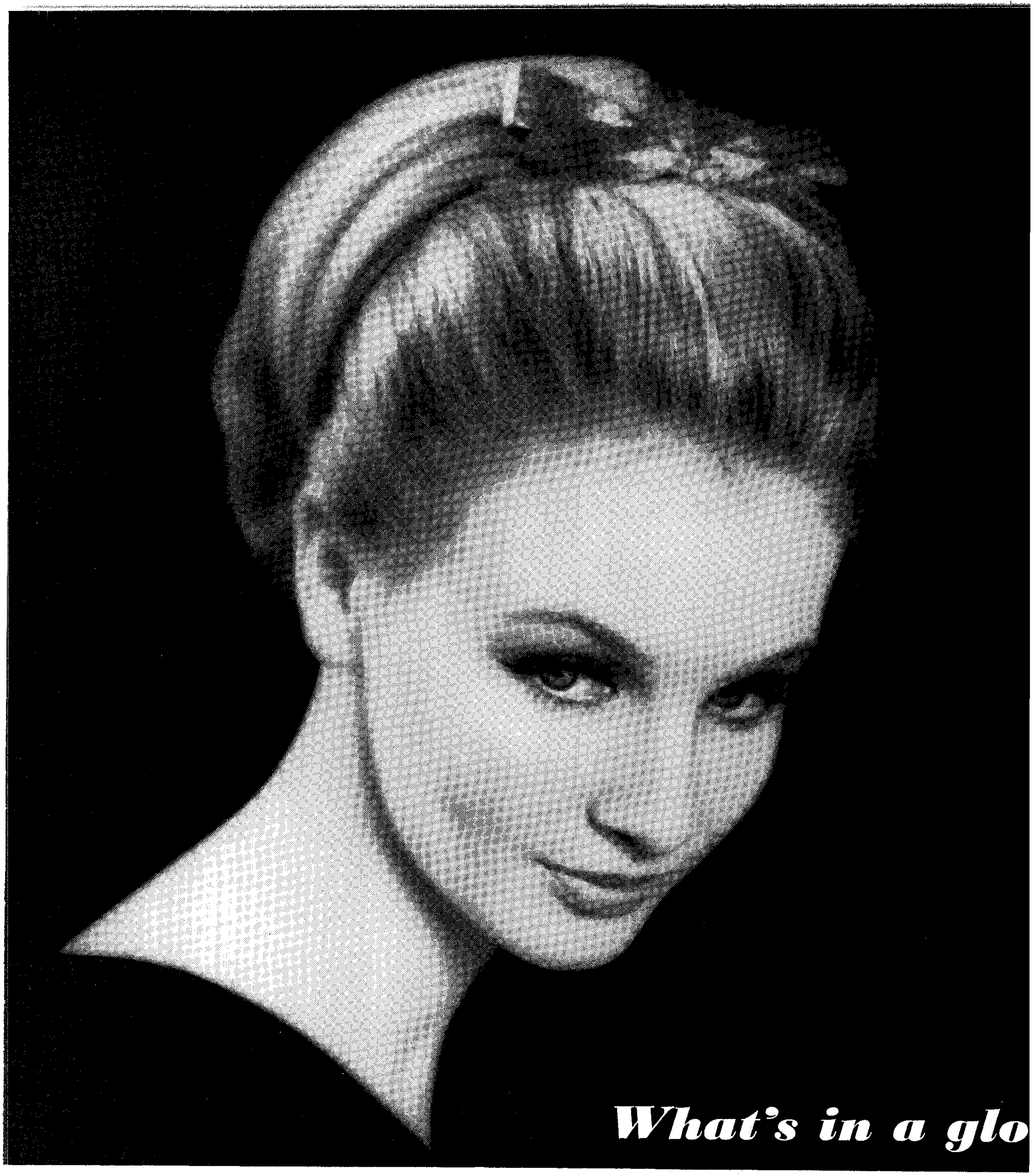
unsettling to David Rockefeller, who has steadfastly shied away from active participation in politics since 1948, when he was an elector for Thomas E. Dewey. Many Americans have hoped that David Rockefeller *would* try his chances in politics. He has been publicly proposed for Mayor of New York, and several highly placed Republicans have privately indicated that they would be delighted to support him if he should ever indicate an interest in the Presidency. Rockefeller is appreciative of such sentiments, but he is unswayed by them. For one thing, he is quite content with his present lot. "I can't imagine a more interesting job than mine, to tell you the honest truth," he said to a friend a few months ago. "The bank has dealings with everything. There is no field of activity it isn't involved in. It's a springboard for whatever interests one may have in any direction—a very good platform from which to participate in the economic advancement of the world."

Banking operations are so diverse that a very big bank, like the Chase, has a stake in nearly every legislative act. Nelson Rockefeller's political opponents periodically hint at dark conspiracies between the administration over which he presides and the bank over which his youngest brother presides. In 1963, for instance, when a bill to amend New York's liquor laws was under debate, one Albany legislator professed to espy chicanery in a provision of the statute that would make it easier for department stores—some of which have big accounts with the Chase—to sell whiskey. "Is this state being run by the Governor or the Chase Bank?" the lawmaker demanded rhetorically. Up to the Goldwater stampede, it used to be customary at Republican National Convention time for disgruntled G.O.P. conservatives to suggest that all Republican candidates were picked by the directors of the Chase Bank. The directors aren't quite as powerful as that, but the legend of their power has gained sufficient credence so that the most recent Republican candidate for governor of Illinois, Charles H. Percy, found it prudent to resign from the Chase board when he set out after the nomination. It is therefore hardly surprising if David Rockefeller goes out of his way to avoid partisan entanglement in his brother Nelson's legislative programs. "I've tried to be scrupulously careful not to give any substance to conflict-of-interest charges," David says. "I wouldn't want to do anything in the political field that seems inappropriate." He has been so scrupulous that not long ago one of his assistants at the bank complained, "I could get a lot more done in Albany when Averell Harriman was Governor."

The situation has its own backlash, too. In 1960, for instance, when Nelson Rockefeller tried to thwart the nomination of Richard Nixon for the Presidency, a number of Chase customers who stood firmly in Nixon's corner began grumbling that David ought to do something to curb his headstrong big brother, and there was pointed talk of switching large corporate accounts to banks whose officials' relatives did not go around rocking political boats. Even Chase stockholders are not above muttering hints that the Rockefellers are linked by bonds transcending mere fraternity. At the bank's last annual meeting, its directors submitted a proposal for a fifty-per-cent stock dividend. One shareholder complained from the floor that he'd rather have a cash dividend, whereupon an advocate of the board's plan, a man concerned about the income taxes that would be levied on a cash payment, jumped up and exclaimed, "Let's face it, ladies and gentlemen! If we vote for cash, we'll find ourselves in a position where David giveth and Nelson taketh away!"

The Rockefellers sometimes find the going prickly abroad, too. In the spring of 1963, the leftish *Ghanaian Times* got to brooding about ugly Americans, and concluded that Nelson and David Rockefeller were as ugly as they came. "Whilst the Governor of New York concentrates on changing the political climate in Washington to open up the trade in nuclear arms," a feature article



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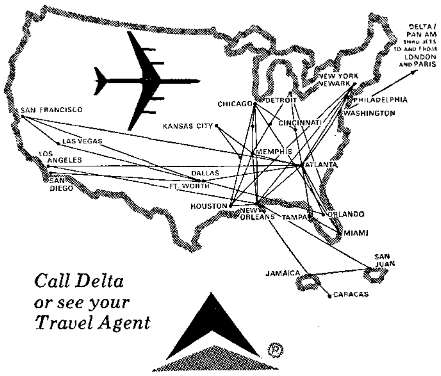

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in the paper said, "the president of Chase Manhattan is mostly concerned with commodities like copper and bananas." The *Ghanaian Times* credited the president of Chase Manhattan with a good many other imaginary spare-time activities as well: he was preventing the Organization of American States and the Alliance for Progress from interfering with private business interests in Latin America; he was trying to overthrow the governments of Bolivia and Peru, and to sustain the governments of Portugal and the Union of South Africa by furnishing them with arms; he was dominating the government of the United States through congressional stooges and a kept press; and, finally, he was using both the Central Intelligence Agency and the Department of State to watch over his and his bank's foreign investments. "His contempt for the liberty and happiness of other people doesn't embrace the whole of humanity," the paper added, "but only the sections falling under the scope of his bank's business, which dominates all other investors in Latin America, and is coming into South Africa, the Congo, Angola, and South-West Africa in a big way." Five years earlier, David Rockefeller had been instrumental in having one of his family's philanthropic outlets, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, undertake a million-dollar program designed to accelerate the development of small local industries in Ghana.

THE *Christian Science Monitor* once described Rockefeller as "a businessman who is listened to all over the world." His prestige is substantial, and it is still growing. These days, New York City is the hub of the globe's money markets, and Rockefeller's voice, though he never raises it, is one of the most respected in the financial community. A downtown investment banker who is himself attentively listened to wherever he goes said the other day, "I can't believe that if a poll were taken today to ascertain who the outstanding person in Wall Street and banking circles is, there would be anybody who could compete with David. He is the best product that the capitalistic system has produced." The rewards that that system has showered so richly on the Rockefellers have enabled them to employ a staff of several hundred simply to handle their own personal affairs, and in this group, as might be expected, the supremacy of the brothers is unquestioned. In the spring of 1964, for instance, David Rockefeller gave three

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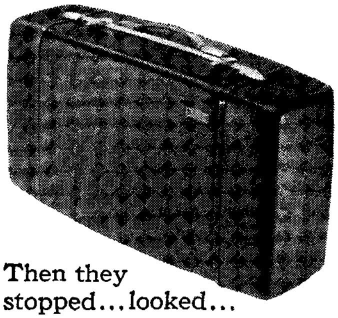

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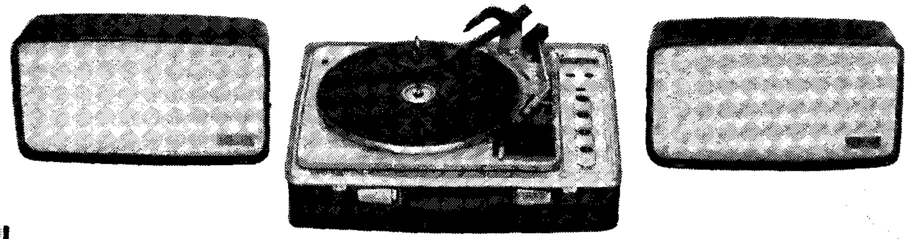

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lectures at Columbia University on "Creative Bank Management," for which he used a type of teleprompter that President Johnson is partial to. After Rockefeller had finished his first lecture, a member of the audience went backstage to congratulate him, and, seeing a Rockefeller staff man near the teleprompter, asked, "Isn't that the gadget President Johnson uses?" "No, this is the gadget David Rockefeller uses," the aide replied.

One of the points that Rockefeller stressed in his lecture series was that the world we live in is a variegated place. "Business methods that work in Terre Haute are not necessarily successful in Teheran," he said. Being a meticulous man, he rehearsed his delivery beforehand. A Chase Bank man who sat in at one practice session noticed that his boss had trouble pronouncing "Terre Haute;" it came out sounding like "Terreaute." The bank man expressed doubt that the name was pronounced that way in Indiana. "I guess I was giving it the French pronunciation," said Rockefeller, who is a passable linguist and can get along not only in French but in Spanish and German, and he added apologetically, "I'm afraid I'm not as familiar with Terre Haute as I am with Teheran."

Rockefeller is familiar with most of the principal cities of most of the countries on earth. One he visited recently was Perth, in Western Australia, from which he travelled three hundred miles inland to inspect a fifteen-thousand-acre tract of pasture land that he had recently bought, with a partner, as a personal investment; he also inspected a million-and-a-half-acre tract nearby, on which the Chase International Investment Corporation, a subsidiary of the bank, had started a sheep-and-cattle-raising venture. The corporation is also involved in hotels in Puerto Rico and Liberia, a Brazilian ready-mix-concrete plant, a Nigerian cotton-textile mill, a Venezuelan paint factory, and a Turkish steel mill. Bank presidents have to keep hopping nowadays. Last year, the Chase opened branch banks in, among other spots, Bangkok, Singapore, and Hong Kong, and Rockefeller, a conscientious executive, has put in a ceremonial appearance at each unveiling. (The Chase had pulled out of Hong Kong in 1951, because the bank's management at the time was leery of getting mixed up, however indirectly, in trade with Communist China. While Rockefeller, who is of a less cautious managerial breed, was in Hong Kong last January, he made a speech saying that the United

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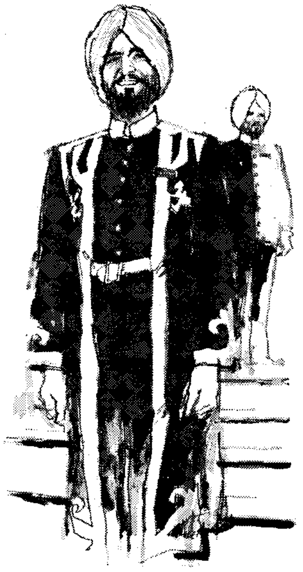

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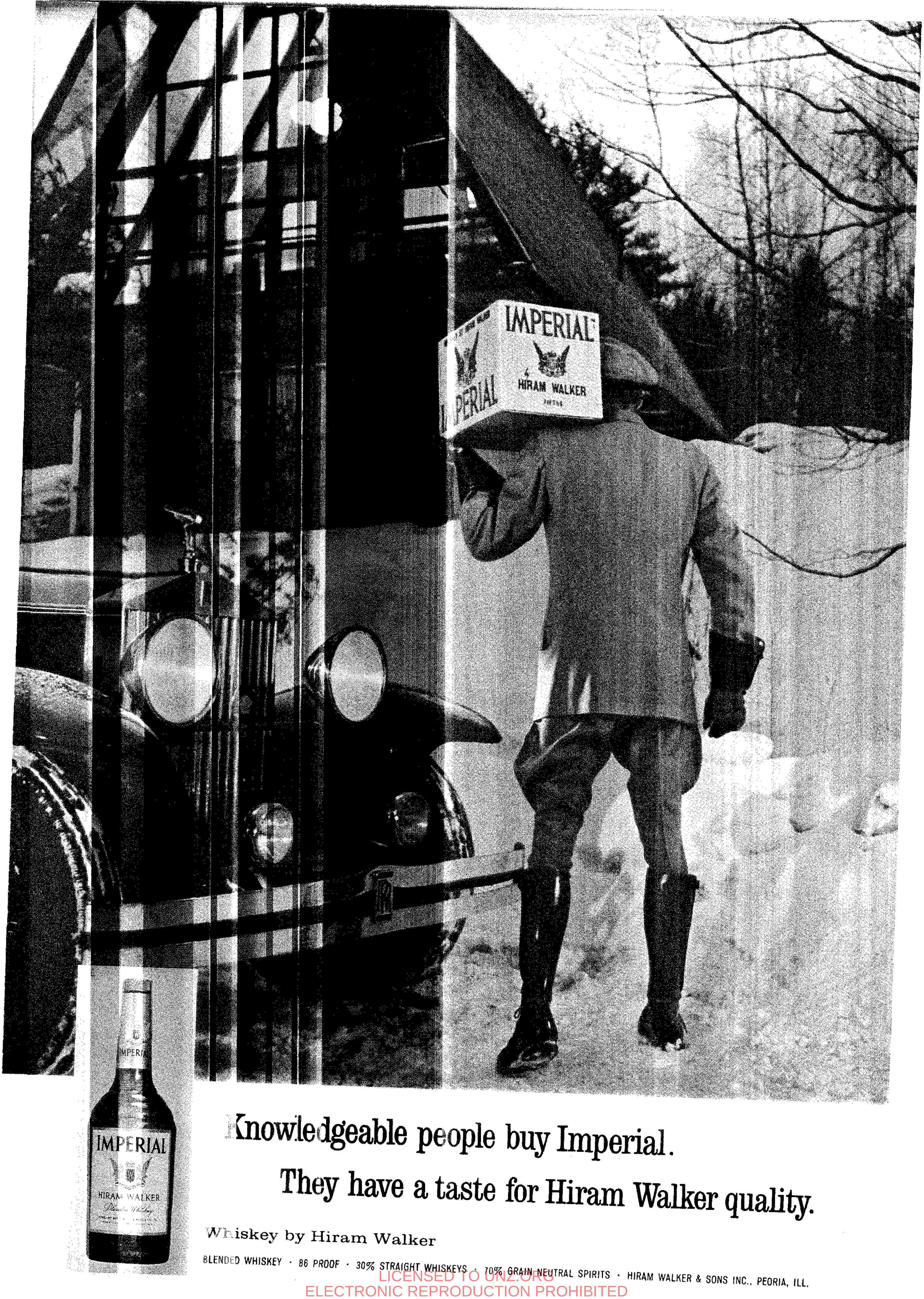
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T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

States might appropriately start to think about engaging in limited trade with China.)

The Chase has over two hundred branch banks and representative offices around the world, and the resident officials of each one naturally want to make the most of it whenever a big frog from headquarters hops into their small outlying pond. The crowds that assemble to greet Rockefeller at airports—they include not only branch-bank managers but finance ministers, American ambassadors, reporters, photographers—are sometimes large enough to make bystanders wonder what movie star is approaching. (When Rockefeller visited St. Croix, in the Virgin Islands, a few years ago, the leading hotel took a full page in the local newspaper for an ad headed "Welcome, David Rockefeller," and in the same issue he was further greeted by an editorial headed "Welcome!") His wife, Peggy, who is a woman of considerable charm and of a fairly acid wit, which nicely complements her husband's habitual blandness of manner, sometimes accompanies him on these jaunts. After one expedition to Pakistan and India, she remarked, "Wherever David goes, there always seem to be banks that want, more than anything else in the world, to feed him."

Hypericum
Scotus pinx.

Rockefeller himself is undaunted by schedules that rarely leave him a free moment from eight in the morning until midnight. Inertia appalls him. A while ago, he was making a swing through the Middle East with Victor E. Rockhill, a Chase executive vice-president who was then the president of the Chase International Investment Corporation, and who is known around the bank as Rock. (This does not lead to nomenclatural confusion; no one there calls David Rockefeller Rocky.) Upon concluding some business they had in Beirut, the two men said goodbyes all around and went to the airport, only to learn that because of a last-minute hitch their plane would depart three hours late. Rockhill, who had been trying gamely to match Rockefeller's whirlwind pace, was overjoyed at the prospect of even that respite, but Rockefeller would have none of it. "As soon as David learned of the delay, he rang up a couple of men in Beirut he hadn't had time to talk to," Rockhill said afterward. "They were some sort of experts on Middle Eastern politics. They hustled out to the airport and huddled with him in one of those special side lounges where airports put people like David and sheiks, and he dug for information right up to takeoff time. With David, there's never a moment of nothingness."

Whether Rockefeller is travelling on business or for pleasure, his motto is "*Carpe horam.*" He is so relentless an organizer that among friends who have taken trips with him he is known as "the cruise director." He wants to meet everybody and see everything, but because of his devotion to his job his reactions are likely to differ from those of run-of-the-mill sightseers. After a brief visit to Malaysia last January, he was asked for his impressions of the place, and he replied, "It is surprising that such a small country should have such fantastic foreign-exchange reserves." He has no difficulty getting together with experts on the foreign-exchange-reserves aspect of life; indeed, more often than not he is engulfed by financial men, so he goes out of his way to become acquainted with other kinds. "I find it terribly important to get over-all impressions beyond those I get from businessmen," he says. In South Africa, where the businessmen are preponderantly white proponents of Apartheid, he arranged for a clandestine rendezvous with several underground black leaders. In Japan, he sought out professors and artists. Moreover, sensing that the resident American business community there had scarcely any contact with the academic community, he instantly went into action and gave a dinner for some Chase officers stationed in Tokyo and some Japanese university presidents.

Rockefeller rarely visits any country without paying at least a courtesy call—more often than not it is a business call—on its head of state. Such a gesture is expected of him, much as if he were a head of state himself. (*Pravda's* account of his seminar with Khrushchev, while it was constrained, accorded him a measure of coequality. "N. S. Khrushchev and D. Rockefeller had a frank discussion of questions that are of mutual interest," the paper said.) The calls are often productive, sometimes for one side, sometimes for both. In Bangkok, three years ago, the King of Thailand told Rockefeller that his country could use some help in economic planning and statistical record keeping. Footing the bill out of his own pocket, Rockefeller immediately arranged to have Stacy May, an economist who at that time was working for the Rockefeller brothers, spend a few months in Thailand. A program that May drew up is currently under way. Rockefeller also visited Panama in 1961; *its* chief of state pinned a medal on him. Reasonably friendly relations existed then between Panama and the United States, and Panama had a special reason to feel friendly toward Rockefeller: under his direction, the Chase Bank had revitalized the country's cattle raising. In 1950, Panama was importing beef. The bank offered loans to cattle ranchers who would agree to substitute up-to-date, efficient methods for their traditional, casual ones. It accepted their livestock as collateral, the animals being branded with the bank's initials. The ranchers prospered, the brand became a sign of prestige, and the project succeeded so well that Panama not only increased its internal consumption of beef but found itself exporting it. The Chase now has five cattle experts assigned to its Latin-American branches.

When the chiefs of foreign countries visit the United States, they are likely to pay reciprocal calls on Rockefeller. Their schedules here are tight, as a rule, but they manage to make room for him. Sidney J. Weinberg, the senior potentate of Goldman, Sachs, said not long ago, "David's always got an Emperor or Shah or some other damn person over here, and is always giving him lunches. If I went to all the lunches he gives for people like that, I'd never get any work done." Rockefeller's facilities for entertaining are first-rate. At his family's principal estate, a thirty-five-hundred-acre enclave at Pocantico Hills, in Westchester, there is a building that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., put up for his children when they were young. It is called a playhouse, and it contains a tennis court, a swimming pool, two bowling alleys, a squash court, a billiard table, and a fully equipped gymnasium. There is enough ancillary floor space to accommodate fifty guests at a sit-down meal. The President of the Ivory Coast, Félix Houphouet-Boigny, spent a weekend at Pocantico Hills three years ago. Rockefeller served him a picnic lunch at an outdoor pool adjoining the playhouse, another feature of which is a fully equipped soda fountain, and, after hamburgers and strawberry floats, took his guest on a tour of the building. In the gym, some Rockefeller children were cavorting on a trampoline. M. Houphouet-Boigny watched them for

GORDON-FORD

This is not a Suit!

Just an example of Gordon-Ford's canny way with separates. The jacket is ready to switch partners for a rustic look . . . with our mid-knee, center pleated walking skirt in a coordinated plaid. Blue or green combinations in light weight Airloom of wool and mohair. Jacket, about $38. Slim skirt (as shown), about $20. Plaid skirt, about $22. Matching worsted shell sweater by Activair, about $12.50. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Dayton's Oval Room, Minneapolis; Loom and Needle, Lexington, Kentucky; or for the store nearest you, write GORDON-FORD, 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10001.

Gentlemen:
Get me out of here. I can't take this winter weather any longer.

Okay. How about a cruise on the warm, sunny Mediterranean? No, you don't need a lot of money and a lot of time. With SAS Air/Sea cruises, you can spend up to 17 days on the Mediterranean with a 3-week vacation. Cost? You can be on your way for as little as $88 (that's the down payment on $875, which isn't exactly a fortune either). If you want to spend more you can. There are 12 cruise programs to choose from, with prices ranging up to $1169.70. And all prices include air fare, accommodations aboard ship, first-class hotels, all meals, tips and taxes. There are 10 departures a week from New York. If you don't want to go now, tear this ad out and keep it anyway. By February you may change your mind.

If boats make you seasick we'll take you on a tour of the Middle East and Holy Land instead. A 15-day, all expense tour of Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Damascus, Cairo, and Beirut for very little more than it costs to see Europe. $1014 complete. Complete means air fare, all meals, first class hotels, all ground transportation. We also have 22- and 28-day tours that cover the Middle East and Europe. Good buys, all of them.

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NYR 1/9

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As I said, get me out of here. I'm interested in the
Air/Sea Cruises ☐ The Middle East and Holy Land ☐ Both ☐

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MY TRAVEL AGENT IS ____________________

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Gentlemen: Winter is great. But take me some place where I can get more out of it.

Okay. We'll take you to Norway. Norwegian skiing gives you everything Austria and Switzerland gives you except the Countesses and Exiles.

In fact, skiing was invented in Norway and Norwegians have been teaching everybody else to ski ever since.

Conditions and terrain in Norway are superb and every bit as good as anywhere else—modern lifts, cable cars, floodlit slalom courses plus entertainments for those who like the ski life but not the ski slopes. Things like saunas (you mean you've never had a sauna?), curling, torchlit sleigh rides, marvelous sportswear shops (every day is bargain day), and a very gay after ski life.

But the real advantage to a ski vacation in Norway is cost. Prices aren't inflated in Norway. Our 15-day Ski/Norway tour, for example, takes you to all the finest slopes and resorts in Norway for as little as $567.80. That includes all air fare, all accommodations and all meals at resorts.

And it includes one more thing. The quickest, easiest way to and around Scandinavia: SAS.

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NYR 1/9

Yes, Norway is where I want to be. Tell me about your Ski/Norway tour.

NAME ______________________________

ADDRESS ______________________________

CITY ______________ **STATE** __________ **ZIP CODE** ________

MY TRAVEL AGENT IS ______________________________

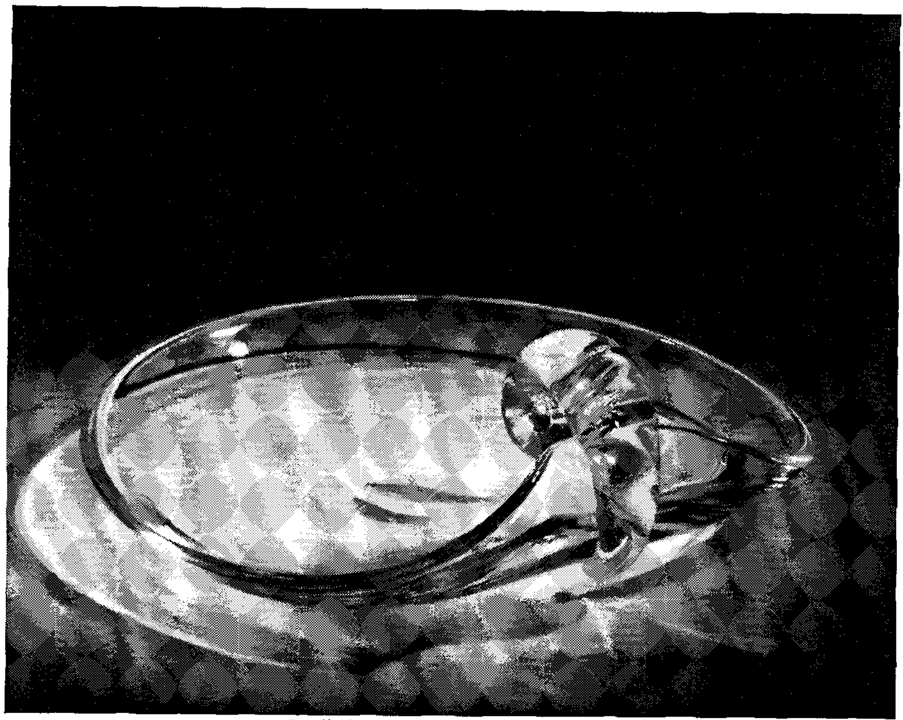
All fares based on 21-day Winter Jet Economy-Class excursion rates. Effective through February 14, 1965.

SAS
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

a bit, then took his shoes off and began bouncing up and down himself. "He's an awfully nice man, and he enjoyed it very much," says Rockefeller, whose bank's international investment corporation not long afterward arranged with the Ivory Coast government to set up a company there to investigate and underwrite new small industries. (Similar companies have been established in Greece, Iran, and Nigeria.) Rockefeller's associates at the bank consider his high-level hobnobbing one of the Chase's most glittering assets. "You can learn just so much from routine economic analysis," an economic analyst at the bank said recently. "Around here, in determining what risks we can assume in various parts of the world, we often get our most useful intelligence from David's chats with important people."

Rockefeller, who himself prefers sailing to gymnastics, has a placid and kindly disposition. A friend of his of twenty-five years' standing—the literary agent Diarmuid Russell, whose father was Æ—has said that during that entire period he has never heard Rockefeller utter an unpleasant word or a petty one about anybody. It is hard to find anybody, moreover, who has a cross word to utter about Rockefeller. A Wall Street friend of his—André Meyer, the head of Lazard Frères—says, "There's nothing on earth I wouldn't do for David. It's not because he's a Rockefeller but because he's the kind of human being you *want* to do something for. I've never seen him mean. I've always seen him acting with poise and class, and greatness. In this financial jungle, you have all kinds of animals. He's the best."

These days, the survival of the fittest in that particular jungle depends as much on endurance as on equanimity. A rugged constitution is as essential for a peripatetic banker as for a touring golf pro or a campaigning politician. Rockefeller seems to be endowed with an almost unlimited reservoir of energy. His looks are deceptive. He has a smooth face, as round as a full moon, from which a needlelike nose projects sharply; in broad outline it is the kind of face a child might construct from an orange and a toothpick. He stands nearly six feet tall, weighs a hundred and eighty-five pounds, and, at first glance, seems a mite flabby. As a boy, he was. Ascending a pyramid on a trip to Egypt with his parents in 1928, he had to be helped by two Arab guides, one pulling and one pushing. Nowadays, he is solid. He never relaxes. When



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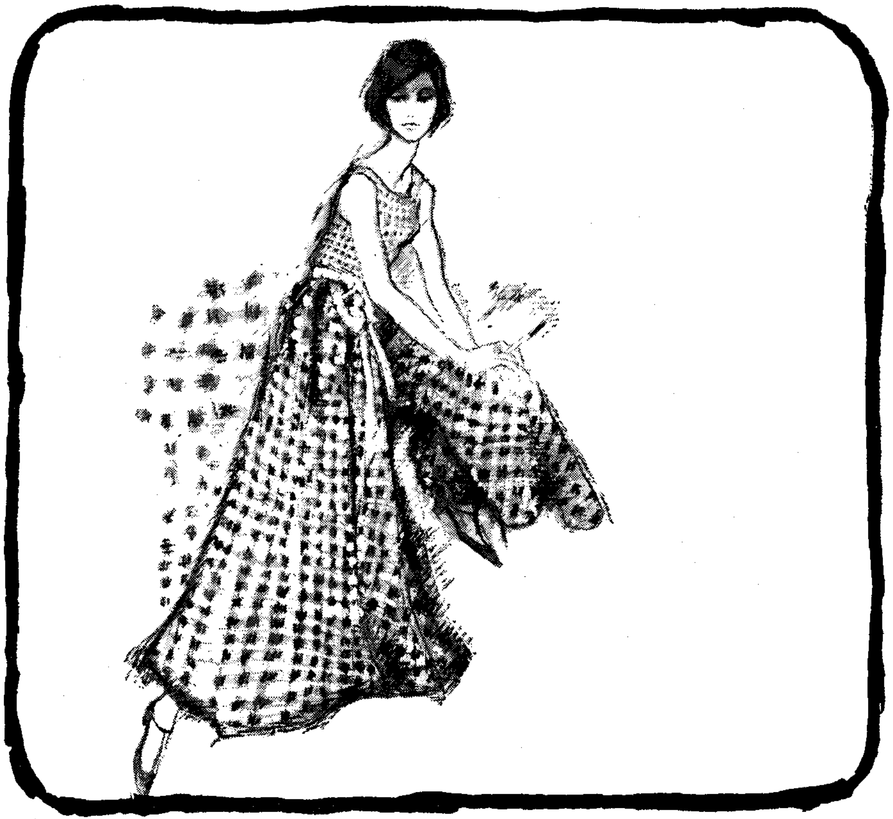


Patio Pajamas à la California—these, by Nellica Beitner for Bob Cunningham—splendid in Dacron polyester and cotton from Galey and Lord. For nearest retailer write us at 1407 B'way, N.Y.

GALEY & LORD

AULD LANG SYNE TO THE GOOD OLD R.M.S.F.S.S.

Aye, let's face it loyal followers of the RMSFSS, we're finished. After having The Real MACKENZIE, Scotch all to ourselves these fine 138 years, we're bowing to progress and sharing this bonnie of all Scotches with you guid folk over there in America. (We're right sorry about the advertisements on the page, but we ran short of coins and we're forced to solicit some help in order to run our last message to you.)

R.M.S.F.S.S.

Ah weel, ours was a gallant fight. But one never meant to succeed. We all knew that once you Americans got so much as a whiff o' the lovely light flavour and real smooth full-bodied mellowness of The Real MACKENZIE it was all over. (Despite some factions that were believing Americans had no taste, we were never so daft to believe a word of it.)

Mac NABS
Bird'n Bottle Inne
"Best loonch you ever ete"

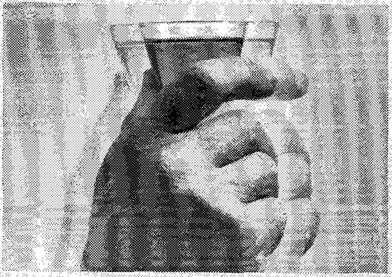
Now that everything is said and done, we're thinking with pride that you will be sharing and appreciating the rare pleasures found only in The Real MACKENZIE. And, in so hoping that it could be of interest, we're passing along some of our own personal thoughts gathered to'tither these 138 years past on how to drink The Real MACKENZIE with more pleasure than ever.

STONE HOUSE
FINE HAGGIS BE THE SPECIALTY OF THE PLACE

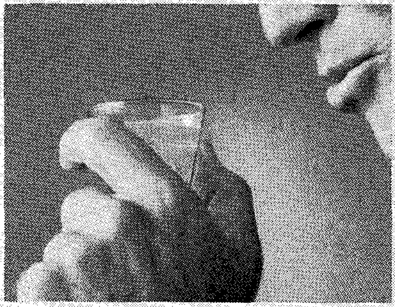
GENUINE HIGHLAND BURN ELIXER
Good for what be it that is ailing you
JOHNSTON & MacPIERCE LTD.

1. Hold your glass up to the light and take a second o' two to be enjoying the fine and delicate tawny texture.

2. Swirl the Scotch around a bit so that the heavenly smell of the Highland whiffs out at you.



3. Now, slowly, ever so slowly lads, sip The Real MACKENZIE back on your tongue, rolling it about a second to capture the full flavour fill of the wonderful smoothness.



4. Repeat steps 1, 2 and 3, enjoying it all the more.

So we sae in parting with good spirits, let's rally around The Real MACKENZIE, lads!

And don't ye forget about the rare 12 and 20 year Real MACKENZIE Scotch that's also now available to ye.

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The "Pipit" in Irish Linen

Nantucket's most portable, resortable dress in sun splashed colors with contrasting piping to punctuate the superb detailing. White/bronze, carousel pink/pink mist, mimosa/honeydew, glacier blue/wisteria, navy/pink. Irish Linen by Hamilton Adams. Sizes 8 to 18. $40.

Slightly higher west of the Rockies

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JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO., WASHINGTON, D.C.
I. MAGNIN & CO., LOS ANGELES
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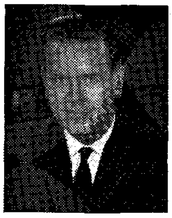
B. SIEGEL, DETROIT

he appears to be getting tired, he refreshes himself by shifting his attention from one subject or one person to another. "Where he gets his strength from and why he keeps going as he does is hard to understand," his wife says. "I think it's simply because he loves work."

Rockefeller once told his eldest son, "Whatever you do, if you do it hard *enough you'll enjoy it. The important* thing is to work and work hard." At home, as abroad, he himself customarily operates at a non-stop clip for sixteen hours a day. Friends who want to snare him for dinner have to start negotiations several months in advance. His interests are so diverse and his approach to them is so intense that they have to compete for his attention. In a curious way, his time has become more valuable than his money. He is able to make the most of his time by not having to worry much about the humdrum logistical aspects of life; chauffeured limousines and private airplanes are usually available to him, and once, when somebody asked one of his assistants how in the world Rockefeller ever kept track of his financial affairs, the man replied succinctly, "The Rockefellers can afford very good accounting." Even with all this help, however, his efficiency awes all those who know him. Visiting Detroit a while back on behalf of the Chase, which does a good deal of business with all three major automobile manufacturers, he managed within a single ninety-minute stretch to pay fitting attention to and at the same time handily dispose of General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler. He is rarely sick. A couple of years ago, though, he came down with a bad case of laryngitis, and his doctor prescribed a day's rest in bed. Rockefeller hadn't been there two hours when he phoned his principal secretary, Eleanor Wilkerson. "I can talk somewhat," he began. "Can you hear me?" She could, just barely, and when she acknowledged, with misgiving, that he was audible, he croaked, "Well, then, can you please come over? We could attend to some correspondence." She went over, and he dictated hoarsely for several hours. "We got quite a lot done," Miss Wilkerson said later. "The word had gone out that he was incommunicado, and as a result the phone didn't ring too much."

When Miss Wilkerson went to work for Rockefeller, in 1947, he had a comfortable private office on the fifty-sixth floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, but he was only an assistant treasurer at the Chase—about as lowly a title

"I designed this sofa like an architect designs a fine home; and we drew as many plans!"



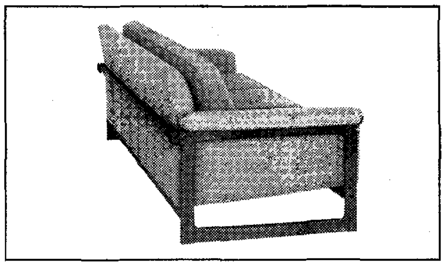
A Dux sofa is planned with the same kind of personal concern an architect gives an individual project.

A strong statement? I make it honestly, with full knowledge and tremendous respect for the work of the creative architect. There is often no more exacting person in the world. And because we at Dux know this, we find the comparison a good one.

For no more exacting devotion to furniture design exists anywhere than here at Dux. In many ways, we and the architect share the same values. Beauty, of course. Character that is inseparable from service. Durability. Function. And, above all, comfort.

Comfort! Many sofas and chairs are comfortable when you first sit in them. But at Dux we achieve something more. Seating that keeps its comfort no matter how *long* you sit in it. However short or tall you may be. However large or slight.

Some underlying facts. Dux chairs and sofas usually have special construction to make them last longer. We give extra attention to the places where wear could set in first—sometimes extra dowels or hidden steel fittings on more delicate joints, for example. (Age will become your Dux chair or sofa.) The beautiful woods are selected around the world but are handshaped by superior old-world craftsmen. (What you hear about old-world craftsmen is still true. It costs us more. It taxes many a production schedule. But the results are worth it.) Finally, you can select one of almost 200 Dux fabrics for any sofa or chair of your choice.



The sofa illustrated is one of our favorites. Its proportions are more generous than most. We make its sleigh base in either solid walnut or teak. The seat cushions are of foam rubber, the back cushions of polyfoam and dacron. It might well prove to be your favorite too. But, if not, there's a wide range of Dux furniture to choose from. If you'd like a brochure, write to us. We'll send it by the first mail.

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Linen flares anew:
Harmay's two level
traveler with trumpet
skirt and satin bands;
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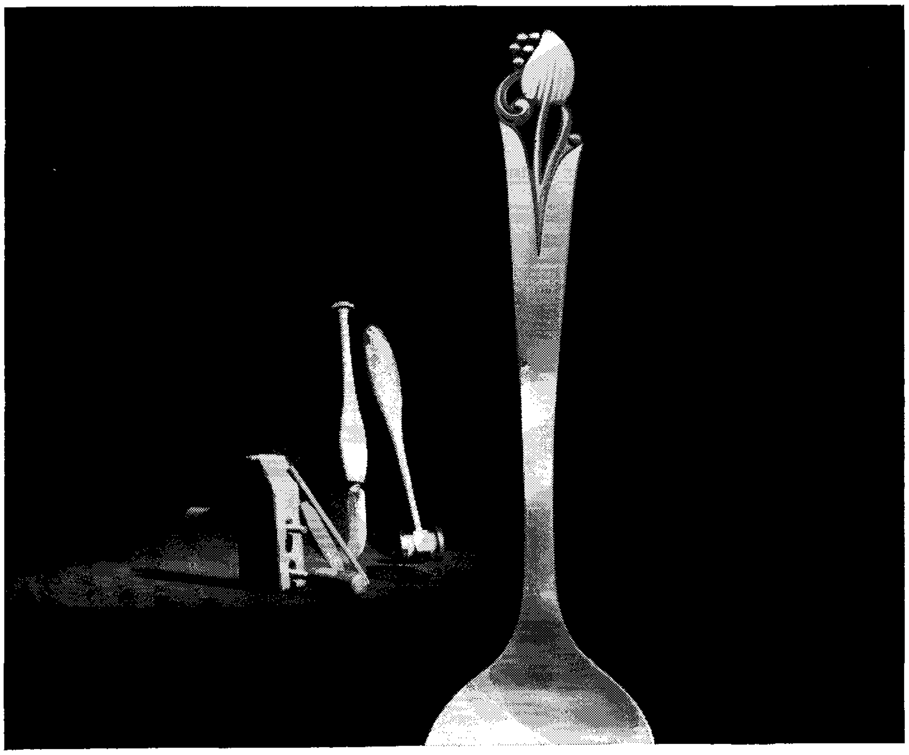
Once you had to inherit it



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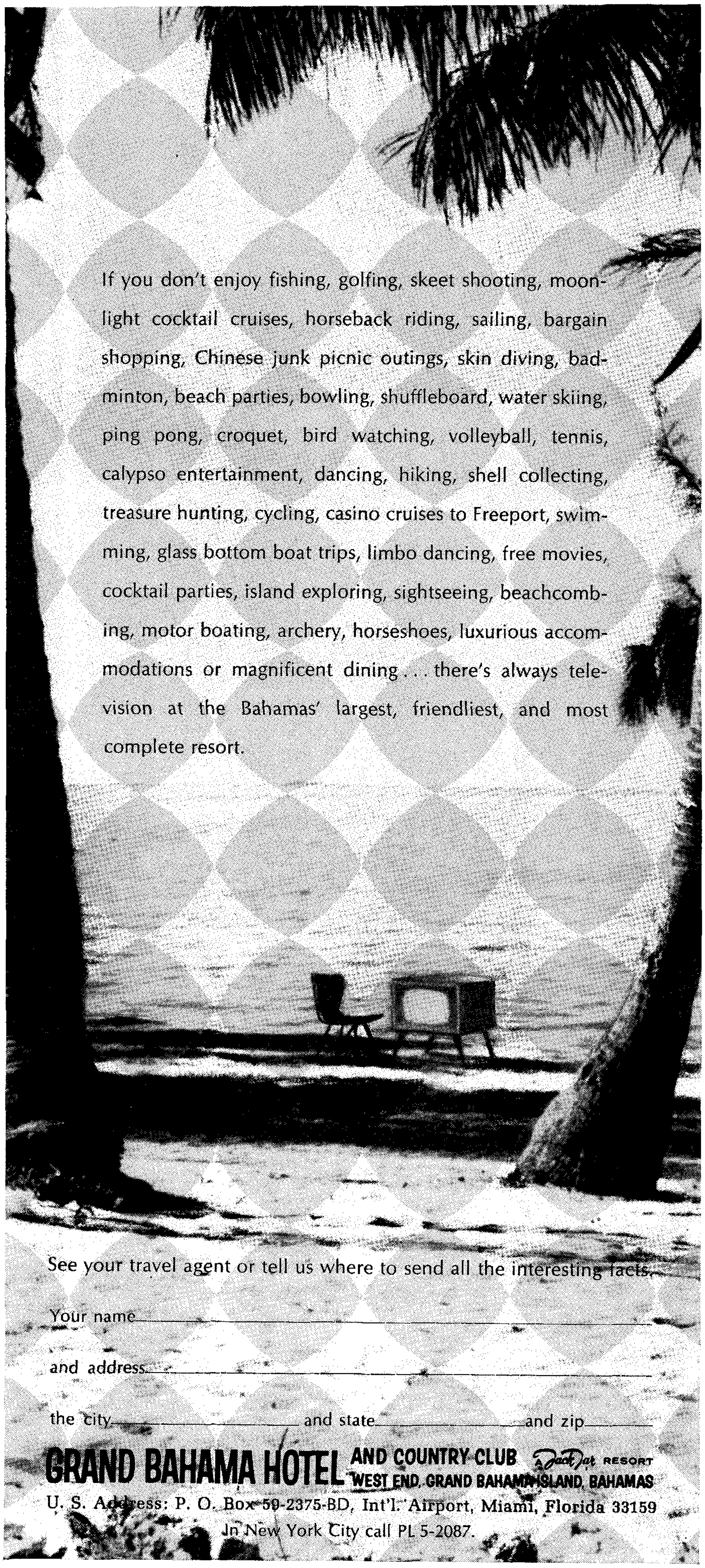
as a banker can have—and at its main office, which was then at 18 Pine Street, he had no facilities for a personal secretary; the average assistant treasurer didn't need one. Whenever Miss Wilkerson went downtown, she would pray that some bank secretary might be out with a cold, so she would have a place to sit down and work. Rockefeller is a considerate man, but he seemed unaware that his secretary was playing an office variety of musical chairs, and also that, since she hadn't even any drawer space at the bank, she was obliged to carry an armload of his personal stationery and other papers with her on each trip. Eventually, she had enough of this nomadic routine, and asked him if some remedial steps couldn't be taken. At his request, the Chase thereupon furnished her with a desk, a chair, and a typewriter. The machine was an old one that had been declared surplus by the bank's Latin-American department, and for several months Rockefeller's correspondence to any part of the world was liberally sprinkled with tildes.

Now Rockefeller has three secretaries, and there is ample space for all of them at the new Chase Manhattan Bank Building, a glistening sixty-four-story structure, on Nassau Street, between Pine and Liberty, in the erection of which he was the prime mover. (Its site is formally called Chase Manhattan Plaza. From Rockefeller's office on one Plaza he cannot see his office on the other; his view is blocked by the Empire State Building, a non-Rockefeller-owned obstacle.) His secretaries handle him as if he were an institution, which, in a sense, he is. They keep meticulous track of the number of hours a year he devotes to each of the main departments of the bank—metropolitan, United States, international, investment-and-financial-planning, corporate plans and staff, and trust (international gets almost as much of his time as all the others put together)—and they maintain an enormous card file of all his acquaintances around the world. There are some twenty thousand of these, and, in view of their number, it is understandable that he has to consult a card now and then to recall whether he knows one of them on a first-name basis. When he goes on a trip, the secretaries riffle through the cards in the relevant section of the file and prepare a supportive book, so he can bone up at a glance on his chums in Kansas City or Kuala Lumpur. This preparatory work pays off. After an Asian sortie with him, his wife remarked, "I go to all these receptions and shake hands with everybody and haven't the faintest idea who any of them might be, but David remembers them all."

In theory, Rockefeller devotes two-thirds of his time to the affairs of the bank, which has been called the Chase Manhattan since 1955, when the Chase National Bank absorbed the Bank of the Manhattan Company. Banks have changed lately, and not only titularly. Once, bankers chuckled at, if they did not positively glory in, their legendary meanness. Tellers would send a person whose deposit or withdrawal slip contained the tiniest flaw back to the end of a line. People who had business to do at a teller's window during their lunch hour would resignedly bring sandwiches. The bankers themselves were stiff, like their starched white collars. Nowadays, banks serve free ice cream to customers' children, and Rockefeller goes to work wearing soft-collar blue shirts and bold rep ties, even on alternate Wednesdays, when the Chase board meets. "You have a friend at Chase Manhattan"—an advertising slogan of which the bank has become so fond that it appropriates three million dollars a year to spread the word wherever a child with a piggy bank might be within earshot—is supposed to epitomize the new amicable attitude. And that is thought by many bankers to be a reflection of David Rockefeller's attitude. "All the Rockefellers have been brought up to love humanity," a rival banker remarked recently. "David also likes people."

It is just as well that Rockefeller does like people—even, apparently, when they are making speeches at banquets or slapping backs at conventions—for a banker is expected to be accessible to all sorts of them, especially if they have accounts running into seven figures or more. Customer relations are of great importance in banking, and Rockefeller rates high among his peers as a practitioner of that unctuous art. "David will dine with insufferable bores and have lunch with almost *anybody*," the president of another big bank says admiringly. "He'll do things that you wouldn't ask an assistant vice-president to do." Rockefeller sees nothing unusual about his approachability. "It's one of the important tasks of bank officers to see customers," he says. "It would be a mistake not to make oneself available."

When an out-of-town customer of consequence visits New York and drops in at Chase headquarters, he may express a wish to shake hands with a high official of the institution that has custody of his funds. The Chase has


If you don't enjoy fishing, golfing, skeet shooting, moonlight cocktail cruises, horseback riding, sailing, bargain shopping, Chinese junk picnic outings, skin diving, badminton, beach parties, bowling, shuffleboard, water skiing, ping pong, croquet, bird watching, volleyball, tennis, calypso entertainment, dancing, hiking, shell collecting, treasure hunting, cycling, casino cruises to Freeport, swimming, glass bottom boat trips, limbo dancing, free movies, cocktail parties, island exploring, sightseeing, beachcombing, motor boating, archery, horseshoes, luxurious accommodations or magnificent dining . . . there's always television at the Bahamas' largest, friendliest, and most complete resort.

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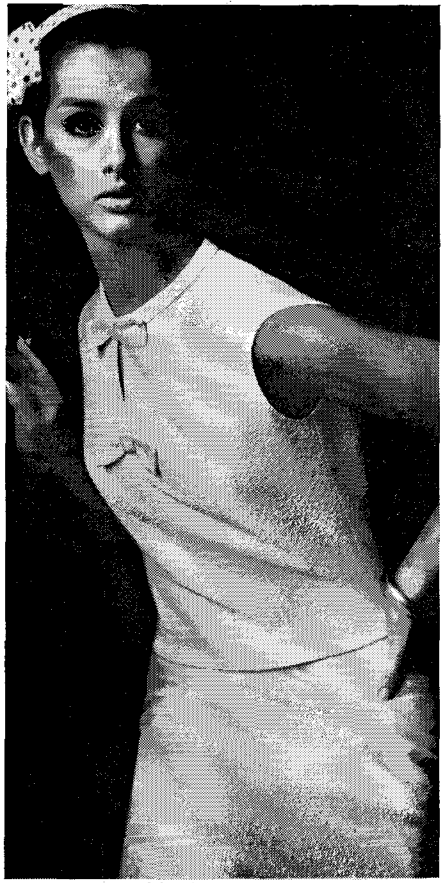

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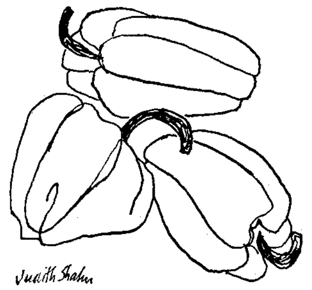
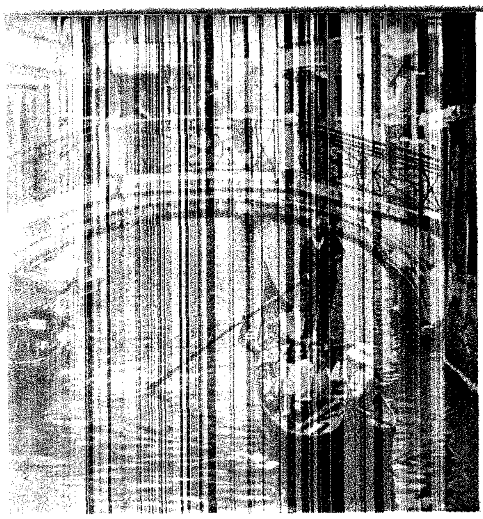
a hundred and eighty-nine vice-presidents, more than half of them installed in identically sized rooms (fifteen feet by fifteen) at Chase Manhattan Plaza, but the customer may not be satisfied with gripping so comparatively menial a hand; indeed, he may want not only to shake hands with the president but, if he is a *very* big customer, to play golf with the president. Rockefeller tries to duck golf dates, but every so often he capitulates. It is not a painful experience. He likes golf. He doesn't have an official handicap at the moment, since he plays at country clubs only infrequently, preferring to use his family's elegant course at Pocantico Hills, but he generally shoots in the high eighties. When he is on the links with bank customers, he has an affable manner that generates business. He took a day off last spring to go eighteen holes with a crowd of substantial iron-ore men from the West, and, after conceding a few putts of between twelve and twenty feet, posted one of the poorer scores of the day. "It was terrible golf but pretty good customer golf," he said later.

Among bankers, Rockefeller is also rated uncommonly hospitable. Every year, the World Bank and Monetary Fund (whose former president, Eugene Black, is also a Chase Bank director) has a meeting, which is ordinarily attended by the finance ministers or other high fiscal officers of dozens of nations as well as by the heads of their central banks. Two out of every three of these annual sessions are held in Washington, and at their conclusion Rockefeller usually has the whole crowd, plus wives, up to Pocantico Hills for lunch. It is a pleasant way of celebrating the completion of the World Bank's agenda, and it is also a pleasant way of cementing relations between the Chase and many of the world's top bankers, with a large proportion of whom Rockefeller is on a solid first-name basis. Rockefeller's associates at the bank like to describe him as "broad-gauged," and his entertaining is certainly that. Last spring, feeling that New York hosts and hostesses were beginning to take the presence of the United Nations in their city too much for granted, and that, as a result, the U.N.'s permanent staff wasn't getting asked out enough, Rockefeller impulsively gave a dinner for ninety-eight. The guests included U Thant and twenty-eight members of his secretariat, together with some people whom Rockefeller thought they would find congenial—the chairmen of the board of the Pennsylvania Railroad and of Time, Inc., for instance, and the presidents of New York University, the *Herald Tribune*, and General Foods. (Entertainment was provided by a multi-national ensemble of seven musicians mustered at International House, a Rockefeller institution, of whose board of trustees David was chairman for fifteen years.) The president of General Foods, C. W. Cook, who is also a Chase director, sat next to a young Sudanese woman. It was his first meeting with a Sudanese, and he said afterward that he'd been enchanted. "I thought the dinner was a good idea in terms of general good citizenship," Rockefeller himself said afterward. "And also they're nice people." In addition, it was good customer relations for the Chase, which handles most of the U.N.'s banking; the guest list further included twelve Chase officers. Among them was one assistant vice-president, Christopher W. Phillips, who during the Eisenhower administration was the United States representative on the U.N.'s Economic and Social Council. In 1961, after the Republicans went out of power, Rockefeller invited Phillips to become a full-time Chase Manhattan Bank envoy to the United Nations.



A big bank employs a lot of specialists. Among the Chase's sixteen thousand hands are experts in petroleum, mining, chemistry, electronics, atomic energy, and aerospace, and quite a few men who just sit around thinking and planning. "I'm fascinated by the whole managerial part of banking," Rockefeller says. "Frankly, banks have been rather behind industry in introducing scientific methods of management. Bankers used to think of themselves basically as lenders of money and extenders of credit. The only respectable jobs in banks were those of credit officers or lending officers; everybody else was regarded as inferior. For instance, we always had men around who were supposed to go out and get new business, but they frequently held those jobs because they were regarded as unqualified to be lending officers. Now our new-business men are important. They are supposed to be financial counsellors to outside companies, and to help these companies find solutions to



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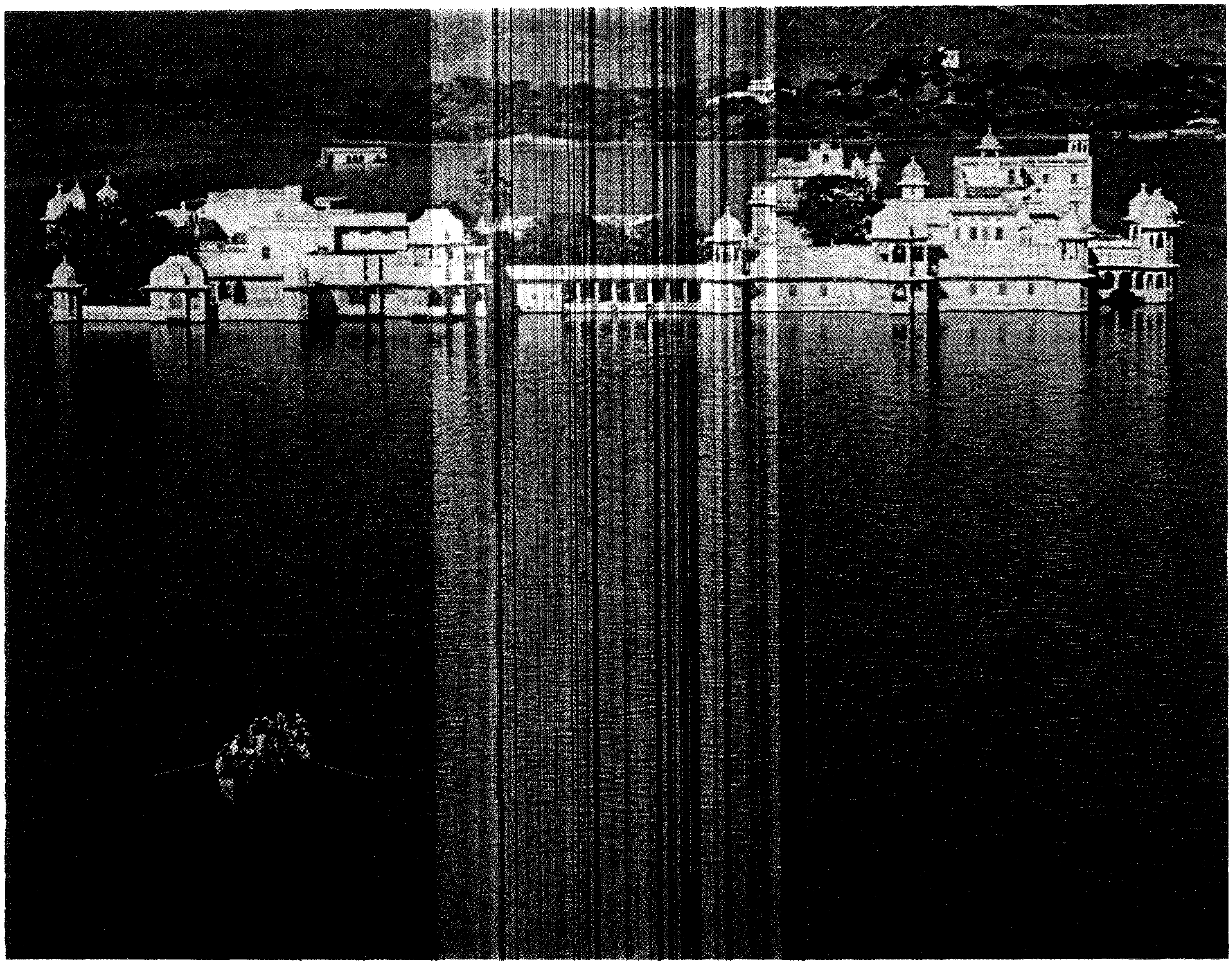

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Stand on the peak of one of the wooded hills of Southern Rajastan and you can look down on Udaipur, India's "City of the Dreams". Below you, 16th century palaces seem to float on the dark blue waters of an almost too-perfect lake. Over one of the bridges, perhaps, trudges a string of camels, carrying wood and grain. Would you like to stay in the sumptuous palace of a Maharana? You can, for as little as $10 a day (including 3 delicious meals—and high tea!) If you'd like to know more about India, her modern hotels and travel facilities, see your Travel Agent. Or write to the Government of India Tourist Office.

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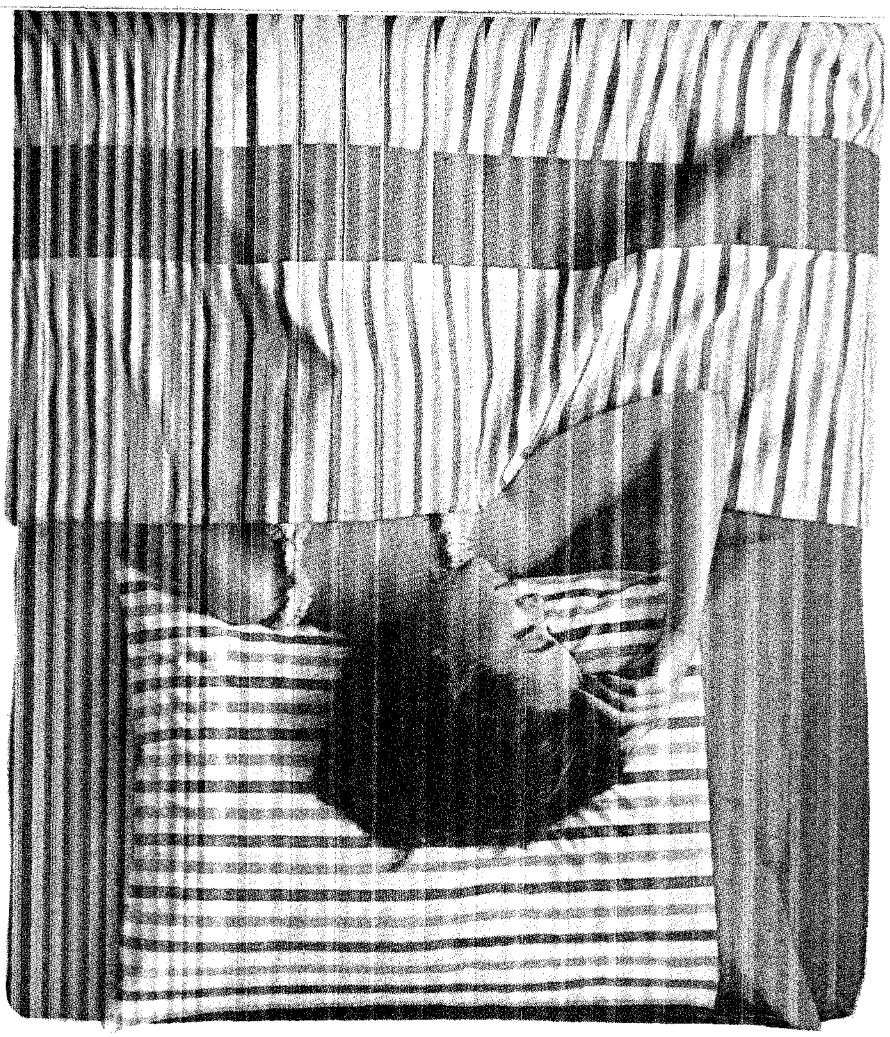

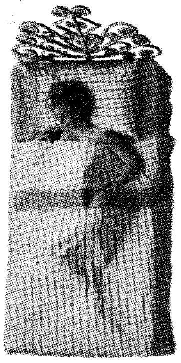

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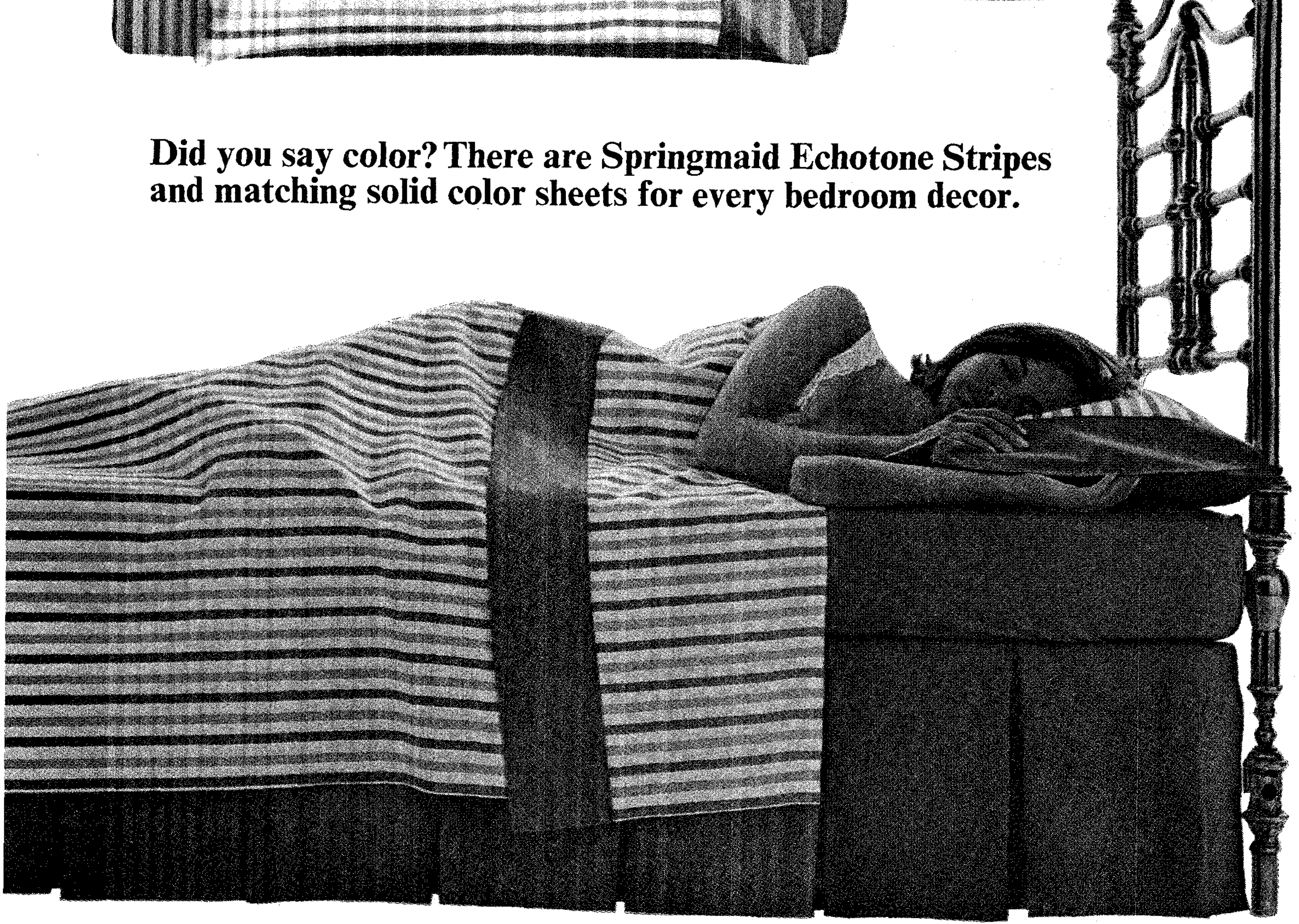

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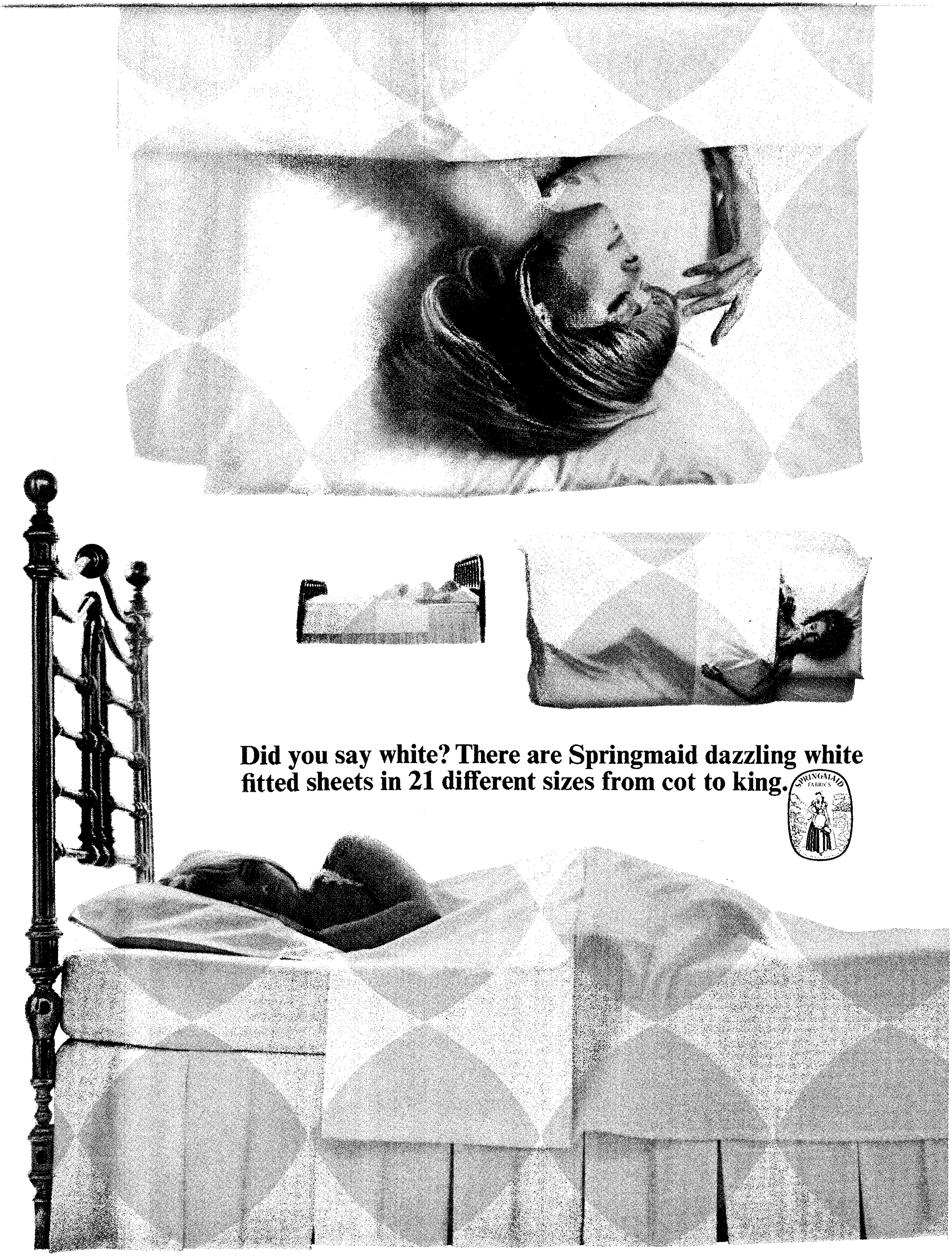

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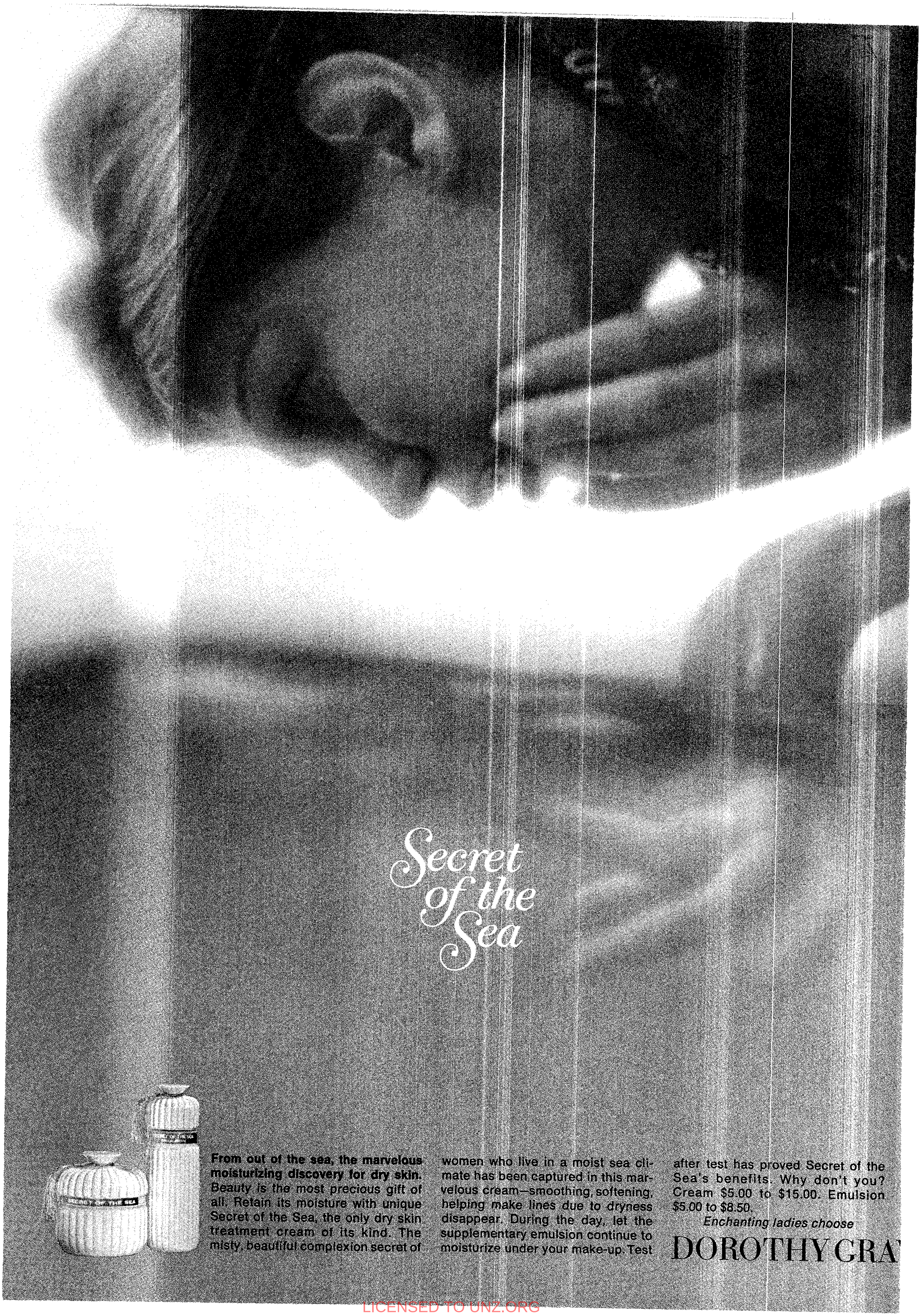

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their internal problems. These men have to do far more than simply go out and try to get new accounts."

To supervise all the proliferating activities of the bank would be nearly impossible for a single chief administrator, so the Chase, like many other banks and industrial corporations, has two coequal top men—Rockefeller as president (and also chairman of the executive committee) and George Champion, who is eleven years his senior, as chairman of the board. The two get the same pay—a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars a year, and participation in a profit-sharing fund open to all employees. They complement each other nicely. Champion is an old-school banker, well versed in the intricacies of trusts and loans and the extension and maintaining of credit. The president of one of the Chase Bank's principal competitors said the other day, after carefully stipulating that his remarks were not for attribution, "Let's be frank. You can't operate a commercial bank without a commercial banker, and David has never lent any money. You have to learn by experience about cash flow and the techniques of term lending, and all that. When it comes to that sort of thing, George Champion is a real pro. He may not feel as at home as David does in international affairs, but he's a lot more confident about interest rates. It's a good thing for David to have somebody around who can tell him that some visionary idea he has won't stand up bankingwise."

Rockefeller, who would never dream of using "bankingwise," may sometimes be called a visionary, but there is nothing fuzzy about his approach to the realities of banking. He is an authentic hard-core capitalist in the sense that he regards profits as a desirable measure of practical success in a free-enterprise economy. The bank, which is often considered a Rockefeller bank, if not *the* Rockefeller bank, has exceedingly close ties with his family. Its board has traditionally included not only one Rockefeller (David's brother Laurance preceded him as a director) but also a non-Rockefeller who serves as an additional spokesman for the family (at present this spokesman is J. Richardson Dilworth, who is president of Rockefeller Brothers, Inc., a family investment advisory company). The bank holds huge Rockefeller deposits, and it administers many Rockefeller trusts. Moreover, the Rockefellers and their institutions own some seventy million dollars' worth of its stock. This, to be sure, represents slightly less than

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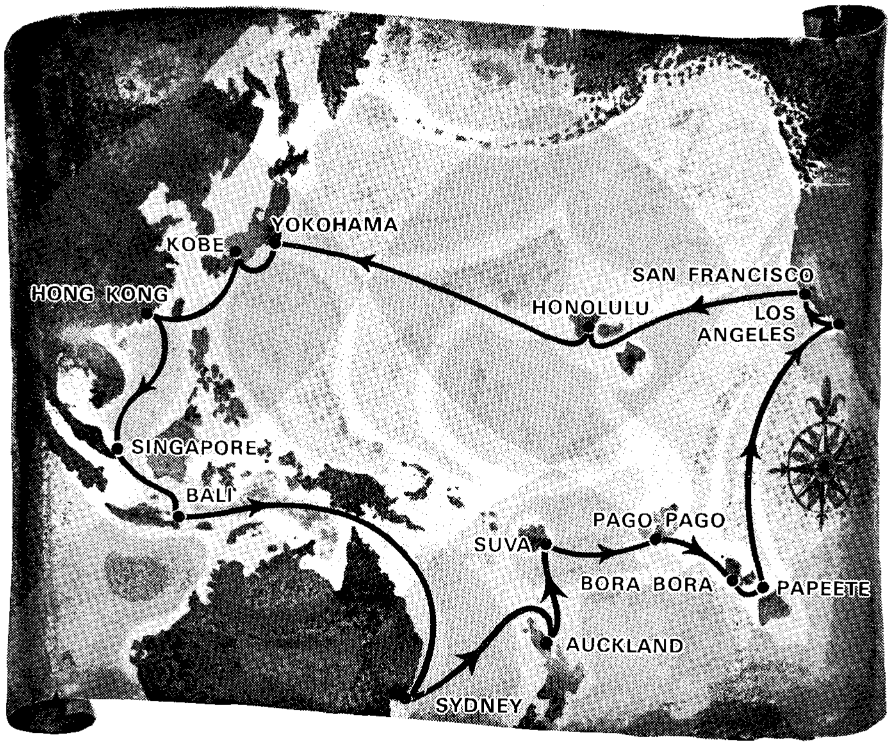

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five per cent of the total, but then five per cent is a hefty fraction where Chase stock is concerned. There are a hundred thousand shareholders, of whom David Rockefeller is the biggest single one. He alone owns some fifteen million dollars' worth of Chase stock, and his wife and children have additional holdings.

IN addition to his secretaries and the staff that he and his brothers share, Rockefeller has a small personal staff to help him keep tabs on his many non-bank involvements. At 30 Rockefeller Plaza, there is Richard H. Dana, with whom Rockefeller has a common academic background; they both went to the Lincoln School, in New York, and to Harvard. They met again on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, in Paris, just after V-E Day, when both were Army officers, and Rockefeller, an assistant military attaché at the American Embassy, got Dana transferred there from a job interviewing returned Allied prisoners of war. (Dana, a second lieutenant, wrote economic reports for the attaché's office; Rockefeller, a captain, edited them; and a brigadier general signed them. Then they were dispatched to Washington, where, as far as any of the collaborators could determine, nobody read them.) The two men met yet again, on Madison Avenue in 1954, when Dana, who had by then had a fling at book and music publishing, was looking for a position less unstable and more rewarding. Rockefeller took him on as an aide-de-camp for cultural, educational, and philanthropic affairs. "My job involves turning down most of the people I talk to," Dana says. "But I always try to be disagreeable in a friendly way. I never say a rude word until after I hang up the phone. That's the way David wants it."

In a sequestered suite in the Chase Manhattan Building, Rockefeller has two other staff men, Warren T. Lindquist and John R. H. Blum, who work on civic affairs, real estate, venture-capital deals, and any other matters that Rockefeller may entrust to them. Blum, a lawyer, used to be an associate with Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy. The firm has long-standing Rockefeller connections (a senior partner, John J. McCloy, is a director of the Chase Bank and was formerly its chairman), and it customarily farms out some of its younger men to 30 Rockefeller Plaza for a year or two of working under the Rockefellers' family counsel, John E. Lockwood. Blum served such an apprenticeship, and he is also a summer resident of Mount

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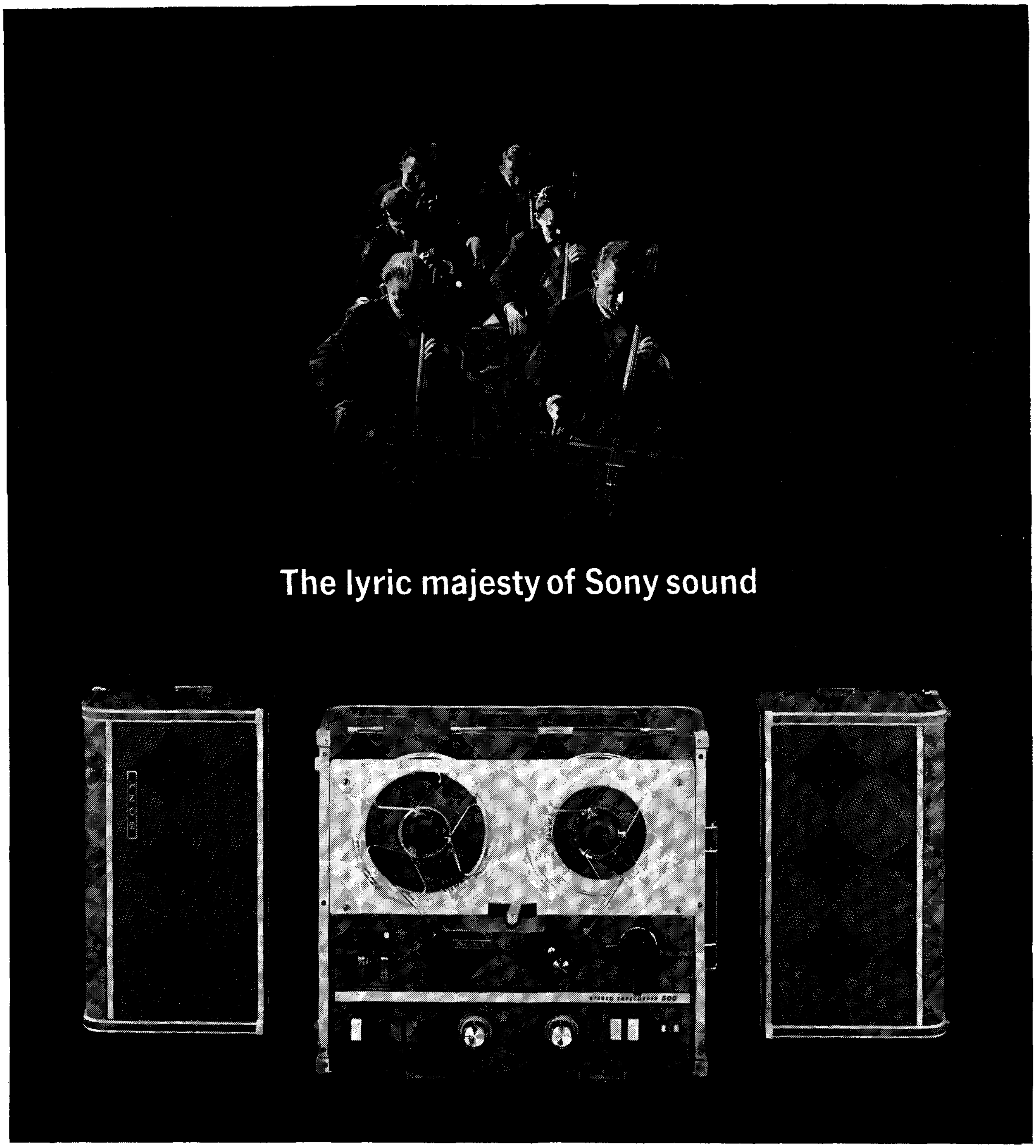

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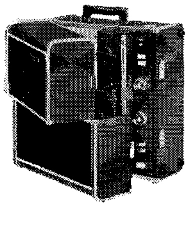

*Rave Review: "The NAB playback characteristic of the 500, as measured at USTC, was among the smoothest and closest to the NAB standard ever measured." — High Fidelity Magazine, April 1964. ■ **Rave Review: "One of the striking features of the TC 500 is the detachable speakers, ...they produce a sound of astonishing quality." — Hi Fi/Stereo Review, April 1964. Available Soon: A sensational new development in magnetic recording tape, SONY PR-150. Write for details about our special introductory offer. (Sorry—only available to Sony owners.) For literature or name of nearest dealer write to Superscope, Inc., Sun Valley, California. Dept. K

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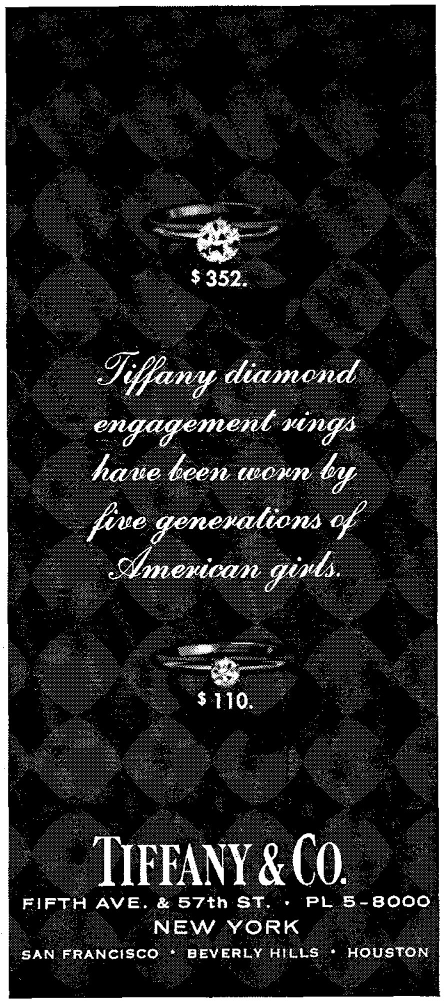
Desert Island, the Rockefeller stronghold in Maine. Like David Rockefeller, he is an expert sailor; he conducted a sailing class in Maine for a while, and one of his pupils was Rockefeller's eldest daughter, Abby, who is now studying the cello at the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston. In the summer of 1962, Rockefeller invited Blum to join his staff, and also to be a member of his crew during the Northeast Harbor Cruise. Jack Tar II, Rockefeller's boat, came in second.

Warren Lindquist joined the Rockefeller staff in 1951. Like Dana, he had served in the military attaché's office in Paris, and after the war, when he was looking for a job, Rockefeller introduced him to a few people who he thought could be of help. Among them was Charles Cain, then head of the Chase foreign department, and Lindquist was soon working for the bank. Five years after that, David Rockefeller suggested that Lindquist work for him, noting that he couldn't define exactly what Lindquist's duties would be but that he wanted Lindquist to be a multiplier.

Even with three full-time multipliers to assist him in spreading himself out, Rockefeller is hard pressed to fulfill all his commitments, many of which can't be delegated. Within a forty-eight-hour stretch last spring, for instance, he went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to attend commencement exercises at Harvard University, of which he is an Overseer; escorted Chancellor Ludwig Erhard of West Germany, to whom Harvard had awarded an honorary degree, back to New York for a dinner held in Erhard's honor by the Council on Foreign Relations, of which Rockefeller is vice-president (its executive director, George S. Franklin, Jr., was one of his college roommates and is married to his first cousin); went to Washington the next morning to confer with President Johnson as a member of a businessmen's advisory committee on balance of payments; and returned to New York to attend the commencement exercises, that evening, of the Rockefeller Institute, of which he is chairman of the board of trustees.

Harvard is one of Rockefeller's favorite outside interests. He was in the class of 1936, and he has been a steadfastly loyal old grad, though not of the coonskin-wearing, flask-brandishing stripe. He is currently serving a second six-year term as an Overseer, and one of the responsibilities of members of that body, which in the Harvard scheme of things shares in governing the university with the Harvard Corporation, is to function as chairmen of



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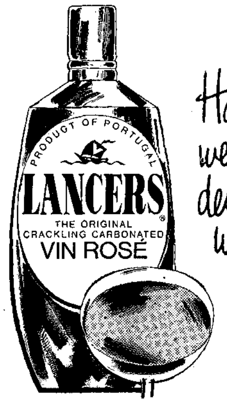

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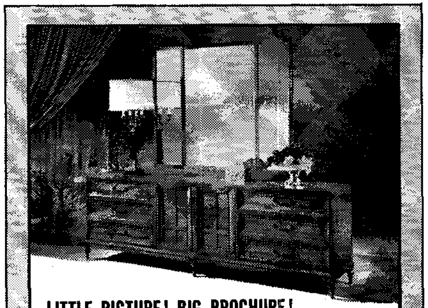
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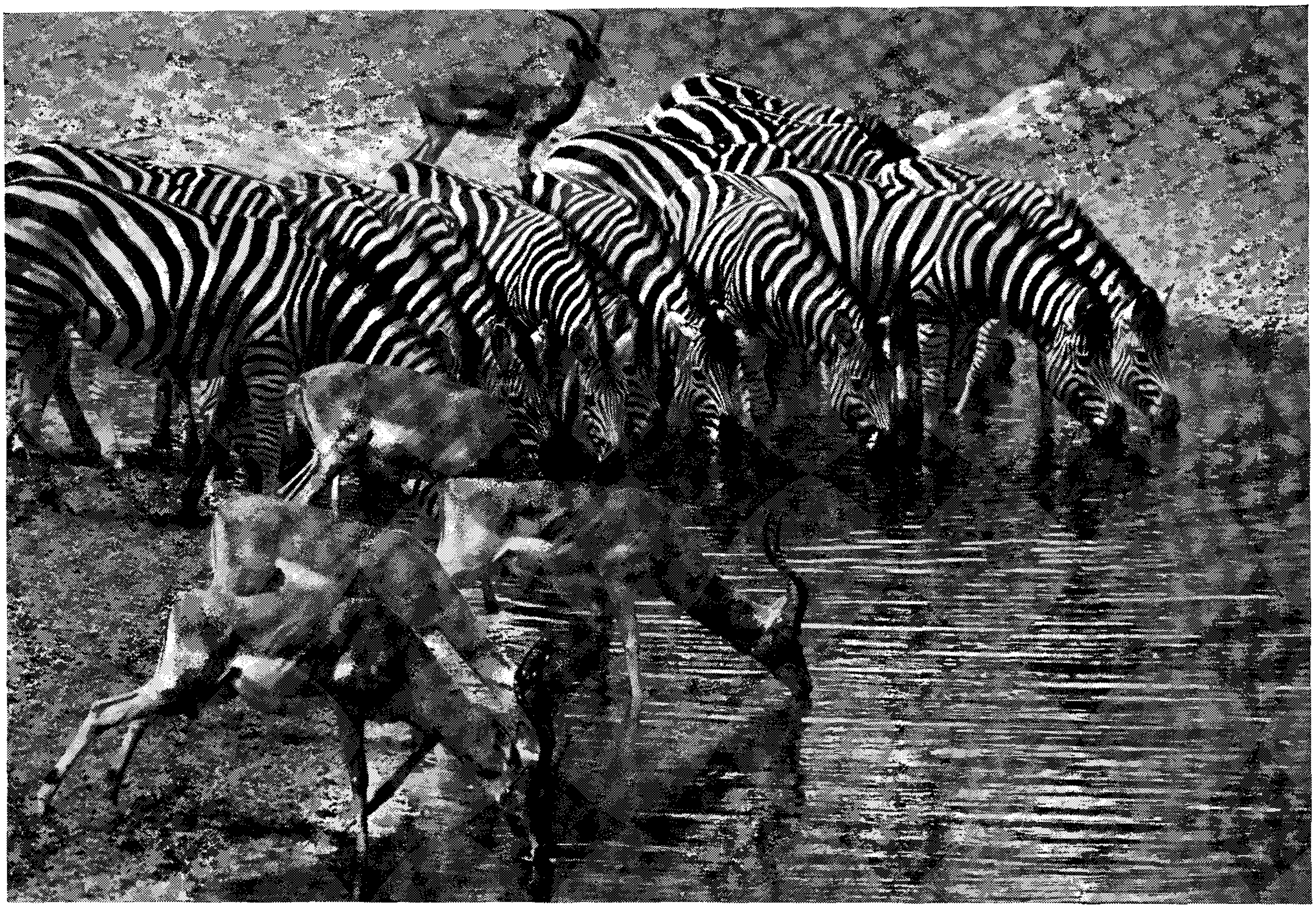

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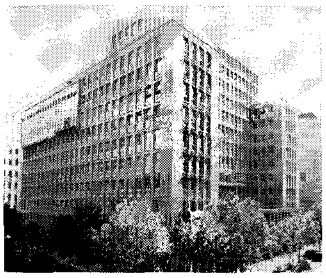

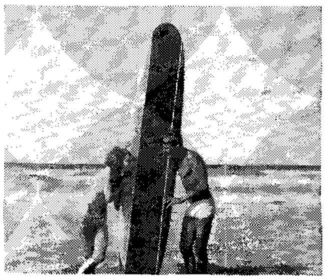

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visiting committees. Rockefeller, who earned a Ph.D. in economics at the University of Chicago, is now the head of a committee to visit the Department of Economics. It is a delicate assignment for a banker, because practicing businessmen, while they are inclined to respect academicians in the physical-science field, are traditionally so much more conservative than economics professors that they tend to be suspicious of academicians in their own field. Dr. Nathan M. Pusey, the president of Harvard, considers Rockefeller ideal for this ticklish job. "David has been a voice of moderation and reconciliation in an area where it is very easy for misunderstandings to occur," Pusey says.

During Rockefeller's first term as an Overseer, he was chairman of a committee that visited the core of the university—Harvard College. Two reports that he wrote about the college, in the spring of 1955 and a year later, had a good deal of bearing on its subsequent expansion, which was financed by an eighty-two-and-a-half-million-dollar capital-funds drive—the most ambitious campaign ever launched by a private institution. Rockefeller not only came through with the largest individual contribution (two million six hundred thousand dollars) but helped President Pusey tap other prospects—specifically, those six or eight men whom Harvard could ask with reasonable hope of success to pledge a minimum of a million dollars. It is an old fund-raising adage that one should *never* ask anybody to give more money than one has given oneself, and, as President Pusey has put it, "It was fitting for David to talk to potential contributors about their opportunity for significant giving, inasmuch as he had already demonstrated his own interest." Furthermore, when a Rockefeller talks about philanthropy he commands attention; his reputation as an expert in that area is unimpeachable. It is rare, though, for Rockefellers to engage in face-to-face solicitation; the Harvard project was therefore exceptional.

Dr. Pusey had become president of Harvard in 1953, at a time when another fund drive—this one to succor the university's Divinity School—seemed to have little chance of success. In December of that year, Pusey received a letter from John D. Rockefeller, Jr.—whom he had met at a dinner in New York two months earlier—pledging a million dollars. It was followed by an invitation for Pusey to visit Mount Desert Island, where the elder Rockefeller thought it fitting for a Harvard president to spend his summer

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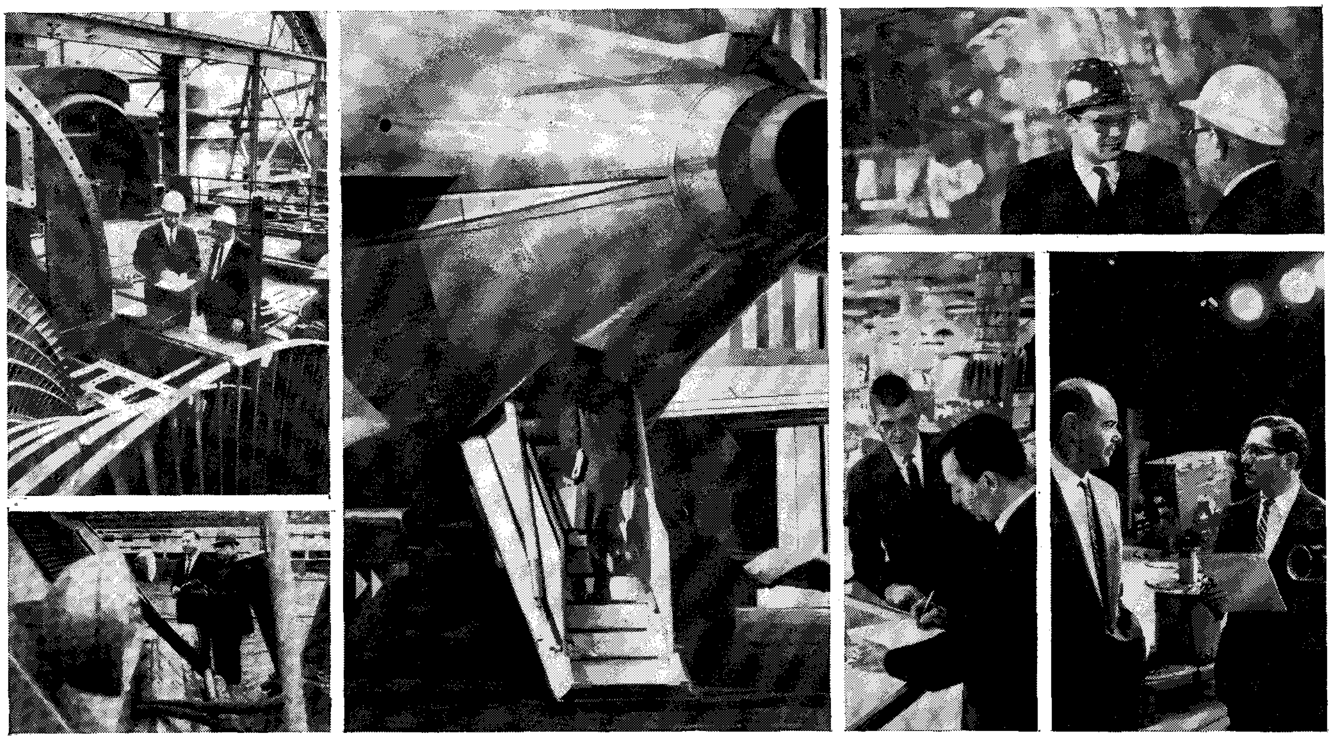

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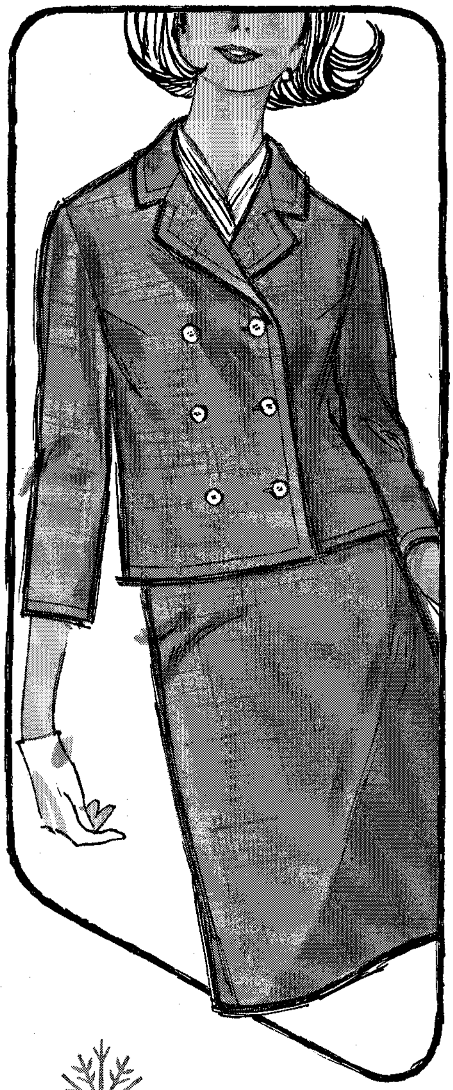

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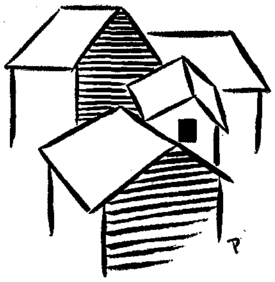
vacation. Charles W. Eliot had been an early summer colonist there. Mr. Rockefeller put a house at Pusey's disposal and, to lend it a touch of atmosphere, had an old desk of Eliot's installed in it. (Pusey, who has since purchased the house, says that some natives, when they refer to the president of Harvard, still mean Eliot.) Pusey met David Rockefeller that summer, and the two became fast friends, as did their wives and children. Pusey has unbounded admiration for Rockefeller, and thinks he would have made an estimable university president himself. "I just marvel at his industry and his energy, and the way he keeps going," the Harvard president said recently. "He has a powerful mind. I sometimes think he's got electricity in his head."

The Harvard Board of Overseers tends to be composed of prominent men, because its members are elected—five at a time—by the alumni. The percentage of votes that Rockefeller won when he was first nominated, in 1954, is the highest in Harvard's history, exceeding that of John F. Kennedy, who was an also-ran when *he* was first nominated, in 1955. (Rockefeller got seventy-six per cent; Kennedy seventy-one per cent.) Rockefeller and Kennedy first met in England in 1938, when Kennedy's father was Ambassador to the Court of St. James's and Rockefeller was a graduate student at the London School of Economics. The two men saw each other intermittently over the following twenty-five years. After Kennedy moved into the White House, he occasionally asked Rockefeller there. At the end of a Presidential dinner for André Malraux, in the spring of 1962, Rockefeller and his wife were bidding their host good night when Kennedy, who was worried about the drain of gold reserves from the United States, said he wanted to talk to Rockefeller about the balance-of-payments situation and the attitude of American businessmen toward it. The President went on to say that he thought some of them were weakening the nation's economic position by expressing concern about the strength of the dollar abroad. Rockefeller demurred. They chatted for a few minutes, and then the President asked Rockefeller to put his views on the national economy into a letter. Rockefeller had bank business that required him to leave for Europe the following morning and to be away for nearly three weeks. In his absence, he had some Chase economists assemble material for him, and immediately after his return he wrote the President a three-thousand-word letter in which he advocated, among other things, a real effort to balance the federal budget and a reduction in corporate income taxes. Before Kennedy had time to reply, Henry Luce, who had a lunch date at the White House, heard about the communication and asked to see a copy of it. Rockefeller gave him one, and Luce spent a good part of his lunch with the President discussing it. Finally, Luce asked Kennedy if he might publish it, along with whatever answer the President might produce, and Kennedy said it was all right with him if Rockefeller agreed. Rockefeller did agree, whereupon the exchange appeared, with considerable fanfare, in *Life*. Quite apart from the substantive aspects of the correspondence, its publication seemed to authenticate what a good many people had begun to surmise—that David Rockefeller had become the spokesman, on a high level, for the reflective and responsible business viewpoint in this country.



Later, when President Kennedy set up a balance-of-payments committee, with an old antagonist of his, Roger Blough, of United States Steel, as chairman, he asked Blough to put Rockefeller on the committee. Rockefeller has become increasingly active in quasi-governmental affairs, though always in the capacity of a private citizen. He was one of the founders of the Business Group for Latin America—a liaison organization serving commercial leaders interested in the area—which came into being in 1963, after he had discussed it with McGeorge Bundy and Bundy had obtained Kennedy's endorsement. And it was Rockefeller who instigated the formation, early in 1964, of the International Executive Service Corps, the business world's variation on the Peace Corps; under the aegis of the new Corps, of which Rockefeller is chairman, businessmen are spending a year or so abroad to make their managerial skills available to emerging nations that lack that kind of expertise.

In addition to all this, Rockefeller has been a faithful participant in a good many conferences that, like the one in Leningrad, have been convoked in the hope of advancing human welfare and understanding—or, at any rate, of

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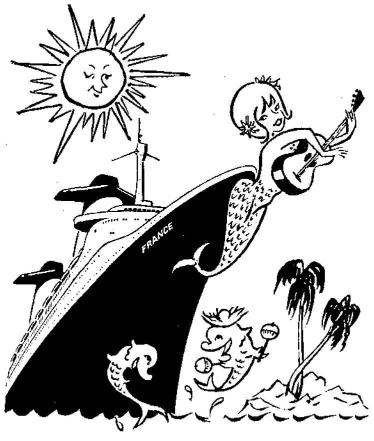

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swapping ideas and comparing attitudes. He has missed only two of eleven annual meetings of, for instance, a comparatively little-known international conclave called the Bilderberg. In 1954, a Polish émigré economist living in London, Dr. Joseph Retinger, thought it might be useful if leaders from the Atlantic community of nations could meet informally and off the record to talk about, and conceivably help to resolve, some of the problems that consistently caused misunderstanding among them. Several dozen political and business leaders, including Rockefeller, spent a long weekend that year at the Hotel de Bilderberg (hence the name of the conference), at Oosterbeek, in the Netherlands. Prince Bernhard was chairman, and he has been chairman ever since—at meetings held in, among other places, Switzerland, Turkey, Denmark, Italy, and the United States. The Europeans in attendance have included Hugh Gaitskell, Jean Monnet, and Harold Wilson, and the Americans, Dean Rusk, Dean Acheson, Christian Herter, and Senators Fulbright and Javits. The press is excluded, and the general air of secrecy in which the sessions are cloaked has led some non-participants to conclude that the men who attend them are part of a mysterious international cabal sworn to destroy all that the John Birch Society holds dear. Rockefeller, on the other hand, thinks that the Bilderbergs afford a splendid opportunity for candid communication among men who have good reason to respect each other's views on the state of the world. To his gratification, the most recent Bilderberg was held at Williamsburg, Virginia, the restoration of which his father undertook and underwrote. The place has a special sentimental attraction for David Rockefeller, because in 1926 he accompanied John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on the father's first visit to Williamsburg.

THE Rockefellers are builders. There was John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, Rockefeller Center, and now there is John D. Rockefeller III's Lincoln Center. Other monuments that the family has spawned or sponsored are scattered around the earth in profusion. David Rockefeller is in the center of the mainstream of that family tradition. The Chase Manhattan Bank Building, which opened for business in 1961, is beyond question his most eye-filling achievement, but he has had a hand in several other New York landmarks, present and future. In 1946, when he was a newly de-

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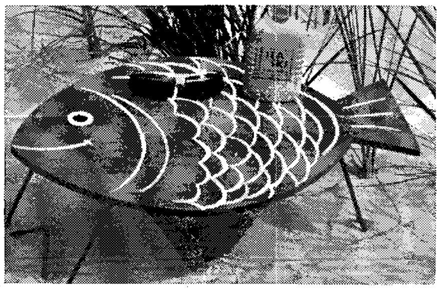

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mobilized Army officer and a newly recruited officer of the bank, he became interested in the Morningside Heights section of Manhattan. He knew the area well, for the Lincoln School, which he had attended as a boy, was in the middle of it. So were Columbia University, the Union Theological Seminary, the Jewish Theological Seminary, the Juilliard School, and two Rockefeller-endowed edifices, International House and the Riverside Church. These and a few other cultural, religious, or educational islands were lapped by a swirl of residential slums. Rockefeller, who has long been fond of referring to the area as the Acropolis of New York, hoped to transform it into something that would justify a more widespread adoption of that designation. He imported a sociologist from the University of Chicago to make a survey of it, and then persuaded the nine principal institutions in it to set up an organization called Morningside Heights, Inc., of which he became the first president. The new group, with the coöperation of the city administration and a federal grant, set about acquiring and razing ten acres of slums, and substituting for them a sixteen-million-dollar complex of apartment buildings to accommodate a thousand middle-income families. In consonance with Rockefeller's idyllic view of the neighborhood, the project will be called Morningside Gardens.

To bring the Gardens into being proved to be not much easier than making the desert bloom. There was, to begin with, the challenging task of getting the trustees of nine non-profit organizations, not to mention the nine law firms safeguarding them, to agree on any step; beyond that, the sponsors of the venture had to cope with a militant left-wing opposition, called the Save-Our-Homes Committee, which tried to mobilize resistance against the scheme by complaining about a Rockefeller's capriciousness in demolishing the homes of the poor. Rockefeller's patience and firmness prevailed. (In 1954, which was the year that demolition work began, Columbia University gave him an honorary degree; the citation referred to him as "relentlessly dedicated.") Morningside Gardens welcomed its first tenants in 1957, and Morningside Heights, Inc., by establishing youth programs and its own private street patrol, has done a good deal to improve the area, though it still falls somewhat short of being an acropolitan Eden.

In 1956, Rockefeller, having devoted ten earnest years to the betterment

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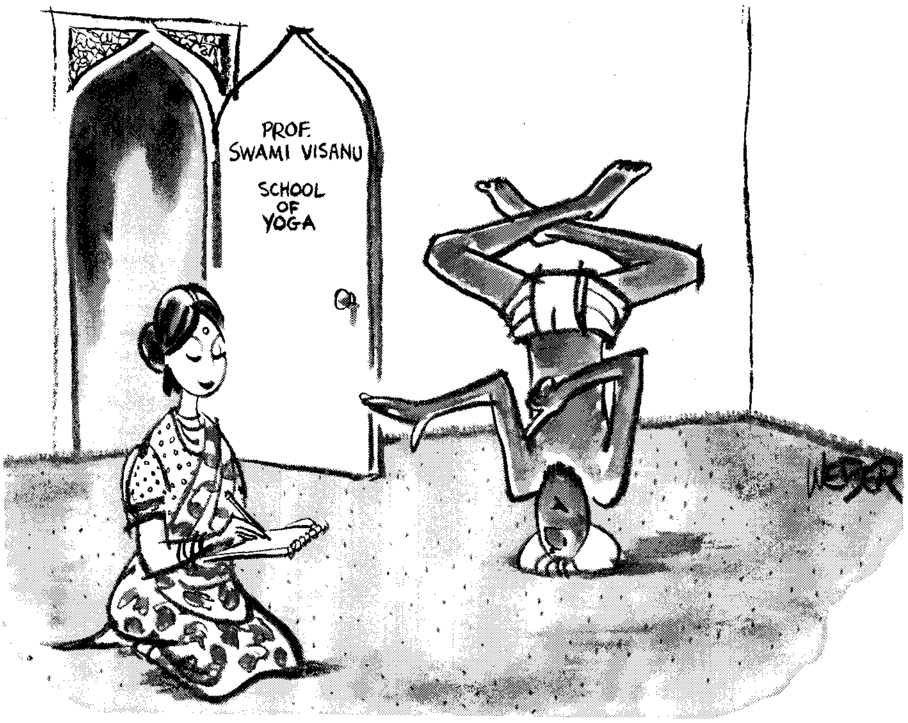

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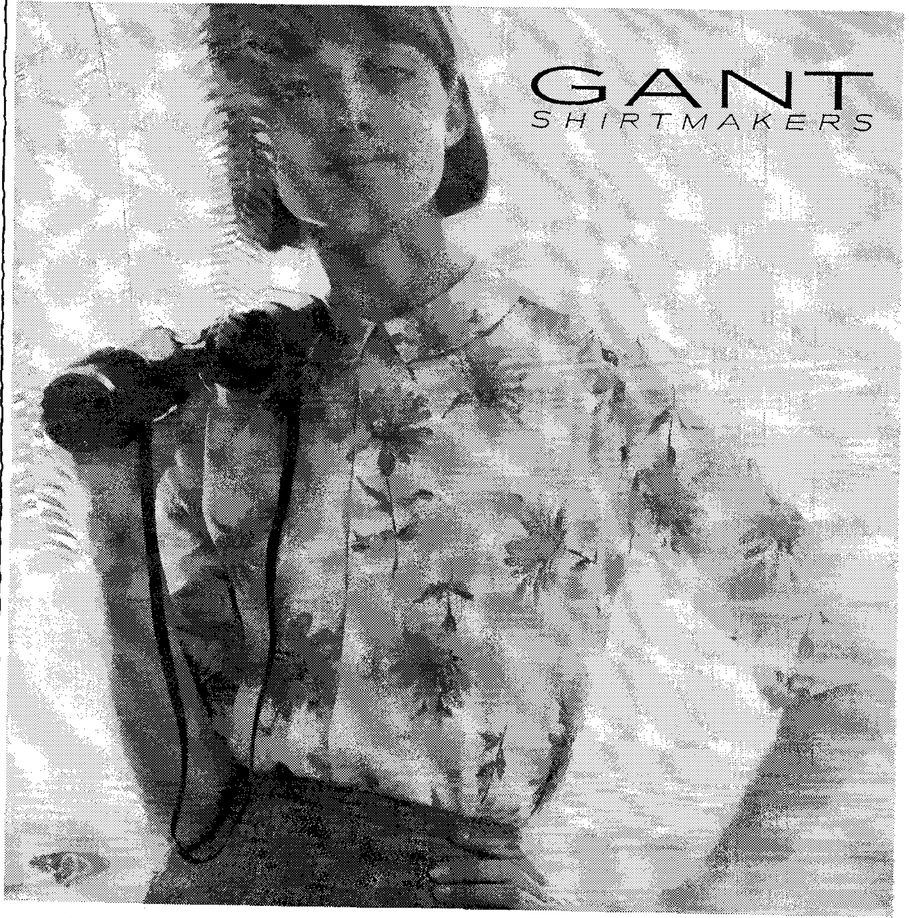

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of uptown New York, turned his attention downtown, where he worked. A number of banks and businesses had drifted north from their traditional homes in the financial district, and others were contemplating such an exodus. Rockefeller felt not only that this trend should be reversed but that something should be done about rehabilitating the entire expanse from Canal Street south—an area of five hundred and sixty-four acres, in which more than four hundred thousand people were employed, but where practically no one lived who could afford to live elsewhere. Rockefeller invited fifty-five civic-minded men to a lunch, out of which evolved a Committee on Lower Manhattan. This soon merged with an existing group, the Downtown Manhattan Association, the end product being the Downtown Lower Manhattan Association. One of Rockefeller's multipliers, Warren Lindquist, has been its executive vice-president since the beginning. It has conducted several exhaustive surveys of the area, which Lindquist calls "the heart pump of the capital blood that sustains the free world," and has supported a number of sweeping recommendations—for new housing projects, a new cluster of buildings and parks in the vicinity of City Hall, a relocated New York Stock Exchange, and the abandonment of a good many of the unsightly antique wharves that clutter the downtown waterfront.

The Association's most ambitious proposal to date is for a World Trade Center, which, if it materializes according to present plans, will boast a couple of hundred-and-ten-story office buildings. To put these up would necessitate tearing down existing buildings, many of which house small stores, and downtown, as on Morningside Heights, Rockefeller's visions of change have gained him sharp critics. The owners and tenants who would perforce be displaced have accused him of being ruthless and unfeeling. He contends that the stores and the other buildings that would have to go are marginal at best, and that it is not the function of a growing, and forward-looking city to preserve marginal operations in marginal neighborhoods. Moreover, he argues, marginal *people* will never prosper—will never be able to afford decent, non-subsidized housing, for example—until they have better jobs, and he thinks that a way can probably be found, through jacking up the tone of the area, to provide new jobs and thus give individuals a chance to perform functions of higher economic usefulness than clerking in a dowdy store or

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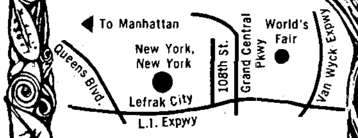

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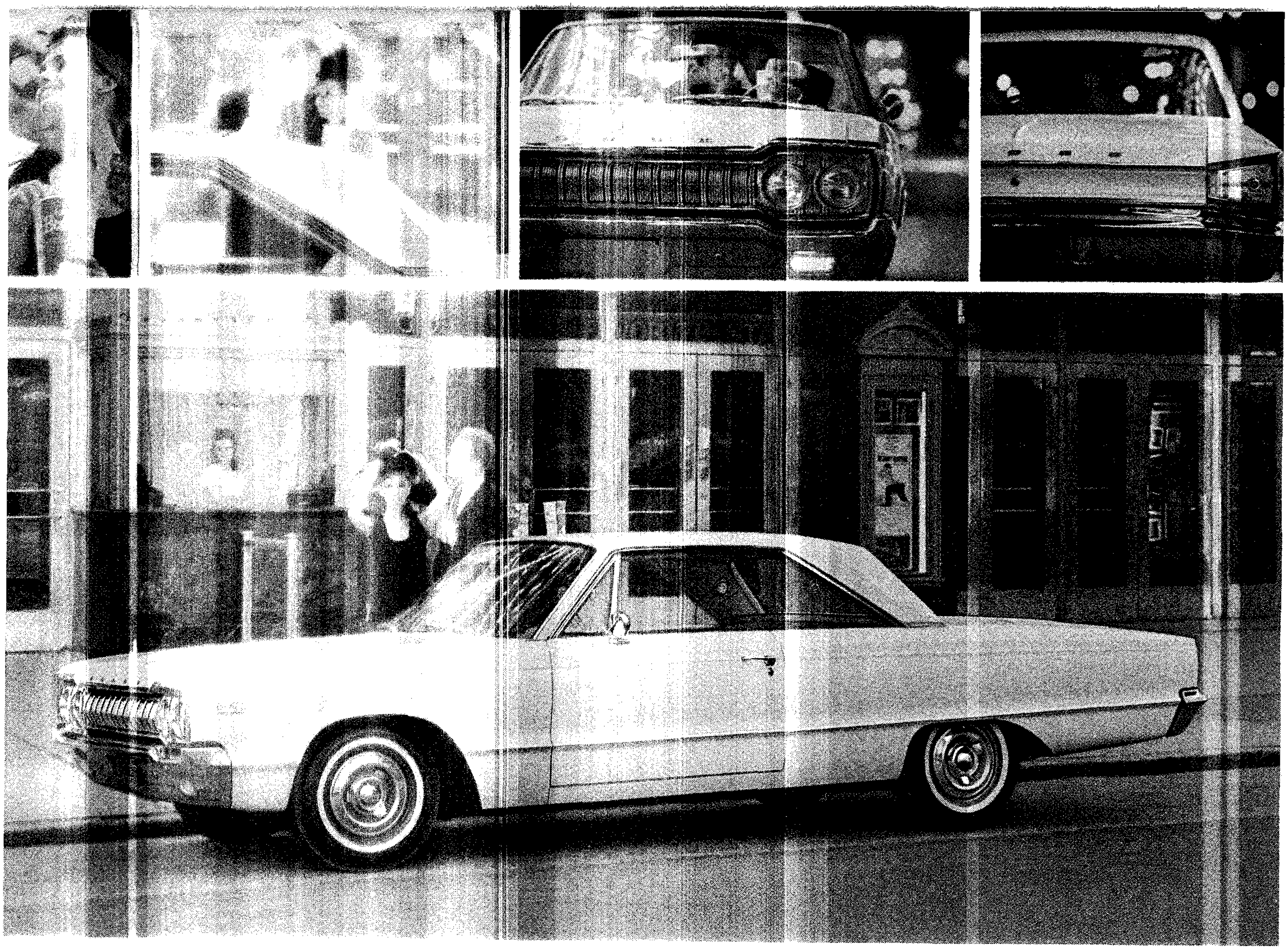

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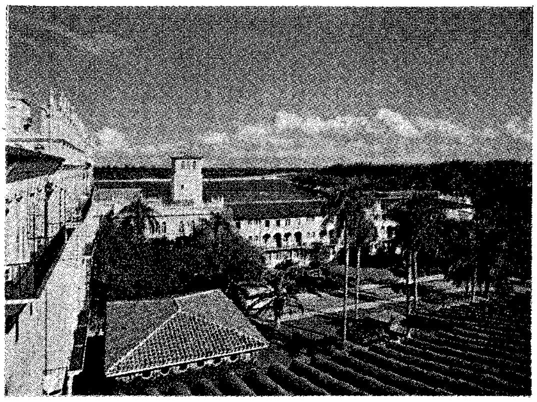

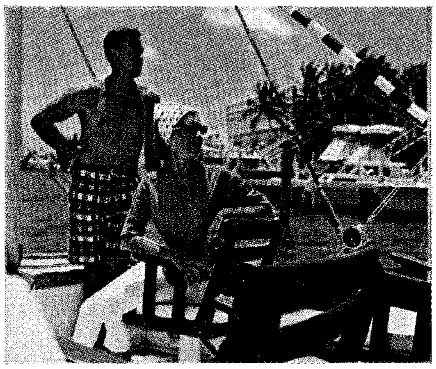

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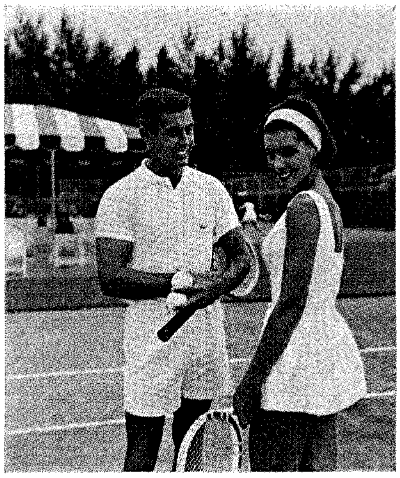

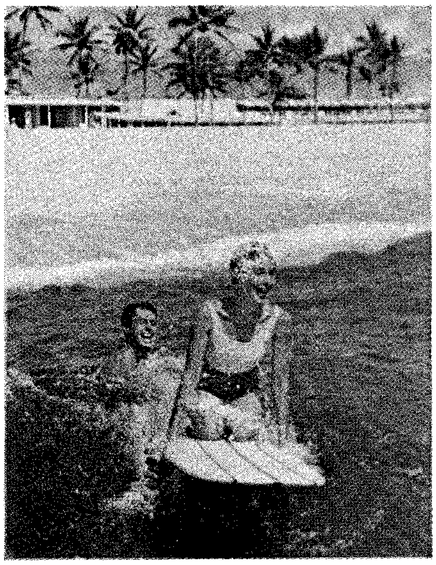

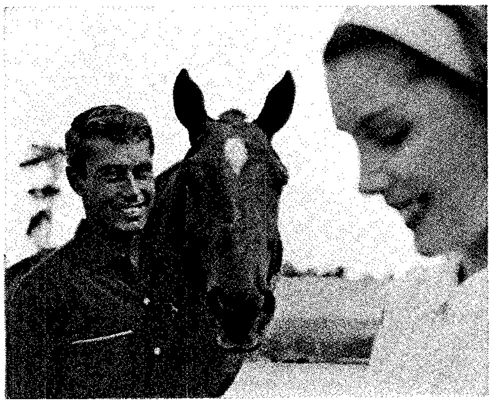

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Rockefeller hasn't won that battle yet, but he has succeeded in arresting the flight of large commercial institutions from downtown. The new Chase Manhattan Bank Building, a solid expression of confidence in the stability of the area, has done as much as anything else to turn the trick. It was in large part due to Rockefeller's urging that the bank's directors agreed, in 1955, to embark on the project—a hundred-million-dollar one, as things worked out. A two-and-a-half-acre parcel of land was assembled a block away from the bank's main office on Pine Street, and Skidmore, Owings & Merrill designed a giant slab of aluminum and glass rising straight from the ground, without setbacks. They were able to do this and still conform to New York's complicated building code by sacrificing seventy per cent of the land. What they didn't use to build on they converted into an open plaza, with trees sprouting from it and a Japanese pool, designed by Isamu Noguchi, sunk into it. Rockefeller's brother Laurance, an ardent outdoorsman and conservationist, has said, "A little sunlight, green, and water uplift everybody anywhere in a city. I think we need more of these oases around New York, though how to get them is, of course, another question." Gordon Bunshaft, the chief Skidmore, Owings & Merrill man on the Chase Manhattan job, likes plazas with sunken Noguchi pools, and incorporated a similar one in his design for a new library at Yale. The New Haven pool hasn't any water in it, but the Chase pool has.

The big bank building has eighty-eight hundred windows, all larger than normal. They are supposed to symbolize the new, friendly façade of banking—to proclaim to the world that there is nothing furtive about the business, to invite the world to gaze through their broad panes at bankers working candidly within, and to inspire those bankers to gaze out at the world, so they won't feel out of touch with society. The bank itself occupies five basement floors (the lowest contains the biggest bank vault on earth) and the first thirty floors aboveground, and has also retained the sixtieth floor, which has a splendid view of New York Harbor, for a succession of executive dining rooms. The interior furnishings were carefully selected and scrupulously integrated. Having got the building under way, Rockefeller next convinced his associates that they should move into it, as it were, naked—or, at least, should dispose of all their old trappings and

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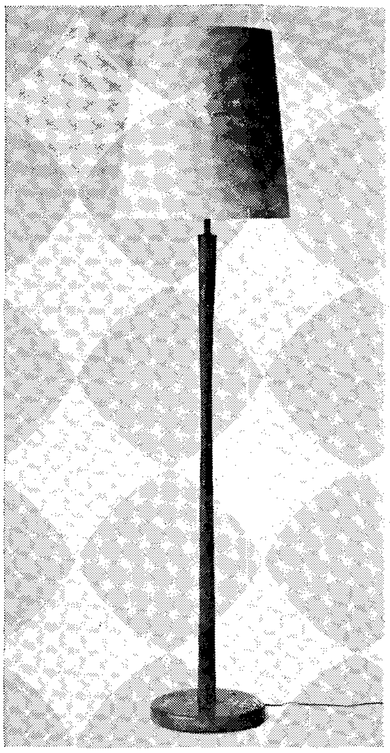
move in freshly accoutred. The headquarters space that the bank formerly occupied had been scattered among a dozen buildings and had contained a hundred thousand pieces of furniture; most of these were given to Columbia University. Before deciding what to substitute for them, the bank had some mockups of offices constructed in a hangar at Roosevelt Field, and various combinations of partitions, lighting fixtures, desks, chairs, and cabinets were trundled in and out of them experimentally. The Chase ultimately approved twenty basic types of ashtray; its employees were allowed to select whichever of these they liked but not to import their own brand. Throughout it all, Rockefeller kept a watchful, almost paternal eye on the proceedings. He even tried his hand at playing renting agent. Thinking that Lazard Frères might like to move in, he invited André Meyer over one cold winter day to see the impressive view from the sixtieth floor. The building was so far from being completed that the only access to the summit was by means of an exterior cage elevator. Lazard Frères hadn't the slightest intention of moving, but Meyer, to oblige his friend, rode to the top with Rockefeller, the two shivering men sharing their exposed platform with some bags of sand. Meyer caught a terrible head cold, but he remained impressed by Rockefeller's enthusiasm. "Many people do things because they can't avoid it," Meyer said after he'd recovered. "David does them out of sincerity."

To go with its striking, up-to-date building, the bank thought it would be nice to adopt a striking, up-to-date symbol to replace its unimaginative old one—a globe superimposed on a map of the United States. Banks do not rush into things, though, so it was only after two years that the Chase, having considered several hundred proposed new symbols, settled on an abstract octagon designed by the graphic artist Ivan Chermayeff. Several of Rockefeller's associates at the bank thought that something representational would be preferable, but he championed the abstraction with such eloquence that they capitulated. The symbol, which the bank itself now describes, in somewhat abstract prose, as "a simple geometric shape designed to suggest strength, stability, and dynamic motion in easily recognizable form," has been used on checks and letterheads, branch façades, playing cards, and cufflinks; a huge yellow-chrysanthemum version of it was proudly displayed last May when the bank formally dedicated its



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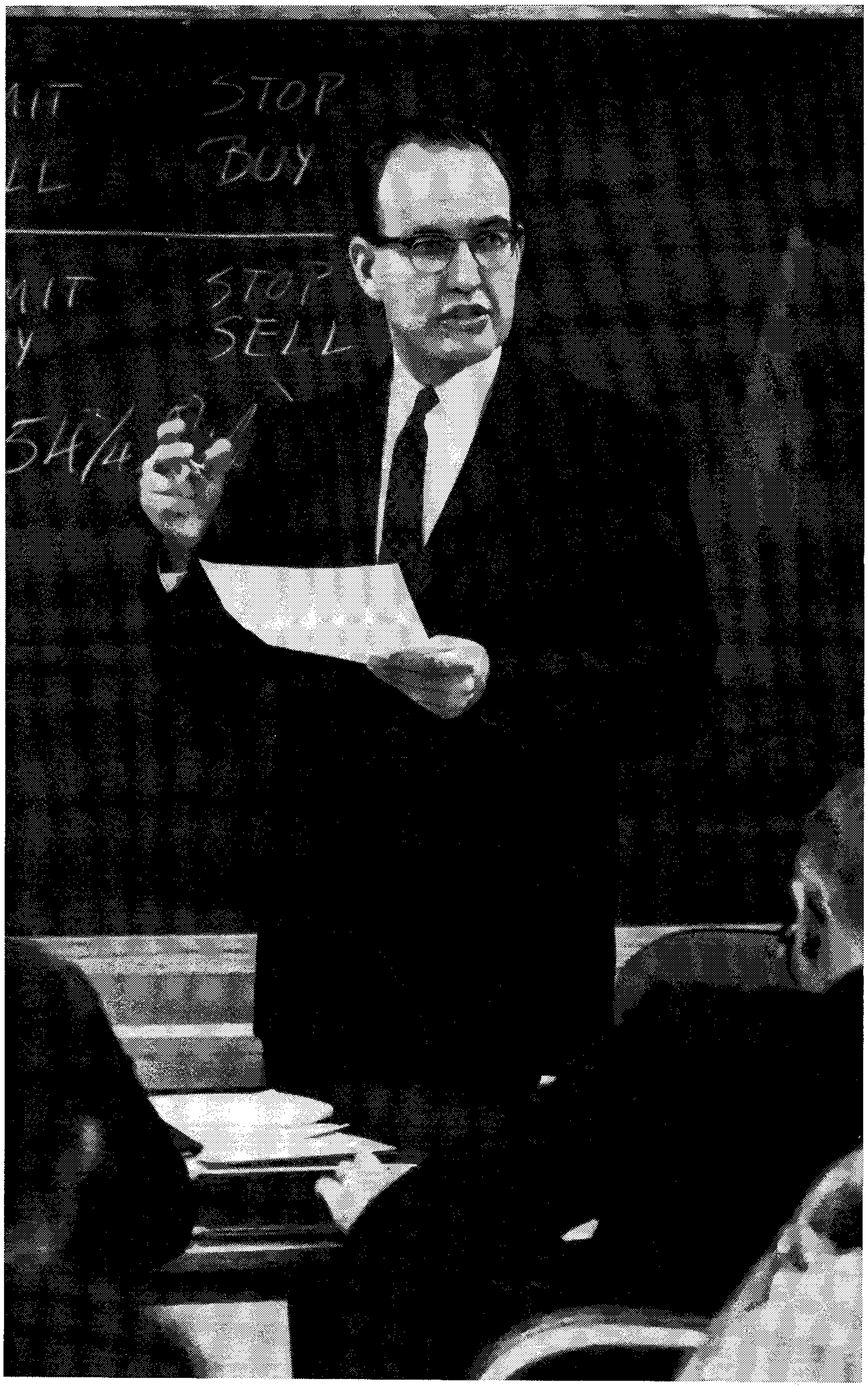

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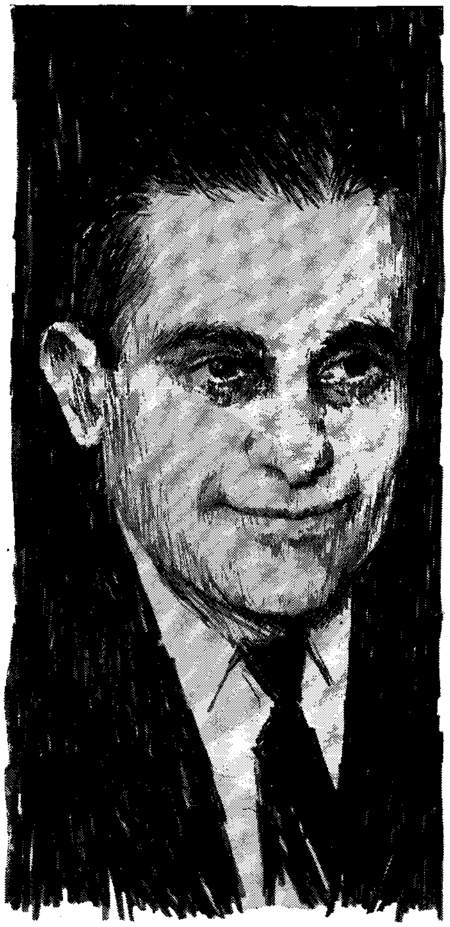

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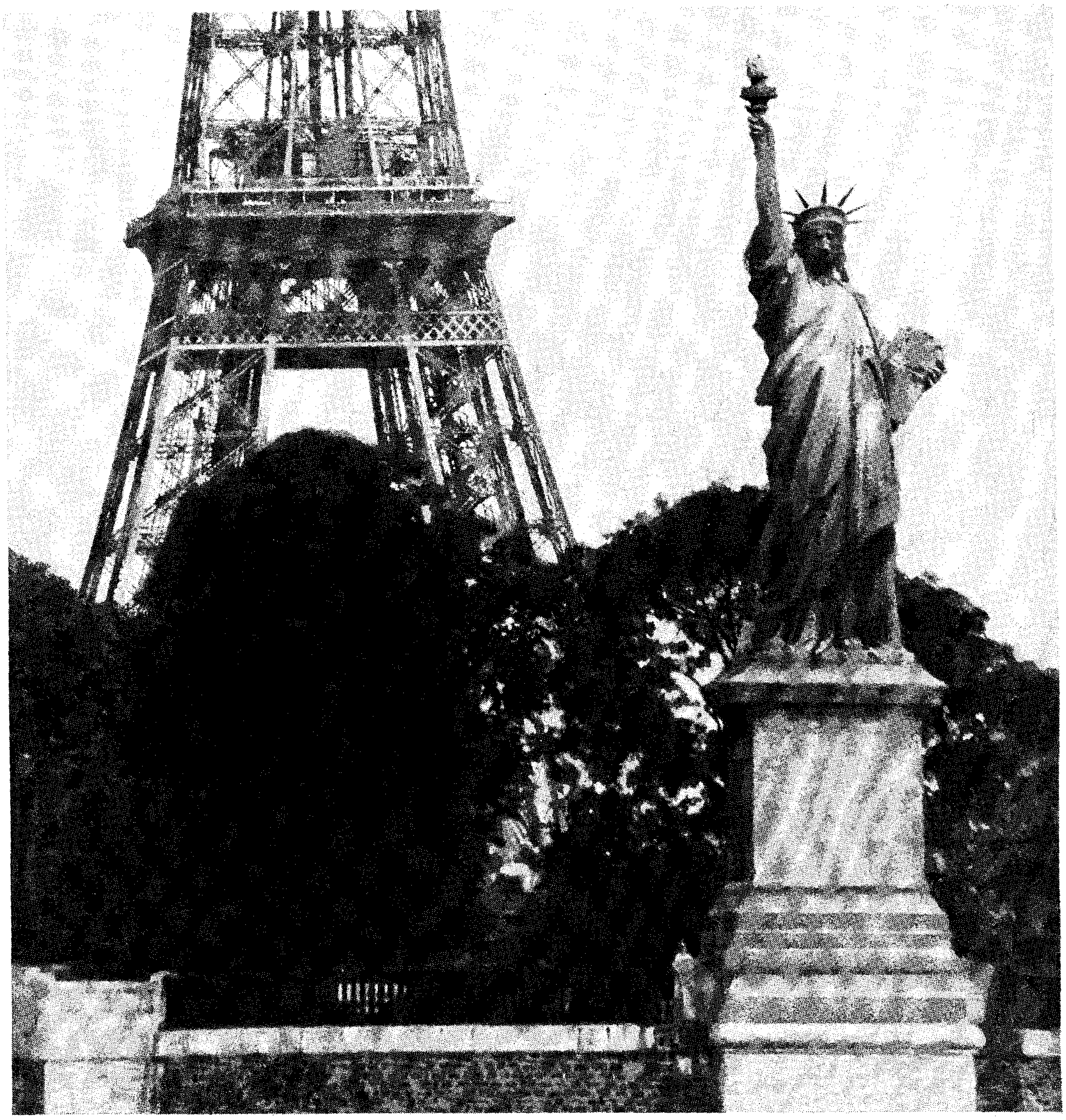
plaza. The dedication took the form of a lunch-hour al-fresco reception, at which friendliness was rampant. For entertainment, there were a brass band, a strolling magician, a clown, and a couple of acrobatic acts. For refreshment, there were popcorn, Coke, and Pepsi. For adornment, there were nosegays, French flower carts, and a cloud of gaily colored balloons, these last elevated to just the height at which they would obscure the legend "CHEMICAL BANK NEW YORK TRUST COMPANY," which one of the Chase's big competitors had had affixed to the Chase Manhattan Plaza side of its headquarters. George Champion, as chairman of the board, presided over the speechmaking. He introduced Mayor Wagner, who referred magisterially to New York's "endless renaissance," and who somewhat euphemistically described the plaza, which has a concrete surface, as an "oasis of green." Then Champion introduced Rockefeller, presenting him to the strolling midday crowd in political fashion, as "a man you all know." Rockefeller spoke briefly about what he called the exciting future of the downtown area. He pointed to the west, where, just across Nassau Street from the Chase building, another new skyscraper was soon to stand, with its own plaza, and he observed hopefully that beyond it the giant World Trade Center might soon arise. He swept an arm toward the east and spoke of esplanades, heliports, and marinas. He looked back over his left shoulder and his mind's eye alighted on the wonders-to-come for that area—a new housing project, and new wings for Pace College and the Beekman Downtown Hospital, among others. He looked straight ahead of him, to the south, and his voice, which is a high-pitched singsong, lingered lovingly on the new Stock Exchange he foresaw there.

While the new bank building was under construction, Rockefeller persuaded the Chase board to decorate the premises with paintings and sculpture. By now, the bank has accumulated some four hundred of these works of art, mostly contemporary in style, and has been subjected to nearly as many jokes about them. After some of the windows in the new building blew out, for instance, the raffish *Bawl Street Journal*, an annual parody of the *Wall Street Journal*, reported, "All glass in the windows at One Chase Manhattan Plaza will be removed and replaced with oil paintings over the next six months, it was announced today by David Rockefeller, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank." Rockefeller, who is chairman of the board of trustees of the Museum of Modern Art, is undismayed by the realization that the paintings he likes are not universally admired. "A good many people at the bank have found some of them difficult to accept," he says. "You have to live with them and look at them to get used to them." He selected some of them on his own. Victor Rockhill, the Chase vice-president, called on Rockefeller at his hotel when both men happened to be in Paris a couple of years ago, and found Rockefeller and his wife on their knees, examining several dozen prints they had spread out on the floor. As they looked through the lot, Rockhill, who was asked to join in the criticism, gave special praise to three. A year later, the bank invited its officers of vice-presidential rank or higher to select from a group of pictures already assembled the ones they would like for their own offices. Rockhill, though, was granted no option; instead, a courier delivered the three prints he had favored in Paris and had forgotten about almost immediately afterward. Another officer, whose interest in art was minimal, cared so little about the intrusion of culture into his working habits that although his seniority entitled him to an early choice, he waited until nearly everyone else had made a selection and then took a California landscape—partly because it was at least identifiable as a landscape, and partly because it vaguely resembled the landscape of Vermont, whose scenery he cherished.

Ordinarily, Rockefeller is abetted in choosing art for the bank by a committee, which he also chose. It consists, in addition to himself, of Alfred H. Barr, Jr., the director of collections at the Modern Museum; Dorothy C. Miller, Barr's deputy there; Robert B. Hale, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; James Johnson Sweeney, formerly of the Guggenheim Museum; Perry T. Rathbone, of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; and Gordon Bunshaft, the Skidmore, Owings & Merrill architect. They have met a couple of times a year to contemplate and vote on works that have been assembled for their scrutiny—mostly by Barr and Miss Miller—from various galleries and studios. Rockefeller loves the art-committee meetings. They are held in a



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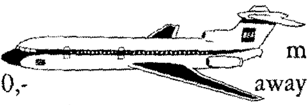

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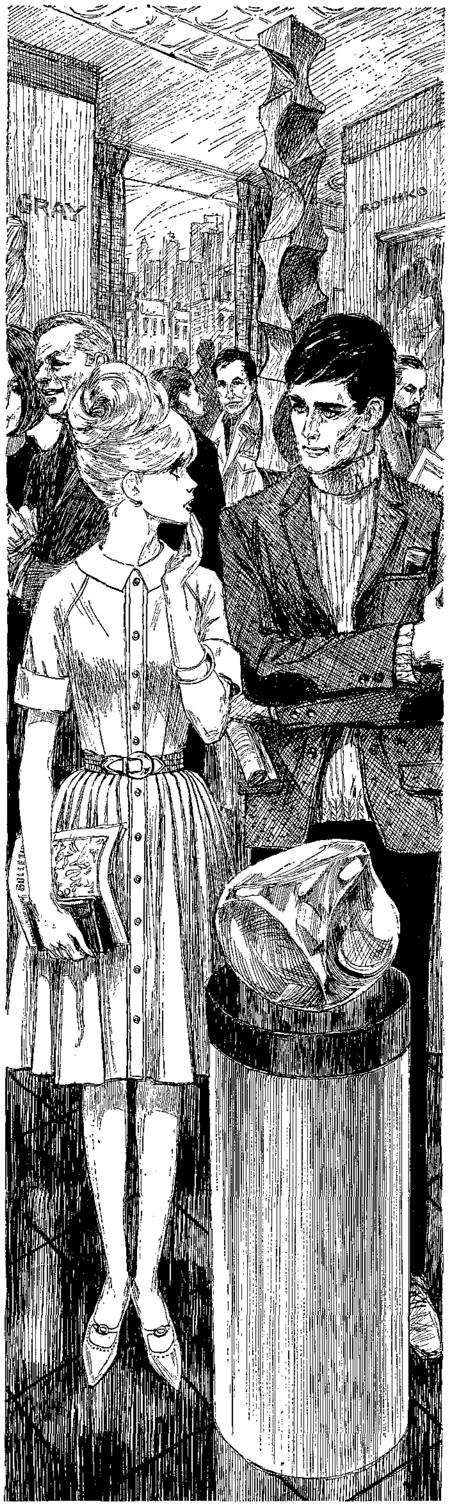

"You look puzzled," said a voice at her side. "Perhaps I can explain it." Nancy turned to look into an intense young face. "I doubt if the artist himself could," she laughed. "Would you let him try?" he asked earnestly. "Oh!" she said faintly, a hot blush mounting above the collar of her Cos Cob shirt-waist, a classic in Dacron® and Avril®. Pastels and navy; Junior Petite sizes 3-13. About $13 at fine stores.

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spacious cultural island on the thirtieth floor of the new building—a space that, because bank efficiency experts frown on purposeless premises, is called the Art Program Room. It is a few doors removed from something called Bank Operations Management Services.

To date, the Chase has invested nearly five hundred thousand dollars in art. This is no more than one-half of one per cent of the cost of the new building, and less than one two-hundredth of one per cent of the bank's assets, but Rockefeller gets as much satisfaction from bringing in a five-thousand-dollar acquisition as most bankers get from landing a five-million-dollar account. Champion, whose tastes are more conservative than Rockefeller's, could sit in on these purchasing sessions if he cared to, but he doesn't. "I went to one meeting, and I couldn't stand it, and I quit," he says. The sessions are spirited. Alfred Barr is constantly trying to prod Rockefeller, whose vote counts heavily, and whose veto does, too, into accepting more and more *outré* paintings. Rockefeller, who believes in balance and respects the views of Champion and other traditionalists he has to work with, tries to placate them by buying a few representational pieces. Not long ago, he approved of one thoroughly naturalistic landscape, priced at eighteen hundred dollars, even though he could scarcely look at it without grimacing. "I don't like it, but it will appeal to a great many people," he said.

"Get it if you need it," Barr said grumpily.

"We need it," said Rockefeller, and that settled that.

In his own office, on the seventeenth floor—a twenty-six-by-twenty-seven-foot chamber with a push-button-operated opaque-glass sliding door to shield him from sightseers—he has a large abstract oil by Kenzo Okada, a Wyeth, a Signac, a Cézanne watercolor, a Mark Rothko, and, perhaps his favorite, a bold Victor Vasarely. He also has some Greek vases of the fifth century B.C., a wooden Buddha, a Chinese lacquered chest, a twelfth-century Mosul incense burner, some Korean acrobats carved out of wood (his mother gave them to him when he was in college, and they have been talismans ever since), a Cézanne lithograph, a glass-faced chest full of small Buddhas, which was given to him by a Prince of Thailand (the Japanese royal family had presented this to the Thai royal family, and the Prince passed it along to what struck

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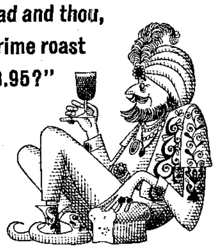

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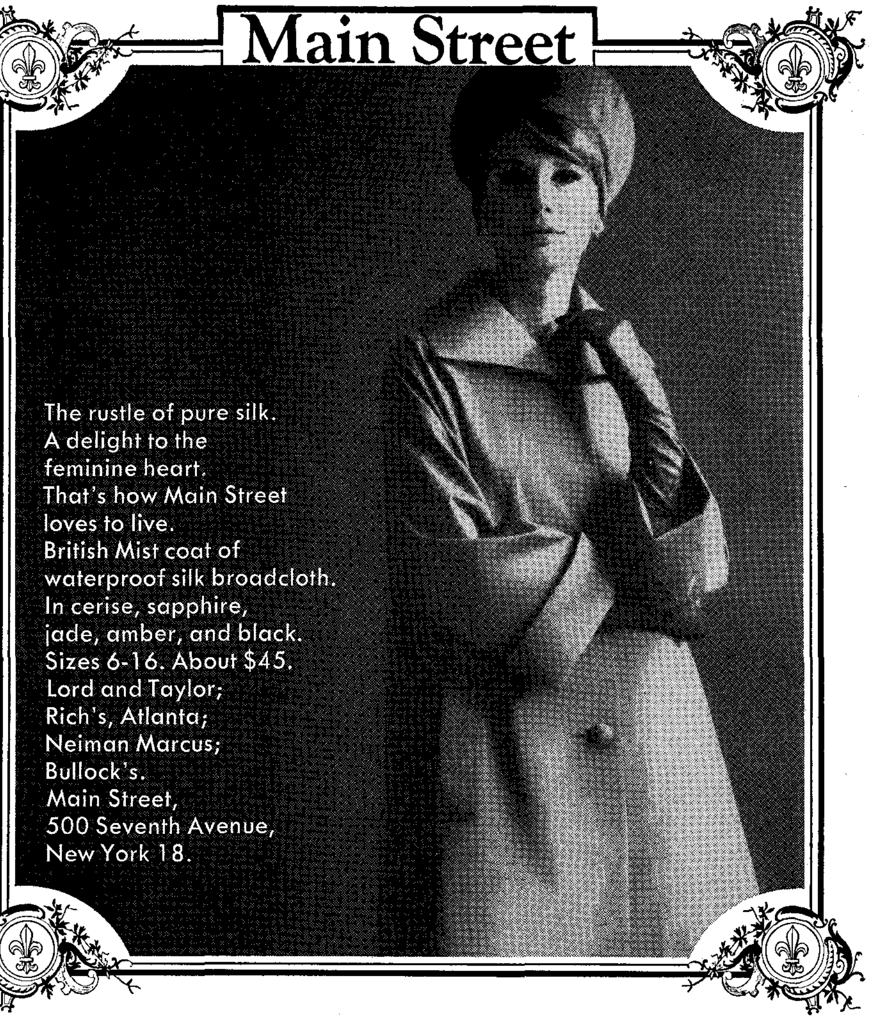
him as a prince of a comparable American tribe), and a *sumgbolo*—a carved wooden box from the Ivory Coast. (It is used there as a container for unguents that are thought to have singular cosmetic properties. Rockefeller's *sumgbolo* is empty.) All the art and artifacts are Rockefeller's own possessions. He has been excepted, or has excepted himself, from a bank rule stipulating that in order to preserve the building's aesthetic harmony, employees may not exhibit their own paintings or art objects.

The seventeenth floor is given over entirely to the offices of the top executives—chairman, president, vice-chairman, and seven executive vice-presidents—and to meeting rooms for the board of directors. There are three of these, in one of which is a cork collage, which Rockefeller dotes on, but which a majority of the directors refer to as a cookout stand. Champion once said genially to a retiring director who had an office elsewhere in the building, "When you're packing up your things, why don't you take that, too? We won't miss it." Champion's own seventeenth-floor office reflects his tastes, containing a ship model and a John Trumbull portrait of Alexander Hamilton—a co-founder, with Aaron Burr, of the Manhattan Company, which evolved into the Bank of the Manhattan Company. The Chase's vice-chairman, Lawrence C. Marshall, who was president of the Manhattan Bank before the merger, is also conservative. *His* office is furnished with Queen Anne chairs and a 1780 desk, which he justifies on the ground that the Bank of the Manhattan Company had a longer history than the Chase, and that *somebody* has to maintain a link with the past. "What's embarrassing is that bank officers bring people in here, and the people tell me they like my office best," Marshall says. Each of the principal Chase officers has a private dining room on the sixtieth floor, where the communal rooms boast, among other trophies, a thirty-foot-long representational mural that was originally commissioned for an Italian ocean liner but was never installed. The officers' dining rooms further reflect their varying tastes. Champion's has two works that the bank borrowed for him—a Frederic Remington statue of a cowboy and horse, and a Charles M. Russell painting of Captain William Clark, the Lewis and Clark man, meeting some Indians. Rockefeller's has two vivid abstractions—a Vasarely and an Ernst Wilhelm Nay.

Rockefeller's mother was one of the

Main Street



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founders of the Museum of Modern Art, and his brother Nelson, who was chairman of its board until he became Governor of New York, has been a collector of contemporary art for many years. Compared to them, David was a laggard recruit to the genre's ranks. At the time of his marriage, in 1940, he and his wife both leaned toward Chinese porcelains and eighteenth-century furniture. The first painting they ever bought was Thomas Sully's "Portrait of a Young Gentleman." It was Alfred Barr who kindled their interest in latter-day paintings. After the war, Rockefeller bought a town house on East Sixty-fifth Street, and he asked Barr to keep an eye out for some paintings that might fit into it well. Rockefeller didn't particularly want to become a collector; he wanted to furnish his house—and his other homes—with pictures of the finest quality, as an environmental stimulus to his children's taste and sensitivity. Barr soon learned of a first-rate Renoir that was for sale—one of Renoir's portraits of his maid, Gabrielle. He and Rockefeller bought it, and thus embarked on the assembling of what has become an exceedingly substantial and valuable collection. The Renoir now hangs in the Rockefellers' Pocantico Hills house, where they also have an El Greco "St. James the Elder," a Gilbert Stuart "George Washington," a Diego Rivera encaustic, two fifteenth-century terra-cotta busts, of Philip I and his wife, Jeanne la Folle, by Michel Colombe, and, among the French painters whom Barr had led Rockefeller to delight in, a Corot, a Matisse, a Bonnard, a Manet, and three large Monet water-lily studies. There are at least as many splendid French Impressionist paintings hanging in the town house, for one or two of which Rockefeller, who had had qualms twenty-five years ago about paying six thousand dollars for the Thomas Sully, has with confidence paid a couple of hundred thousand dollars. Over the years, he and his wife have become shrewd judges of value. Their tastes have changed. When they began collecting, Barr couldn't excite them about any twentieth-century paintings at all except a few Bonnards and some of the less radical Matisses. Their most recent home, though, a West Indies island retreat, is full of splashy avant-garde works by little-known contemporaries, which they picked up themselves in New York and on trips to Europe. They also own a piece of sculpture made of automobile scraps, which Rockefeller's children fashioned two

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summers ago and, before giving it to their father as a birthday present, pretended was something they had come across that he might like to buy. The steel fabrication—not very different in style from the work of Jason Seley, who has some welded bumpers on display at the Modern Museum and at a Chase Bank branch—was touted to Rockefeller as the work of an obscure Eastern European holed up in the northeast woods.

Rockefeller doesn't have as much time as he wishes he had for the Modern Museum, of which he became chairman in June, 1963. (His sister-in-law, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III, held the post for a few months between Nelson's regime and David's.) He took over as the Museum was nearing the completion of a twenty-five-million-dollar fund drive, chiefly to pay for a new wing. He gave one million seven hundred and fifty thousand, and then came through with an additional sixty thousand at the last minute, when it looked as though increased building costs would force the Museum to curtail the expansion of its sculpture garden, which is named after his mother. Last May, Rockefeller presided at the formal unveiling of the additions, at which Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson was the guest of honor. After dinner in one of the new galleries, the guests moved out onto the terrace, where some six thousand lesser dignitaries were assembled, and Mrs. Johnson turned on the lights that flood the outdoor sculpture. Mrs. Johnson left early, and Rockefeller escorted her to her car. Returning to the party, he was briskly mounting the stairs to the upper terrace when he encountered a friend he hadn't yet seen that evening. Gregarious as always, Rockefeller stopped to say hello, and as the two men stood and looked down at the several thousand bodies massed tightly on the levels beneath them, the friend asked how Rockefeller was enjoying the evening. "Very much," said Rockefeller. "These are all people I know and like." —E. J. KAHN, JR.

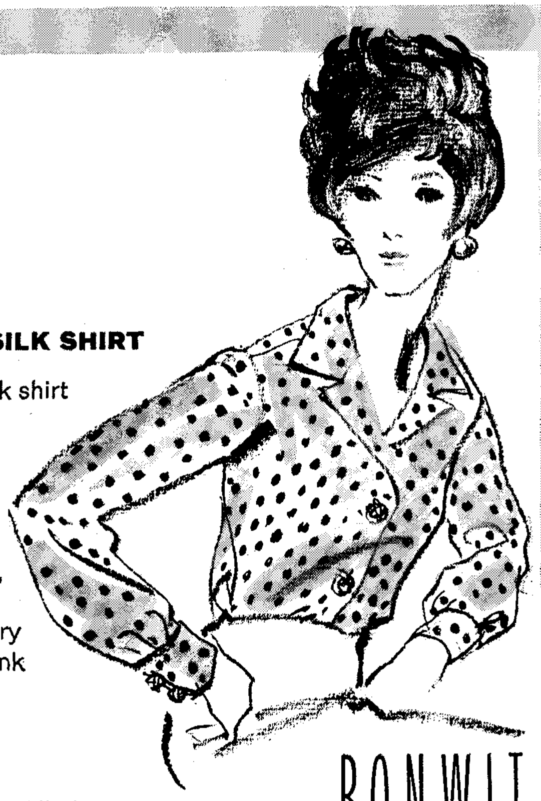
(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Rockefeller.*)

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From an article in the Resident Physician*]

Such a prejudice for a dream as against the genuine, leaves the human race naked in the doctrinaire winds which he uses to blast his critics, marking the liberal theorist as a windbag whose emanations are sour even when described as sweet and lovely.



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THE THEATRE

MYSTICAL MANIPULATIONS

IN "Tiny Alice," at the Billy Rose, Edward Albee leads us ingeniously into an allegorical maze, but once he has got us in the middle of the thing, his sense of direction seems to fail him, and we find ourselves bewildered. During his guided tour through metaphysical territory previously explored by the likes of T. S. Eliot, Graham Greene, and Friedrich Dürrenmatt, we are favored with all kinds of puns and ponderosities, but enlightenment about the characters we encounter is in very short supply. The drama commences with an acid colloquy between a cardinal and a lawyer who once were schoolmates. The cardinal's mother, the lawyer remarks in passing, was a whore, whereupon the cardinal points out that the lawyer's nickname when they were boys together was Hyena. The lawyer then makes some references to homosexuality among the clergy, and after that the gentlemen take up the details of the business that has brought them together. It seems that one Miss Alice, the richest woman in the world, would like to give the Roman Catholic Church a hundred million dollars a year for the next twenty years, provided that Julian, a lay brother who is secretary to the cardinal, oversees the operation. We move now from the cardinal's garden, where the former schoolmates have conducted their tête-à-tête, into Miss Alice's mansion, which is about the size of the Château Frontenac. Most of the action takes place in an enormous chamber containing a miniature of the establishment, in which everything that happens in Miss Alice's big house is tinily reënacted. Just what this Chinese-box arrangement signifies I do not know. I'm not certain, either, that I can explain the significance of the doings in the mansion—maybe "castle" would be a better word for it—after Brother Julian drops in to make sure that Miss Alice's gift flows smoothly into the coffers of the Church. The lawyer suddenly becomes mysterious, Miss Alice's butler becomes mysterious, Miss Alice becomes mysterious, and so, for that matter, does Brother Julian, who, it develops, once spent six years in an insane asylum after losing his faith in God, and may or may not have had an affair during his incarceration with a woman passing herself off as the Virgin Mary. Eventually, there are indications that Miss Alice and her lawyer and her butler are in a sort of conspiracy to seduce Brother Julian from the bosom of his church, and when Miss Alice eventually persuades him to marry her, it appears that spiritually he is a goner. Maybe he is, maybe he isn't, but at the climax of "Tiny Alice" he is certainly dead, after being shot and putting on a death scene that Little Eva might envy.

Under the direction of Alan Schneider, John Gielgud, as Brother Julian; Irene Worth, as Miss Alice; William Hutt, as the lawyer; John Heffernan, as the butler; and Eric Berry, as the cardinal, all go about their work with a confidence that is, in the circumstances, highly commendable. The sets are by William Ritman, and they are so impressive as to be almost overpowering.

—JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Midsummer Night's Doze

RICK BESOYAN, who specializes in simultaneously joshing and imitating old-fashioned musical comedies, and who wrote the score, words, and book for "Little Mary Sunshine" and "The Student Gypsy," now offers a third musical prank, "Babes in the Wood," which opened last week at the Orpheum. This show is billed as an "adaptation" of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Oberon, Titania, Bottom, Robin Goodfellow, and those four switching lovers do indeed go chasing around that Athenian glade, but this is about all the connection there is. One might say that the script was not ideal for Besoyan's purpose, if there were any clue to what his purpose is. No clues are available. The "Dream" and the foolishness just don't fit, and the whole pointless, though affable, enterprise might be considered a kind of varsity show (Everything-is-a-scream and Hello-out-there!) with *girls* dressed as girls. A varsity show in conception, that is, but something more in production. The performance, especially during the first act, is often quite cheerful and refreshing, though by the time the second act rolls around, most of the air has seeped out of it. Mr. Besoyan has provided some tuneful songs, generally in the manner of someone or other—a Frimlish march called "This State of Affairs," a Rodgers-and-Hartish duet called "I'm Not for You," and a Jolson (not even -ish) number called "Mother," to pick just three of many examples. They are sung and danced well enough, and occasionally better than that. Danny Carroll, who was so funny as one of the Dromios in "The Boys from Syracuse" a couple of years ago, is as funny as his assignment allows him to be as the pursued and pursuing Demetrius; Richard Charles Hoh brings authority and a pleasant baritone voice to the part of Oberon; and Joleen Fodor makes an appealing Hermia.

"HER MASTER'S VOICE," by Clare Kummer, which was first done here in 1933, has been revived at the 41st Street, with the droll Doro Merande making her Off Broadway début in it. The play, whose original cast included Roland Young, Laura Hope Crews, and Elizabeth Patterson, is about a hapless young man who can't hold a job, his loyal wife, his built-in mother-in-law, his rich aunt-in-law, and a terribly rich employer he once had. It is one of those daffy domestic comedies whose innocence was swallowed whole back in the thirties, and it is also quite patently a vehicle; the lines and business are meant to be used—they barely exist except in the playing. Aside from Miss Merande and John Cecil Holm, the members of the company get very little mileage out of them—chance after chance for laughs just slides by—partly because the acting is barely so-so and the production lackadaisical (to say the least), but partly, too, I think, because that special kind of innocence may be even more remote to the younger performers than, say, the Germanic cynicism of Brecht. Miss Merande, as the mother-in-law, is, however, innocence incarnate. She never misses a comic trick as she flutters her eyelids or noisily clears a dinner table or strums a piano with a dogged beat or stalks around in pajamas, and she manages, as always, to stay entirely in character. Mr. Holm, doubling as employer and *deus ex machina*, provides the right kind of bluster and the right kind of obliviousness to the monkeyshines around him. If everyone else

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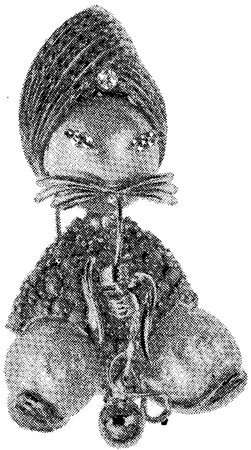

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were even half as good as these two, there might be a show.

I'M sorry to have to report that Doris Lessing's "Play with a Tiger," at the Renata, is awkward and disappointing, in spite of a few good moments. It is almost entirely concerned with the stormy bust-up of what presumably has been the stormy, long-standing love affair of an Australian woman named Anna Freeman and an American radical named Dave Miller. Both are middle-aged writers and intellectuals. (Strike one!) She has a son, left over from a discarded marriage, who is away at school, and she spends most of her time holed up in her living room reviewing books, reporting on manuscripts, and taking whatever literary pickings come her way. Dave is a dedicated rolling stone who has had many other girls and whose literary field is sociological studies. The action of the play is continuous, and takes place during one evening and night in Anna's apartment in London. The immediate reason for the bust-up is that shortly before Dave's entrance a young American girl from Philadelphia visits Anna with the news that she, too, has been seeing Dave, and is now pregnant and expects him to marry her. This scene works, chiefly because of Jenny O'Hara's lovely performance as the girl, but it has a trumped-up air about it just the same, for it seemed to me that Dave and Anna, punchy and battle-scarred, couldn't have stood each other much longer in any case. What a pair they are—without humor or imagination, always contemptuous and righteously indignant. Their quarrel is hot and full of Freudian and sociological know-it-all; even the epithets they fling at each other have an impersonal ring—"Adolescent!" and "Bloody middle-class!" When they are not at each other's throats, verbally speaking, they indulge in an odd ritual of reminiscence, kneeling on a mat in turn and pouring out great swatches of autobiography, each assuming the necessary roles in the other's past—Anna's parents in Melbourne, a waitress in Minnesota who once told Dave he was nuts, a hyphenated British psychiatrist who also proved unsatisfactory—as the lights dim and panels in the wall behind them swivel around to provide appropriate backdrops. By the time the evening is over, there is little of a factual nature that we haven't learned about each of them, and yet they turn out to be exactly what they seemed to be at first glance, because there is not for one moment the illusion of spon-

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taneity—none of those off-the-cuff words or gestures that are the give-aways of character. Yet although many of the lines are downright fatuous and the mechanics are creaky, there is vitality here, and a literary sureness of touch that is rare Off Broadway. And there is vitality and sureness in the performances of Janet Ward and Barney Kates, both of whom do quite well in their constricting parts. Leslie Redford, Frederick Rolf, and Virginia Downing are helpful as associates of the sparring couple. —EDITH OLIVER

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DEPT. OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

January 1, 1965

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,

SIRS:

IN a recent issue of *The New Yorker*, under the title "Quiet, Beneficent Things," you printed an article by me about Blackwell's, my favorite bookshop. I was prompted to write about the Oxford bookshop because, among other reasons, I felt that good bookshops were going the way of that languishing species, the whooping crane, or even the now completely extinct Carolina parakeet. I was particularly sad that Blackwell's appeared to have bought out and gobbled up its equally venerable Oxford rivals, Thornton's and Parker's, which, though they were still on the scene, I was led to believe by reports in another magazine were Blackwell's "satellites" and a part of its "local book-selling empire." Indeed, I feared for Blackwell's, for my scheme of justice is roughly that of a nurse I had as a child, who never tired of the moral that she expressed as "Those who wolf will be wolfed." I am now somewhat consoled to discover that Blackwell's has only an equal partnership in Parker's and, what is more to the point, has no interest save that of fierce competition in Thornton's. Moreover, after receiving a description of Thornton's services I am left in no doubt that, beyond its financial autonomy, the bookshop has a distinctive character of its own; in its words, "While dealing with General and Antiquarian Literature it specializes in all Academic subjects, mainly in the Humanities and Theology and also in Semitic and Oriental subjects and languages, and holds an eclectic stock in all these studies." I could not be more pleased to acknowledge my error.

Sincerely,
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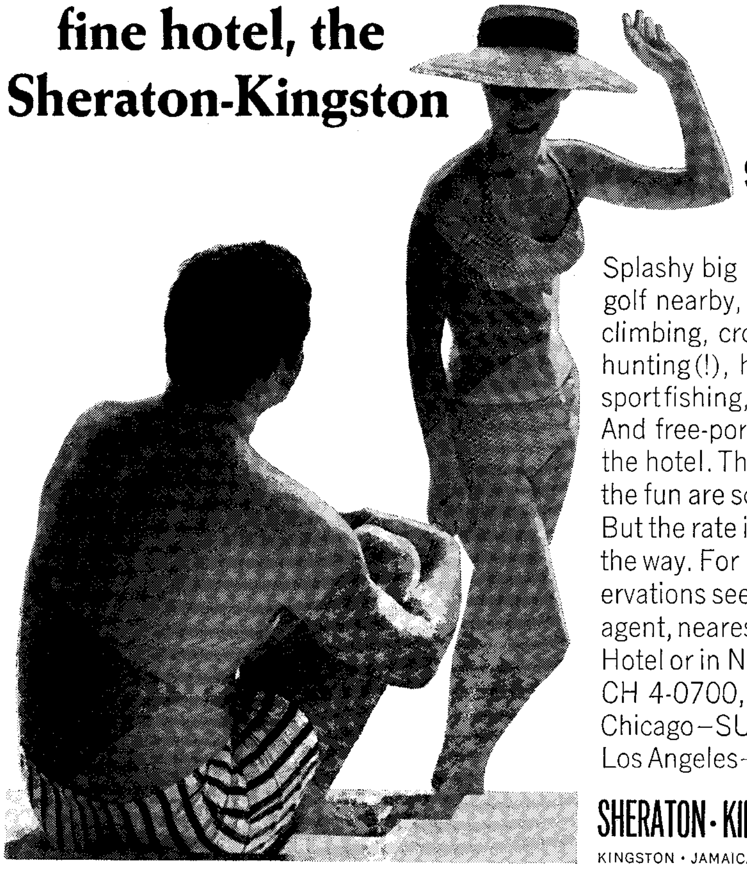

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Concerts

THOSE who know both their maternal and paternal grandparents often find that one pair, polished and gray, grow old too gracefully, while the other pair, resenting the subtractions of old age, are mavericks bent on stopping the clock. The Modern Jazz Quartet, having all but reached grandparenthood, resembles the first pair. Its admirers, recognizing it as the last and finest of the cool groups, marvel at its longevity and at its peerless collective skill. They ennoble John Lewis's composing, his use of unorthodox forms and rhythms, and his piano playing—a distillation of the best of Teddy Wilson and Nat Cole and Count Basie. They count Milt Jackson as the finest vibraphonist and Connie Kay as one of the few drummers who know how to combine muscle and taste. And they see Percy Heath as an All-America bassist. But its detractors ask the Quartet for still more. They wish that Lewis would be shut of his so-called Italian music—a series of flossy pieces centered on the *commedia dell'arte* figures. They wish that he would let out the stops and allow the group—one of the great rhythm sections—to *go*. They wish that Jackson and Lewis would solo at greater length and that the group would play more of what it does best—the blues. They would, in short, prefer more shout and less whisper. Lewis, to be sure, has long been aware of this increasing sleekness, and in recent years he has attempted to brake it by adding guest soloists. The results have not been surprising; the M.J.Q., effortlessly welcoming these newcomers, has remained constant and silvery, while the visitors have faltered before this *politesse*.

This was not, though, the case a week or so ago when Laurindo Almeida, the West Coast-based Brazilian guitarist, appeared with the Quartet at Carnegie Hall. The M.J.Q. was unchanged, but so was Almeida, an ambassadorial perfectionist who returned each bow and scrape in kind. The Quartet appeared by itself during the first half of the evening. Its collective gifts were at their peak in a marvellously oblique "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," which was taken at a variety of quiet tempos and in which the solos by Jackson and Lewis were almost indistinguishable from the often ad-lib ensembles. (The melody did not surface until the closing measures, and then it appeared in an offhand, oh-yes manner.) Elsewhere, the solos were excellent but too short, and there was a long medley from "Porgy and Bess" that was remarkable only for a murmuring version of "Summertime." "Ralph's New Blues" revealed the group at its loosest and best; it was, however, the opening number.

Almeida, who is forty-seven, uses the unamplified guitar. He played two Lewis compositions, a bossa nova, and three classical selections—the adagio movement from Joaquin Rodrigo's "Concierto de Aranjuez," Bach's Fugue in A Minor, and Villa-Lobos' "Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5." The "Concierto" consisted largely of delicate exchanges between Almeida and the Quartet. The Bach and the Villa-Lobos were more of a piece, and in the remaining numbers Almeida tended to make the Quartet, whose instrumentation gives it a high-pitched tone, sound almost falsetto. All was a web of tinkling and ticking and vibrating crystal; had a mouse stirred, the web would have collapsed. The brightest moment of the entire collaboration came at the end of the Bach fugue, when Jackson played a short, blueslike cadenza in which, with stern mock pomposity and great dynamics (two exploding introductory notes, followed by a soft, stiff-legged run), he seemed to loose thunder and fire before suddenly remembering who and where he was and banging the lid shut again.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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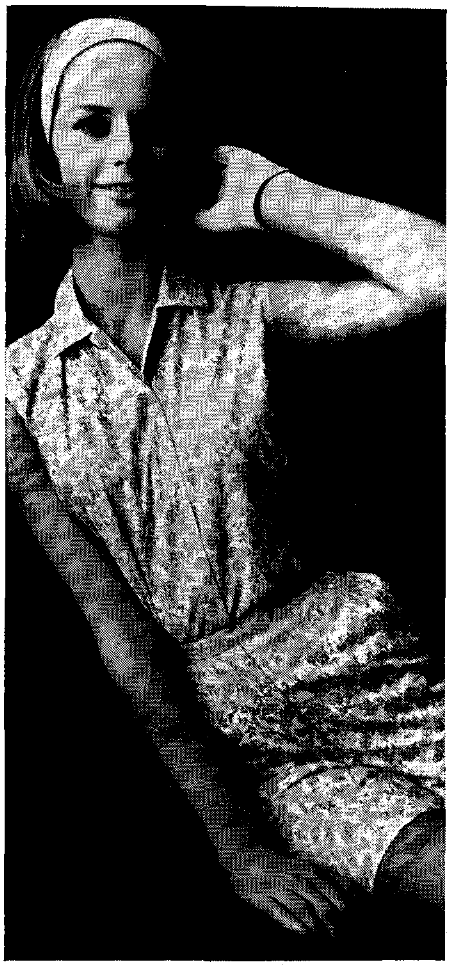
Before Christhas the Farmside sold cards. Since this is not our main line of work we did not push them except for advertising them in the paper. In September we gave 15 and 10% in October off on the cards. They were good cards. While watrhing television we saw many of the same cards as we sold sent by movey stars. We also saw imprinted cards sent by people in Huntley of the same quality as the ones we sold. Had they come to us we could have saved them up to 15% and spent the money in Huntley.

We had a much longer editorial written this week but due to the fact that we misjudged our metal and have run short, we must stop.—*Huntley (Ill.) Farmside.*

Life is one heartbreak after another for us.



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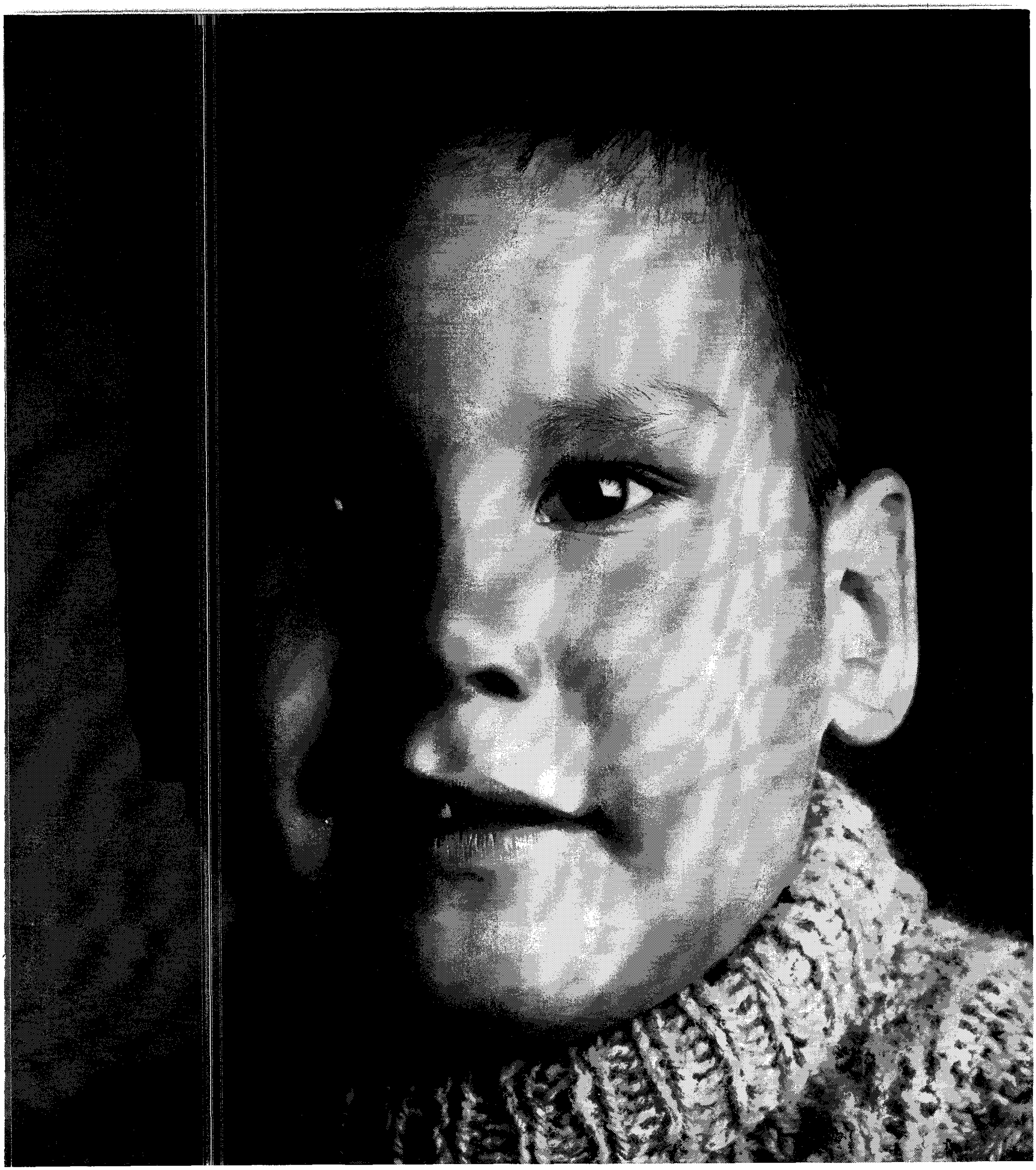

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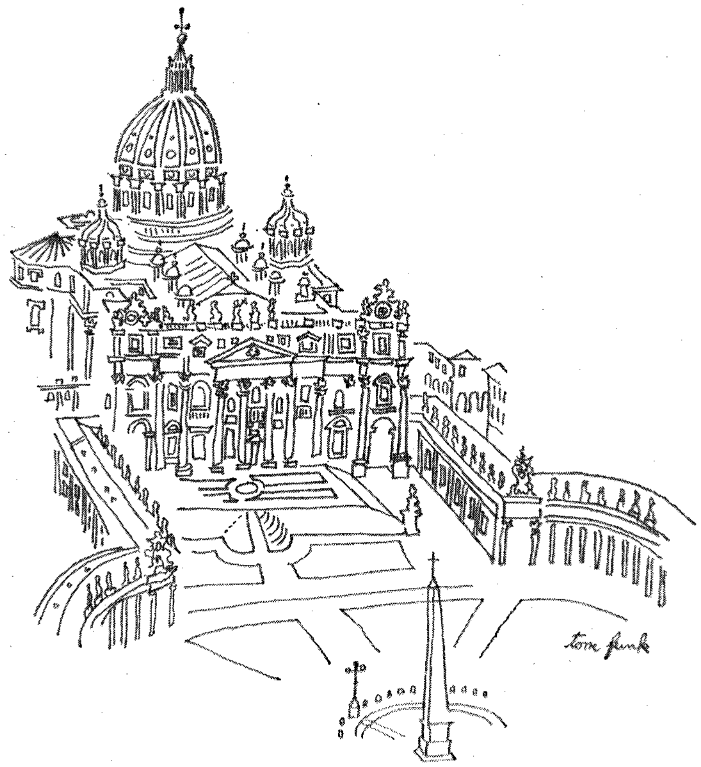
LETTER FROM VATICAN CITY



ONE would have to go back to an early Church Council—that of Trent, say, when an enraged bishop pulled another's beard—to find a precedent for the scene of consternation, outrage, and disarray that took place here on November 19th, the next-to-last business day of the third session of Vatican Council II. This occasion was a rude awakening for the majority of the Council Fathers, and especially for the large contingent of American bishops. Though they should have been prepared by the steady succession of maneuvers by the small, powerful minority of Curial and Italian prelates (according to reliable estimates, it consisted of no more than fifty in a Council of some twenty-five hundred), the Americans were innocently confident that all was well. Weary after ten weeks of effort, they were eagerly awaiting the promised vote on the all-important declaration on religious liberty when the bomb fell. There would not, they were suddenly told, be a vote.

The reaction of the Americans was immediate, violent, spontaneous, and, for once, instinctively well organized. A kind of controlled pandemonium broke out on the floor. As Henri Fesquet put it in *Le Monde*, "No one had ever seen such a spectacle in St. Peter's." He also reported that from one American prelate's lips the deeply felt words "The bastards!" burst forth. Vatican officials were astonished and shaken by the intensity of the reaction. As one result of the outburst, the Curial minority's plans to hold up the next (and last) day's voting on the declaration on non-Christians—a revision of a document that had originally concerned itself with the Jews alone—misfired. Knowing that this declaration was as important to the Americans as the one on religious liberty, the bureaucrats did not dare hold it up, too.

Last spring, Cardinal Cushing, of Boston, stated that if the Council did not make a pronouncement on religious freedom, the ecumenical movement would collapse. Similarly, Cardinal Spellman had given every support on this question to the theologian John Courtney Murray, who has been one of the major architects of the religious-liberty declaration. In April, Pope Paul VI himself, in an address to representatives of the United Nations, declared, "There is every reason to expect the promulgation of a text on this matter, which will have great consequences." However, it was also known that there was opposition to such a declaration among certain Spanish as well as Italian prelates. These prelates, meeting as a group early in the last week of the session, under the leadership of Cardinal Bueno y Monreal, of Seville, drew up a petition opposing it and asking for postponement of the vote. Though the petition was said to bear more than a hundred signatures, including those of prelates from other Latin countries, support was not unanimous; some of the younger Spanish bishops were seen leaving the meeting with tears in their eyes. Finally, on Tuesday, November 17th, after the Fathers had become puzzled and disturbed over the long delay, the text on religious freedom was distributed to the Council. When Secretary General Pericle Felici said that a vote would take place on Thursday, the Fathers felt reassured, but the next day he reversed himself and announced that "since many Fathers have expressed objections and requested further time to study the document," the Council vote on Thursday would decide not whether the declaration on religious freedom should be accepted but whether the whole matter should be postponed until the 1965 session. This maneuver caused little concern, however, because the Americans were confident that the vast majority would easily prevent postponement and proceed to a vote. Cardinal Spellman was so certain of the document's successful passage that he did not attend the crucial session but flew back to New York, bearing the papal tiara that Pope Paul had donated to the poor. As Cardinal Ritter, of St. Louis, one of the leading supporters of the declaration, later said, "If anyone was at fault, we were, for being too trustful. . . . We had been too sure of a vote—which we would have won by a big margin."

At about ten minutes past eleven on that memorable morning, as the Council prepared for the long-awaited balloting, Archbishop Dino Staffa, secretary of the Curia's Congregation of Seminaries and Universities, was seen at Secretary General Felici's side. At Felici's direction, Staffa then approached the table of the Presidents, set up on a dais in front of the confession of St. Peter's. This was an unusual place for Staffa to be, since he was neither one of the twelve Presidents, who supervise the conduct of the Council and settle procedural questions, nor one of the four Moderators, who direct the debates and preside, in turn, each day. (The lines of authority between these two bodies have never been made precisely clear, perhaps purposely, by the Curia officials who organized the Council.) In any event, Staffa went to the center of the table, where Cardinal Tisserant, dean of the College of Cardinals and chairman of the Presidents, was sitting. Cardinal Meyer, of Chicago, one of the Presidents and a determined supporter of the religious-freedom declaration, was at the left end of the table. He was unable to hear what Tisserant and others at the center were saying, but he was confident that a vote would follow, since he and the other Presidents had agreed on that procedure. To his utter amazement, Cardinal Tisserant at this point calmly announced, "It seems proper to the Presidency that we should not proceed to a vote as scheduled. This declaration will be examined at the next session. The Fathers are invited to submit their textual suggestions by January 31st."

There was a stunned silence throughout the hall, followed by a light scattering of applause from the Spanish and Italian seats. Cardinal Meyer, a usually calm and dignified figure, turned in consternation to the cardinal sitting next to him to inquire if this matter had been discussed with the other Presidents. Apparently, Cardinal Tisserant had hastily canvassed the conservative Presidents near him, including Ruffini and Tappouni, but not the three progressive Presidents—Alfrink, Frings, and Meyer—at the table. Cardinal Meyer now hurried to the front and center of the table and began a heated exchange with Cardinal Tisserant. The latter imperturbably stated that he had made this decision, and that there could be no appeal from it. The four Moderators, who sit at a table below and in front of the Presidency, looked around to see what was going on. The move was obviously a surprise to them, too. It meant, in effect, that the Council could not nail down the wording of the religious-liberty declaration at this session. The text's fate between now and the next session is thus uncertain; the opposition could substitute a watered-down text, as it did in 1963 with the declaration on the Jews. When Pope Paul, who was watching the proceedings on television in his study, saw Cardinal Meyer descend from the dais and heard the hubbub on the floor, he telephoned Archbishop Felici to come to his apartment at once. With the disappearance of this forceful restraining figure at such a moment, all the pent-up emotions of ten weeks erupted. Prelates began milling around here and there on the Council floor. A group of bishops and *periti*, or theologians, near the tribune to the left of the main altar gathered around Cardinal Meyer, who was heard to say of Cardinal Tisserant, "That man is hopeless!" A moment later, Bishop Francis Reh, the recently appointed rector of the North American College, in Rome, said, "Let's not stand here talking—who's got some paper?" The Americans responded instantly. With the help of several prelates and *periti*, the following plea to Pope Paul was written out by hand, in Latin:

> Your Holiness:
>
> With reverence but urgently, very urgently, most urgently [*instanter, instantius, instantissime*], we request that a vote on the declaration of religious liberty be taken before the end of this session of the Council, lest the confidence of the

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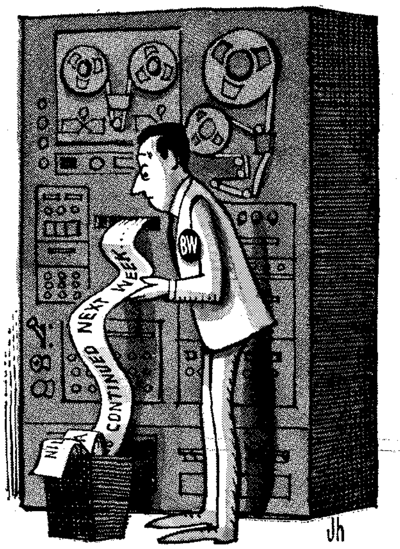

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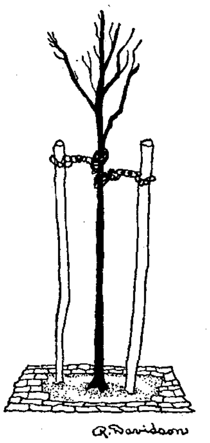
world, both Christian and non-Christian, be lost.

Additional copies, also handwritten, were circulated, and signatures collected, by bishops who moved about the banked tiers of seats. When the canvassing was completed, over a thousand Council Fathers had put their names to the petition. While the copies were still being quietly handed around, Bishop Emile Josef De Smedt, of Bruges, rose to give the *relatio*, or speech, that was to have introduced the vote on the declaration on religious freedom. The Fathers listened to him with almost compulsive attention, applauding vigorously from time to time, and when he concluded by asserting that "religious liberty is demanded by human dignity itself," rhythmic applause in the European manner arose from the seats—the longest and most sustained applause accorded any speech at the Council. Meanwhile, three North American cardinals had decided to go to the Pope and present the Fathers' petition to him in person. Cardinals Meyer and Ritter were joined by Cardinal Léger, of Montreal, an old Vatican hand who knew the layout of the various corridors and had had experience in dealing with the many functionaries who inhabit them. (Upstairs, on their way through the halls, the three prelates passed Archbishop Felici on his way back to the Council aula.) Attendants protested that it would be impossible for them to see the Pope, but they insisted, and were finally admitted to his presence. He received them kindly, tried to palliate their anger, and told them he had been informed—apparently by Felici—that, according to a ruling by Cardinal Francesco Roberti, the Council's legal expert, Cardinal Tisserant's decision was valid. The Pope said that since it was his policy not to interfere in the Council's actions, he could not, under the circumstances, force a vote, as they requested. He ended by giving them a guarantee—repeated publicly in his closing address two days later—that the declaration on religious freedom would be the first order of business in the fourth and final session in 1965.

That evening, a "little conclave" of cardinals took place in the Papal Palace. It was the Pope's final reception of all the cardinals prior to their departure from Rome. This meeting—"a rather awkward one," according to one participant—featured Cardinal Roberti's progress report on plans to reform the Curia, and this served to reassure the disturbed prelates to a certain extent. Cardinals Frings and Suenens begged the Pope to reverse Cardinal Tisserant's ruling in response to the pleas of the many Fathers who had signed the petition, but to no avail. Cardinal Bea, head of the Secretariat for Christian Unity, which had prepared the declaration scheduled to be voted on the following morning, was worried lest his declaration suffer the same fate as the one on religious liberty, and when he expressed his concern, he was backed up by several of the cardinals, including the Americans, who intimated that if this second blow should fall, they would have no recourse but to absent themselves from the closing ceremony. (Doubtless they had in mind the action of those Fathers at Vatican Council I, in 1870, who stayed away from the final public session, which proclaimed the doctrine of papal infallibility.)

The next morning, at the opening of the final business day of the session, observers were fascinated by the difference in the officials' behavior. When an emissary of the Curial minority approached Secretary General Felici with a petition requesting a postponement, "for further study," of the vote on Cardinal Bea's declaration on non-Christian religions, Felici was seen to draw back as if from something unclean. He quickly motioned the unlucky messenger toward Cardinal Tisserant, who dropped the petition on the Presidents' table as if it were a hot potato, and that was that. The Council then proceeded to vote on the latest wording of the text of this declaration, which had gone through many hazardous revisions since it was drawn up in 1962 by the Secretariat for Christian Unity. In order to nullify the allegation made by Arab countries that the document was intended to be political and not religious, Cardinal Bea's new draft, exonerating the Jewish people from the ancient charge of deicide, had been incorporated into a larger text, dealing with other non-Christian religions. The declaration now received the following vote from the Fathers: 1,651 *placet*, or yes; 242 *placet iuxta modum*, or yes with suggested emendations; and 99 *non placet*, or no. This vote represented a vindication of the years of work done by Cardinal Bea and his associates. As the elderly and kindly prelate described the long and



tortuous history of the text, whose wording is finally settled and which is now ready for final voting and promulgation in 1965, he seemed to personify all that is best in the Council—an image of a dedicated prelate who has learned through rebuffs and reverses how to find his way successfully through the mazes of determined and ingenious opposition. At the end, he was warmly applauded.

At the Council's closing public session, on Saturday, November 21st, a tired and unsmiling Pontiff presided over the final votes on, and the final promulgation of, three documents—"De Ecclesia," the constitution on the nature and function of the Church; "De Œcumenismo," the decree on ecumenism; and "De Ecclesiis Orientalibus," the decree on the Eastern Rite Churches. The first two of these documents, together with the constitution on the sacred liturgy, proclaimed in 1963, represent the essence of the *aggiornamento* for which this Council was summoned, and must be regarded as the Council's real and substantial achievements so far. They are revolutionary documents that bear the seeds of potentially great consequences. Opinion about the decree on the Eastern Rite Churches is mixed; like the decree on the communications media, promulgated in 1963, it is an undistinguished, though partly worthy, document that was not sufficiently well prepared or fully debated. On the other hand, the promulgation of "De Ecclesia," affirming the doctrine of collegiality, or the collective responsibility of all the bishops in union with the pope, is a historic event that completes the unfinished business of Vatican Council I, in that it rounds out the definition of papal primacy promulgated in 1870. Pope Paul did not overstate the matter when he said in his opening address, "The subject will certainly be what distinguishes this solemn and historic synod in the memory of future ages." The crucial question now is: How will this newly promulgated doctrine be implemented? Almost any move to increase the power of the bishops can be made only at the expense of the Curia. For example, a "senate" of bishops, to sit in Rome regularly or permanently after the Council's adjournment, has been mentioned, but there is speculation whether this anti-Curial gesture, which the Pope alone can inaugurate, will be made. The fourth session of the Council, presumably to be held next fall, marks the last occasion, to the best of anyone's knowledge, on which all the bishops

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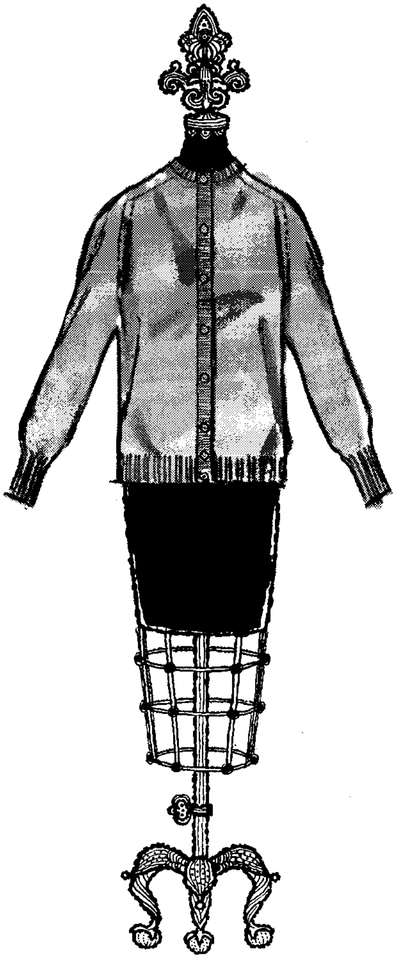

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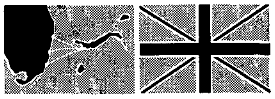

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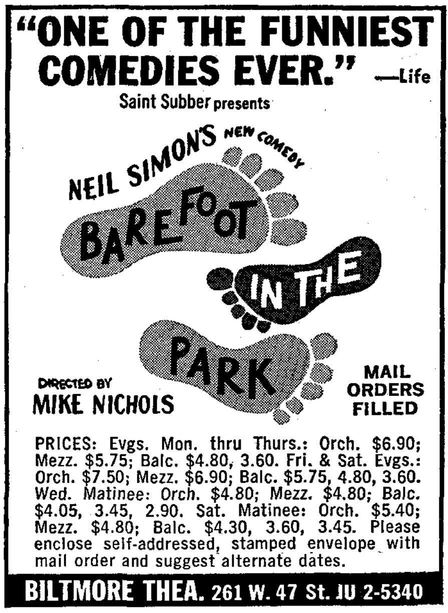
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are definitely scheduled to be gathered in a collegial body in Rome. Because it represents the Fathers' last chance as a corporate body to find some means of assuring that the mind of the majority will continue to prevail after they disband, the final session will have fateful consequences.

IF the end of this session of the Council was equivocal, its start, curiously, was somewhat Mephistophelean. When the debates began, on September 15th, attention was concentrated on the eschatological nature of the Church; that is, on its relation to the so-called four last things of human existence—Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell. Cardinal Ruffini, the cantankerous Archbishop of Palermo, who has probably spoken more often since the Council began than any other prelate, introduced the Mephistophelean note by claiming that the Fathers were giving almost no attention to the fact that people go to Hell, and he was immediately echoed by several Italian bishops, who also asked that the Devil be given his due. Whether or not Satanic influences were prevailing, it was obvious within the first two days that the rhythm of the session had been set and that the pace would be fast. The Fathers were given a list of the topics that would be taken up, and were handed the order of debate. Then, at this early point, Secretary General Felici announced that anyone who wanted to speak on either the declaration on religious liberty or the declaration on the Jews must submit his speech by the following day. This unusual ruling created an uncomfortable feeling among the bishops and *periti*, who feared that the Curial minority, shifting its tactics, had decided to rush the proceedings in order to end the Council with this session, leaving the Curia unreformed and in a position to settle accounts with outspoken bishops by bureaucratic methods after the gathering had dispersed. This impression was heightened when Cardinal Browne, the ultraconservative Irish Dominican who serves on the Curia, and Bishop Luigi Carli, known locally as Cardinal Ottaviani's *pappagallo*, or parrot, both rose to attack the doctrine of collegiality. The effect of their speeches was counteracted, however, by the unexpected and dramatic appearance of Archbishop Pietro Parente, Assessor of the Holy Office, and heretofore one of the most conservative of bishops, who on September 21st startled the Council Fathers by rising to defend collegiality. Having assured

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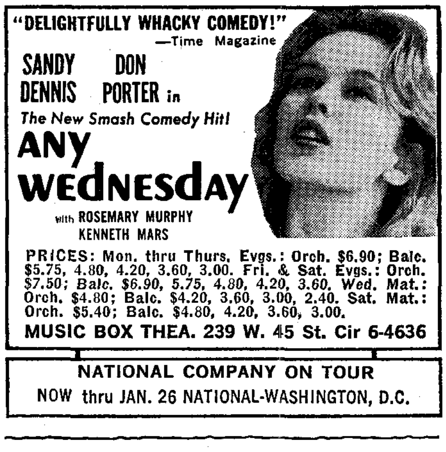
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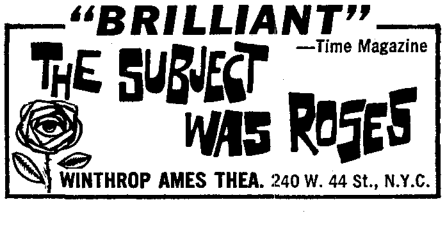
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his audience that he was speaking not as an official of the Holy Office but simply as a bishop and a member of the Council, Archbishop Parente advised the prelates to accept the idea. To be sure, this about-face by a man considered a leader of the opposition during the first two sessions was not totally unexpected. It had been rumored that at crucial meetings of the Theological Commission last spring the Assessor of the Holy Office had swung around to his present position. (It had also been said that when he broke with the Ottaviani-Browne-Carli coalition, the accusation "*Traditore!*" was hurled at him by at least one member of the commission.) It seems that Archbishop Parente, who had taught the doctrine of collegiality more than thirty years ago, when he was Professor of Dogmatic Theology at the seminary of Propaganda Fidei, in Rome, had let himself be persuaded to oppose the idea at the start of preparations for the Council, five years ago, by the zealots for papal supremacy—notably the late Cardinal Tardini, Cardinal Ottaviani, Cardinal Browne, and Archbishop Dino Staffa. This clique argued that collegiality, while theologically possible as a theory, should not be proclaimed a doctrine at present, because it would hasten the dangerous tendency toward decentralization being advocated by many bishops and theologians; despite Pope John XXIII's manifest desire that the bishops' association with the papal power in the governing of the Church be discussed and clarified, if not defined, the group was determined to oppose it. When one of Archbishop Parente's former students, now a bishop, taxed him with inconsistency, the Archbishop reportedly acknowledged the charge, which prompted the bishop to congratulate him on his "conversion to honesty." Thus, Parente now delivered his *relatio* to the Council Fathers in an atmosphere of some drama. He told them that the very word "*collegium*," when applied to the bishops, evoked no little terror ("*non parvum terriculum*") in some prelates and theologians, because they erroneously associated the idea of collegiality with an attempt to strip the Roman pontiff of his jurisdictional autonomy. Parente did not, however, have the last word. Despite the fact that the Theological Commission had overwhelmingly (19 to 4) approved the original text of this doctrine last spring, in keeping with the wishes of both Pope John and Pope Paul, the Coördinating Commission—the Council's over-all steering committee, headed by Cardinal Cico-

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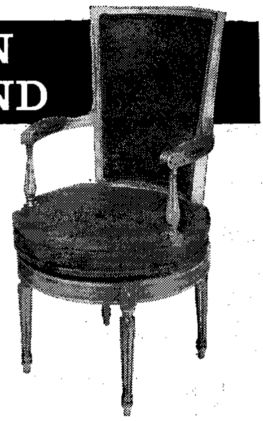

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gnani, the Secretary of State—now permitted a final statement of arguments against collegiality. The opposition spokesman, Bishop Franic, of Yugoslavia, delivered a seven-page rebuttal full of dire warnings. The contrast between Archbishop Parente's argument and Bishop Franic's was decisive. The impassioned Yugoslav bishop gave final voice to the juridical notions that have hamstrung Latin theology for the last three hundred years. By applying axioms and concepts from Roman law, Aristotelian logic, and Scholastic metaphysics to the mysteries of religion, Bishop Franic reduced the doctrines of a supernatural faith to a series of logical propositions. To all this, Archbishop Parente bade a sharp and final *vale, valete*. "If there is difficulty in explaining the relation between the sacred powers of the pope and those exercised by the bishops," he said, "this is not to be wondered at [*mirum non est*], since we are dealing not with a human society but with the Church of Christ"—that is, a mystery. With that statement, centuries of textbook theology went down the conciliar drain, and the partial success of Vatican Council II as a renewal of the Church in accordance with the Johannine wish for *aggiornamento* was assured. What is ironic about this development is the fact that, despite the apparent papolatry so often expressed in the *caveamus*, or let-us-beware, theologizing of Cardinal Browne, Archbishop Staffa, and Bishop Carli, it was not Pope Paul's earlier discourse favoring collegiality but the *relatio* of Archbishop Parente that ultimately broke the stranglehold of the minority. The pent-up fears and hesitations of many Anglo-Celtic and American prelates were now finally dissipated, and when the voting began, it was not hard to predict the outcome.

As discussion of the declaration on religious liberty came to the fore, it began to be clear that the diehard faction had every intention of preventing the declaration from coming to a vote. During the debate on freedom of conscience, Cardinal Ruffini challenged the theological basis of the declaration, stating unequivocally that since the Catholic Church represented the one true religion, Catholics alone were entitled to complete freedom. He was supported by Cardinal Quiroga y Palacios, Archbishop of Santiago de Compostela, Spain, but immediately a spate of speeches by Cardinals Léger, Cushing, Ritter, Meyer, and Silva Henríquez, of Chile, made the point that freedom of conscience was a concomitant of human dignity in the concept of Pope John's encyclical "Pacem in Terris" and had to be respected absolutely by Church and State alike. This lineup, however, seemed to offer some basis for Curial propaganda that the issue was an "American" political matter, rather than a theological problem, and thus should not be settled by a Council. The debate was the occasion of Cardinal Cushing's first speech at the Council, and he was listened to with considerable interest as he filled the aula with flawless Latin periods in his high-pitched Boston twang. Cardinal Ottaviani likewise made his first intervention of the session, registering objections to the declaration. When he concluded with an appeal to the example of martyrs and confessors of the early Church, a Canadian bishop remarked that the Cardinal seemed to imply his approval of those Roman emperors who created martyrs by throwing Christians to the lions.

The audacity of the next Curial move was breathtaking. It gave rise to a phrase, "*magno cum dolore*" ("with great sorrow"), with which historians of the Council may well characterize this third session. During the evening of Friday, October 9th, and the next morning, indignant phone calls from Cardinal Bea's Secretariat for Christian Unity informed the bishops and *periti* of various nations that a move was afoot to defy the authority of the bishops and tamper with the rules of the Council. Word went out that Cardinal Bea had received two letters from Secretary General Felici, issued under the authority of Cardinal Cicognani, head of the Coördinating Commission, and purporting to reflect Pope Paul's mind. One letter ordered the formation of a mixed committee, dominated by Cardinal Browne and other obstructionists, to reconsider the declaration on religious freedom; the other suggested that the declaration on the Jews be handed over to the Theological Commission for emendation. Under the Council rules, only the four Moderators or the Pope can reassign conciliar documents, and since the Moderators had taken no action, it was imperative to find out the precise degree, if any, to which Pope Paul was involved in these decisions. Bea confronted Felici and demanded to know whether the letters had actually come from the Pope. When Felici said, "No, but this is what he means," Bea replied, "Well, I cannot accept that as final." The progressive leaders now understood the importance of mounting an immediate counter-offensive. On the evening of Sunday, October 11th, a group consisting of Cardinals Alfrink, Döpfner, König, Léger, Lefebvre, Liénart, Landázuri Ricketts, Meyer, Quintero, Richaud, Ritter, Rugambwa, and Silva Henríquez met in the residence of Cardinal Frings and drew up a letter to the Pope. The letter was interesting for its firmness of tone and for the fact that it did not hesitate to deplore an "appearance of a violation of the rules of the Council." Starting with the now famous phrase "*Magno cum dolore*," it read:

> With great sorrow we have learned that the declaration on religious liberty, although in accord with the desire of the great majority of the Fathers, is to be entrusted to a certain mixed committee... three of whom appear to be opposed to the orientation of the Council on this matter.
>
> This news is for us a source of extreme anxiety and much disquiet. Countless men throughout the world know that this declaration has already been prepared, and they also know the sense in which it has been drafted. In such an important matter, any appearance of a violation of the rules of the Council and of its freedom would be extremely prejudicial to the whole Church in the light of world opinion.
>
> Impelled by this anxiety, we ask Your Holiness with great insistence that the declaration be returned to the normal procedure of the Council and dealt with according to the existing rules, so that there may not result from it great evils for the whole People of God. However, if Your Holiness feels that a mixed committee is necessary, in our humble opinion it should be formed from the conciliar commissions, as provided in Article 58, Paragraph 2, of the rules.

The letter was taken to the Pope by Cardinal Frings, apparently that Sunday evening. The Pope was said to have been much disturbed by the affair, but it was not made clear whether the letter or the Secretary General's maneuver caused his disturbance. While it is true that Felici's plan to announce the composition of the mixed committee at the Council the next morning was thwarted by this quick action on the cardinals' part, it is also true that the final suggestion in their letter was adopted, by way of a compromise. The Pope assured Cardinal Frings that both the declaration on the Jews and the declaration on religious liberty would remain under the jurisdiction of Cardinal Bea's secretariat—the important thing—but that the declaration on religious liberty

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would be "examined" by a committee made up in accordance with the Council's rules.

THIS session of the Council, incredibly, marked the first time that official attention has been given by the Church to the corporate function of the laity. Canon law defines a layman as "one who is not a cleric," but the general clerical attitude toward the laity was once succinctly summed up by an old Italian prelate as "*Prega, paga, e zitta*" ("Pray, pay, and shut up"). The schema "On the Apostolate of the Laity" had been introduced by the conservative Cardinal Cento, who apparently assumed that it would be given benevolent treatment and accepted after brief comment, but to his amazement the document was attacked by Cardinal Ritter, who said, "It suffers from the disease of clericalism. It is prolix, diffuse in style, and abstract in doctrine. It is patronizing in tone when discussing the relationship between the laity and the hierarchy." Cento's amazement turned to shock as bishop after bishop reiterated and sharpened these castigations; as one critic pointed out, although the subject of the schema was the laity, no laymen had been consulted while there was still time to make use of their suggestions. The debate demonstrated a determination on the part of the bishops to have the laity exercise its real competence in the life and work of the Church, Archbishop Heenan, of Westminster, even calling for the creation of a Secretariat for the Lay Apostolate in Rome—and adding, "It would be a disaster if such an organization were modelled on any of the departments already existing in the Roman Curia." He suggested that the laity be asked how it should be set up and run, saying, "Many of the Catholic laity know so much more than we do about public affairs, journalism, radio, law, education, medicine, and the social services." Bishop Stephen Leven, auxiliary of San Antonio, Texas, in asking for revision of the text, warned that mere consultation of his doctor and his housekeeper by a bishop or pastor did not constitute "sounding out lay opinion," and Archbishop Eugene D'Souza, of Bhopal, India, said he could not see why the laity should not be employed in the offices of the Curia or in the diplomatic service of the Holy See. In the end, the text of this schema went back to committee for thorough revision.

SHORE
POINTS
NEXT EXIT

As an earnest of the Church's concern for the poor and for the relief of worldwide poverty, numerous bishops suggested that a special effort be made to focus international attention on the plight of the millions of people still in danger of starvation. James Norris, an American lay auditor at the Council, who has been dealing with relief and population problems in all parts of the world for some twenty years, proposed that a recognized expert address the bishops, and suggested as an ideal candidate the well-known author and correspondent of the *Economist* Barbara Ward, who is known in private life as Lady Jackson. After several weeks of intensive campaigning, which involved the buttonholing of cardinals, bishops, and Vatican officials, Norris seemed well on the way to success, but then he was suddenly informed by Archbishop Felici's office that despite the Council's welcome to women auditors (fifteen of them, including Sister Mary Luke, of Kentucky, head of the Conference of Major Superiors of Women Religious in the United States, and Mlle. Marie-Louise Monnet, sister of Jean Monnet, the father of the Common Market, attended the session in this capacity), it was felt that it would be "premature" to have a woman address the assembly; obviously, the thought was still too much for the masculine-oriented, Italian-dominated bureaucracy of the Council. Instead, Norris was told to take on the job himself. Also, he was asked to deliver his report in Latin. He did so, on only six hours' notice.

On October 20th, the Council came to terms with the long-awaited Schema Thirteen—"On the Church in the Modern World." Like many conciliar documents, this one, too, had had a checkered history. Initiated by Cardinal Suenens and supported by the then Cardinal Montini at the first session of the Council, the text travelled from Rome to Louvain, Lausanne, and Livorno as bishops struggled to find phrases that would convey the Biblical flavor of the Council's theological renewal without betraying its dedication to modernity. The final drafting of the four chapters of this schema was entrusted to a committee headed by Bishop Guano, of Livorno, of which Father Bernard Häring, the Redemptorist moral theologian, was the secretary. There had been concern lest the Council's emphasis on doctrine obscure the Church's growing involvement in such present-day problems as family life and birth control, nuclear warfare, disarmament, and the inequitable distribution of the world's riches. However, the document as it was finally reported out was hailed by Cardinal Liénart as "providing the essentials for answering the questions that the world puts to the Church." Cardinal Spellman, making his first appearance at the session after an illness, spoke in support of the schema, admitting that "in difficult matters the Church does not have definite solutions to all human problems . . . and, while demanding filial obedience to ecclesiastical authority, recognizes that this must be consonant with liberty, which is essential for dialogue." He was immediately followed by the redoubtable Cardinal Ruffini, who, referring to the schema's acceptance of the notion of evolution and of a more relevant attitude toward moral matters, amused the Fathers by claiming that "some statements in this document are wrong, or else I do not understand them." A battery of progressive cardinals then massed their support for the document, despite some reservations on particular issues. Among them were Cardinals Lercaro, Döpfner, Meyer, Silva Henríquez, Landázuri Ricketts, Suenens, and Bea. Unexpected opposition came from Archbishop Heenan, who delivered a spirited attack on certain members of the committee that had prepared the text. He said that not enough preliminary work had been done, and that what had been done was done, for the most part, by the wrong people. "*Timeo peritos adnexa ferentes*" ("I fear theologians bearing explanations of what the bishops meant"), he said, paraphrasing Vergil. This remark was naturally interpreted as a reference to Father Häring, who was responsible for the wording of the document. The section on matrimony came in for Heenan's special wrath, and, indeed, as the debate on the schema progressed, attention focussed on Chapter 4, the one dealing with marriage and birth control. On October 28th, Cardinal Agagianian, who was presiding as Moderator, suggested that certain delicate points should not be publicly discussed on the floor, and urged the bishops to make their observations in writing—a proposal that seemed to point to a throttling of conciliar freedom of expression on a vital point. Before any action could be taken on it, however, Cardinals Suenens and Léger and Patriarch Maximos IV, on the next day, and Cardinal Alfrink, on the day following, dispelled the worry on this score with the most forthright speeches yet heard on the Council

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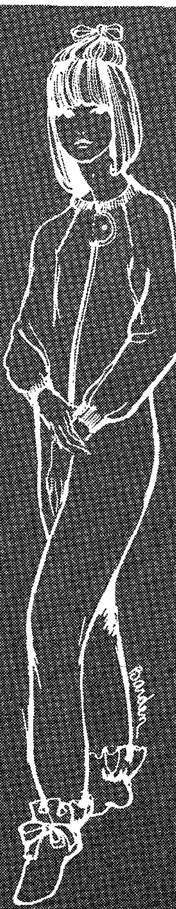
floor. They urged the Council Fathers to be courageous in undertaking an objective study of the theology of marriage, and to remember that Scripture stresses conjugal love by stating that husband and wife are to become two in one flesh. They pointed out that older theologians seemed to be virtually unaware of this in their anxiety to interpret the injunction "Increase and multiply" as the primary end of marriage. Patriarch Maximos was applauded when he said, "There is the possibility of a break between the official doctrine of the Church and the contrary practice of an immense majority of Christian couples. The authority of the Church is called into question on a vast scale. We must have the courage to approach a solution to this problem without prejudice, revising the official position of the Church on the basis of modern theological, medical, psychological, and sociological science." He threw some doubt on present-day teaching by asking whether it might not derive in part from a "bachelor psychosis" on the part of clerics "unfamiliar with marriage." Later, Cardinal Suenens warned that the Church should not get itself involved in a repetition of the Galileo case by failing to face the facts. "One Galileo is enough," the Cardinal said.

On November 6th, Pope Paul made an unprecedented appearance at a working session of the Council. Arriving on foot, without ceremony, he took a place between Cardinals Tisserant and Tappouni at the Presidents' table. Unfortunately, his intention of working in union with the bishops on the schema under consideration—"On the Missions"—went awry. Pope Paul had accepted the word of Cardinal Agagianian, head of the Congregation of Propaganda, which is in charge of missions, that the document was a splendid one, and the Pontiff urged the Fathers to accept this "excellent" text. In the next two days, however, the missionary bishops convincingly demonstrated that the text was unacceptable, and it was rejected and sent back to committee for complete revision. All in all, the Pope's path at this session of the Council was not an easy one. On the final working day, Secretary General Felici announced that Pope Paul had suggested nineteen verbal corrections in the text of "De Œcumenismo," the decree on ecumenism. Since these had already been incorporated into various parts of the printed text that had been distributed to the Council only an hour or so before, the Fathers were, in

the village store



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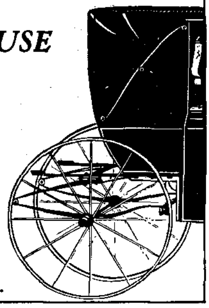

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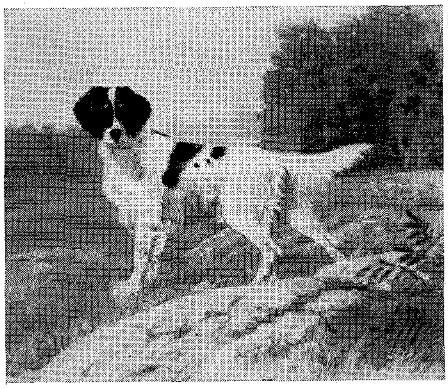

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effect, being asked to accept and immediately vote upon them sight unseen. By way of reassurance, Felici informed them that Cardinal Bea, as head of the secretariat entrusted with the document, had agreed to the changes. This statement was true, but it failed to reveal the pressing circumstances under which Cardinal Bea had been forced to do this. On the previous evening, only ninety minutes before the text had to go to the printer, Bea and his associates received the nineteen emendations from the Pope and were obliged to decide immediately whether to incorporate them or run the risk of having the schema withdrawn altogether. It is not clear why the Pope waited until this inauspicious moment to request these changes, particularly since he had informed the trio of North American cardinals that very morning, during their unusual visit to appeal against Cardinal Tisserant's ruling, that it was his policy not to interfere in conciliar actions. However, after Felici's reassurance, 2,054 Council Fathers voted *placet* and 64 *non placet;* 11 votes were invalid. Though many critics have interpreted Pope Paul's decision to make last-minute changes in "De Œcumenismo" as a gesture intended to downgrade the principle of collegiality and reassert the principle of sole and absolute papal power, the facts do not wholly bear this out. The Pope's support of collegiality was wholehearted and undoubtedly helpful in achieving passage of the constitution proclaiming it formally for the first time in Church history. One explanation of the apparent contradiction between this support and the Pope's other actions is that, being conscious of his position as the shepherd and father of all, he is trying to conciliate everyone. The trouble with this difficult role is that he thus runs the risk of pleasing no one. There is a disquieting theory being discussed here about the Pope's possible role in the events of the memorable morning of November 19th. The theory is that Vatican officials, worried that a Council statement on religious freedom on the eve of the Italian elections of November 22nd and 23rd might be interpreted by the Italian people as a green light to vote Communist, persuaded Pope Paul that he would be responsible for a Communist victory if he did not allow the Council vote to be held up. (As things turned out, there was a slight increase in the total Communist vote over the previous year—about one per cent—even without the Council statement.) What shocks non-

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Le Manoir

Italian observers here is that, if this were truly the motive behind the vote postponement, it would seem to put in doubt the very raison d'être of this Ecumenical Council. The vast majority of the Fathers have come here to determine the Church's mind and teaching on matters of universal religious concern, not to dabble in local political issues. Furthermore, there will be Italian elections again next year, when the Fathers have been promised a chance to vote finally on the religious-freedom declaration, and the same line of reasoning can be used again to justify repressive action.

The peculiar relations between the Roman Catholic Church and the Communist Party in Italy, which now has the biggest Communist vote of any country in the West, are exemplified by a new film, "Il Vangelo Secondo Matteo" ("The Gospel According to Matthew"), which was awarded one of the top prizes at the Venice Film Festival and was released here while the Council was in session. The film, though perhaps overlong, is a remarkable job, made with non-professional actors from southern Italy, except for a Spanish student, Enrique Irazoqui, who plays the role of Christ. The director, Pier Paolo Pasolini, is a Marxist, yet his film is so respectful of historic tradition that he is reported to have been sharply questioned at a recent Party meeting here. He defended himself by explaining that he was interested in the historical figure of Christ and the Mediterranean setting of the drama, as well as in the fact that it was Christ who gave hope and new status to the proletariat—"the least of My brethren." When Pasolini was quoted as saying, "We have to respect religion as an important phenomenon of our time," his listeners were reminded of the fact that Palmiro Togliatti, the late leader of Italy's Communist Party, for whom Pope Paul asked Romans to pray during his illness, left a famous will advising the Party to disavow anti-religious propaganda. "We have to keep in mind that religion can be most progressive," Pasolini stated. "It is not true that religion is always reactionary." In contrast with this hopeful incident, American and other non-Italian bishops are disturbed by the apparent blindness of Italian prelates to the fact that the steady growth of the Communist vote in this traditionally Catholic country might have some connection with the autocratic behavior and outmoded attitude of many of Italy's bishops and clergy. Ever since his election, Pope

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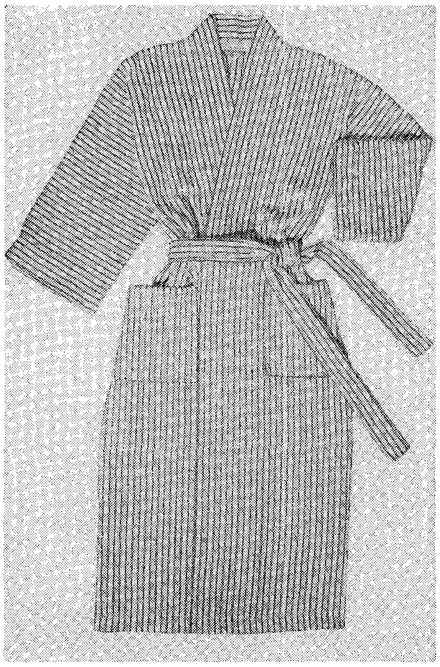

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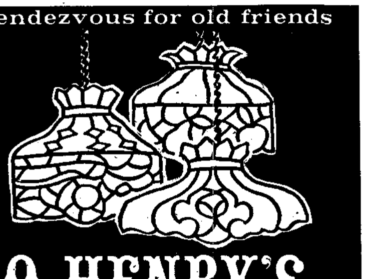

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Paul has shown his awareness of this problem by reiterating again and again a primary theme—the urgent need to renew and revivify Catholicism in Italy. Considering the appearance of a film like "Il Vangelo Secondo Matteo" at this time, and its source, there is reason to believe that the Italian people are not totally deaf to this papal message.

POPE PAUL's visit to India in the first days of December to attend the Eucharistic Congress at the invitation of Cardinal Gracias was a decided personal success. There he showed himself at his best, for he appeared in an ecumenical role of his own devising, perfectly suited to his great spiritual gifts. The prayer he composed and read to the crowds, quoting from the Upanishads, was another of the many firsts that have already occurred in his short reign; there has never been anything quite like it in papal history. The Indian pilgrimage reminded some observers here of a remark that Cardinal Suenens is said to have made at the "little conclave" on the evening of the memorable uproar over the scuttling of the declaration on religious freedom. On that occasion, there had been talk among the cardinals of a possible visit to the United States by the Pope in 1965. Cardinal Suenens is said to have observed, "Unlike the pilgrimages to Palestine and India, this one cannot conceivably be regarded as a missionary journey, since the United States is far beyond that stage." Then, looking around at Cardinals Ruffini, Siri, Ottaviani, and their many conservative colleagues in the Curia, he added, "Come to think of it, aren't we sitting right now in the center of the most important mission field left in the Church?"

—XAVIER RYNNE

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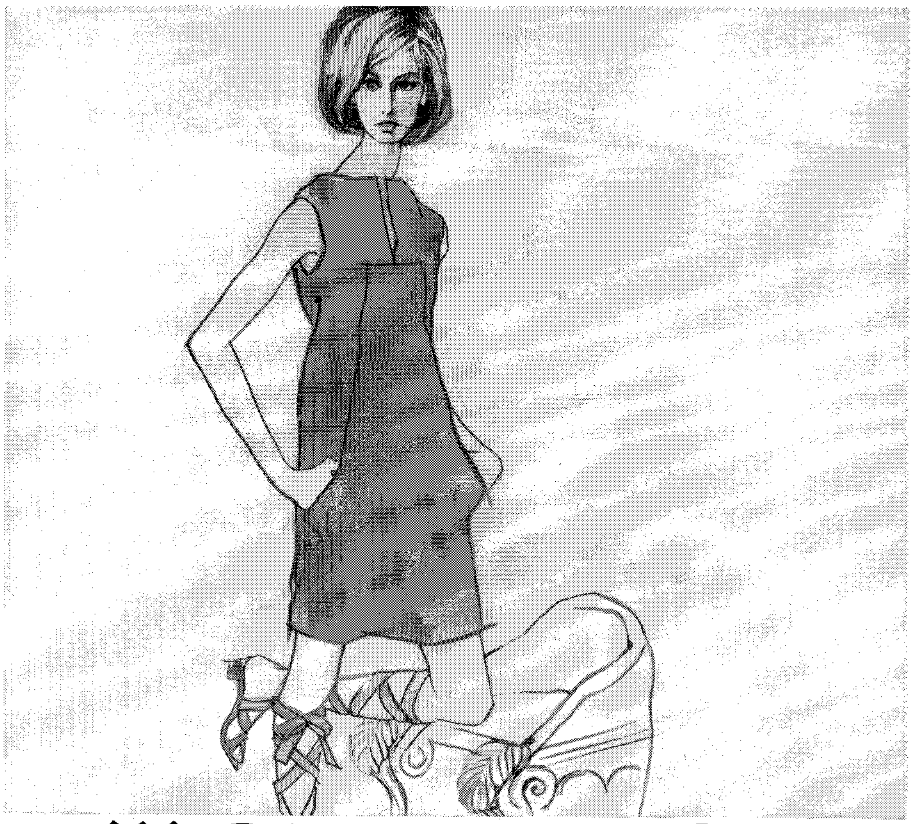

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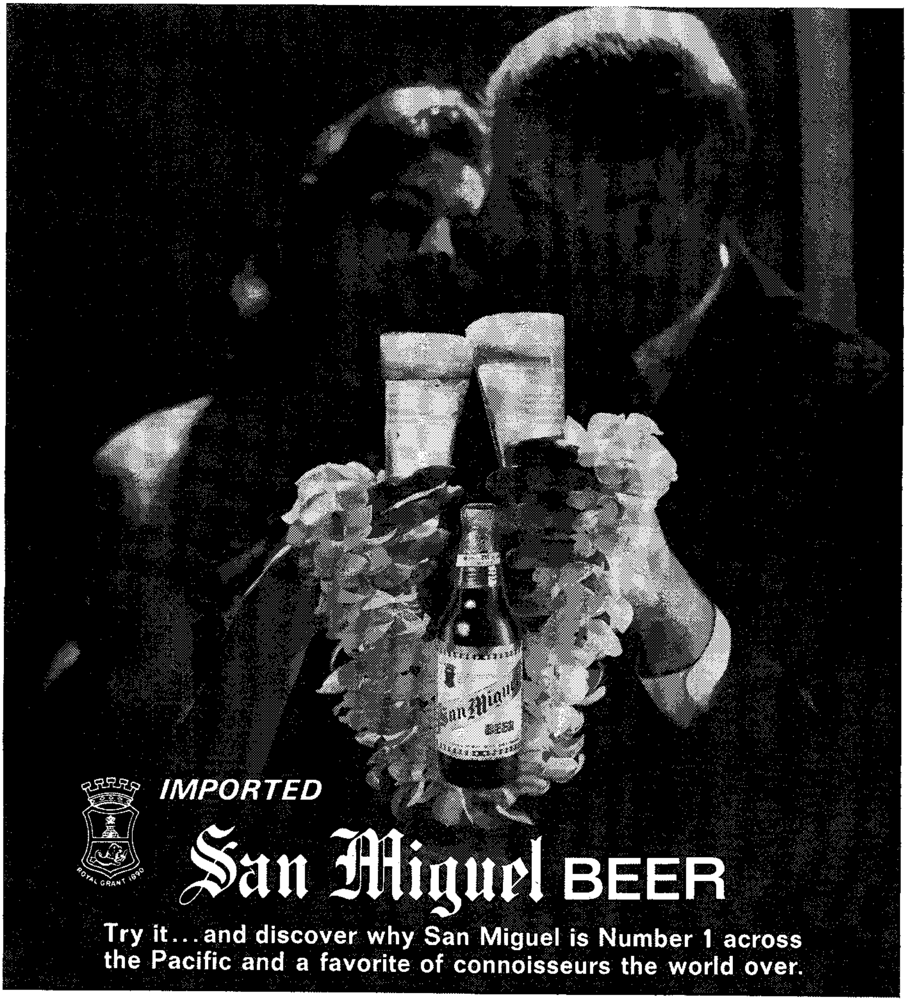

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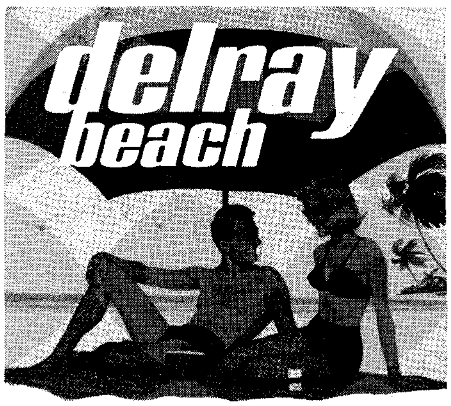

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Way Out

“NOTHING BUT A MAN” triumphantly skirts the conventional pitfalls that beset movies about Negroes, and the least I can do to honor such an achievement is to skirt the conventional pitfall of overpraising it *because* it's about Negroes—surely they've suffered enough by now from this particularly stultifying form of cultural subsidy. (Somebody should set up a foundation to take large sums of money away from reviewers who use praise as a device for righting old wrongs.) I want to commend the picture on its merits, which are many; it takes confidence in one's skill to tell a simple and dreadful story without once raising one's voice, in words that are all the more eloquent for being monosyllables, and to count on heightening the poignancy of a sequence of similar episodes by letting them trail off, seemingly unresolved, into anticlimax. We perceive that the physical and emotional violence locked behind the vivid faces of the eight or ten characters, black and white, who people “Nothing but a Man” is about to be released with murderous consequences, but before this happens the picture ends, with the uncanny suddenness of a decapitation; the long-waited-for climax is to take place not on the screen but in our imaginations after we've left the theatre, and perhaps even days later, when we feel the bite of some interior misery and only half remember its source. The authors of the screenplay, Michael Roemer and Robert Young, have taken an enormous chance in thus frustrating our expectations, but it turns out to have been a chance well worth taking; the picture is that often uneasy thing, a fiction in the documentary style, and its lack of a formal ending serves as a sort of letter of authentication for the whole. We've been taught of late to be leery of vouching for the truth of any account of the conduct and attitudes of groups that we're not ourselves members of, but I'll risk saying that “Nothing but a Man” strikes me, stranger to its contents that I am, as a true statement about Negro life in the South; if it isn't the truth, I am at any rate helpless not to believe it.

The hero of the picture is a good-looking Negro named Duff Anderson, who runs a jackhammer in a work gang on a railroad line somewhere in Alabama. He is a man like any other except in being a flicker of an eyelid less ready than his fellows to go on wearing the galling, invisible chains of accommodation by which he and they are kept in bondage. His quarrel isn't only with the whites; every Negro who consents, with no matter what show of dignity, to play the old, safe, smiling game becomes Duff's possible betrayer and therefore his enemy. As a loner, Duff has been able to afford his quarrel with the world, but he makes the mistake of falling in love with a pretty Negro girl, a schoolteacher whose father, a prominent preacher, has spent a lifetime comfortably buttering up the whites. We follow Duff as he courts and wins the girl, gives up his itinerant life with the railroad gang, and tries to settle down to being a good, sensible second-class citizen, answering to the name of “boy.” He cannot do this for long, and it is the burden of “Nothing but a Man” to show us the many trifling but terrible steps that lead Duff to the point where he has to stop and turn and fight back, even, it may be (this is for our imaginations to decide), at the cost of his life.

The part of Duff is wonderfully well enacted by Ivan Dixon. Also highly effective are Julius Harris, as Duff's alcoholic father; Abbey Lincoln, as the schoolteacher; Gloria Foster, as the father's faithful mistress; and Stanley Greene, as the preacher. Still, I suppose the true stars of the occasion are Mr. Roemer and Mr. Young, who not only provided the screenplay but have served as, respectively, the director and photographer of the picture, and who share with Robert Rubin, the sound engineer, the satisfaction of being its producers. I doubt whether it will cause ill feeling among this triumvirate if I single out Mr. Young's camerawork for special praise. It is very fine indeed.

“SWEET AND SOUR” is a silly picture from *la drôle France*, not to be let off the hook of its silliness by the fact that it can scarcely have been intended to be anything else. The director, Jacques Baratier, has evidently sought to poke fun at a dozen likely contemporary targets, including *cinéma vérité*, the aging New Wave, and the sleepy *noia*-noddings of Antonioni; I see further that he meant to poke this fun in the hearty, mindless fashion of *Mad* magazine, and it's discouraging to have to report that even this infinitesimal ambition has not been fulfilled. The picture is stitched together out of shreds and patches, and among the notables who are flung past our astonished eyes, most of them looking fairly astonished themselves, are Jean-Paul Belmondo, Simone Signoret, Monica Vitti, François Périer, Jean Richard, Alexandra Stewart, Anna Karina, and Sophie Daumier, who is so pretty and bright that she kept making me forget my irritation, a sign of weakness that irritated me all the more.

"NINE DAYS OF ONE YEAR" is often an interesting picture for reasons that have more to do with current events than with movie-making. This is a solid, old-fashioned, and, by American standards, very slow-moving account of life and love among a group of nuclear physicists in Russia. It appears that neither their lives nor their loves are, in fact, very exhilarating, but we can't help being fascinated by glimpses of how the Russian élite live now, which, perhaps to our malicious glee, is very like how our élite live, fawned on by innumerable waiters in fashionable restaurants, given V.I.P. treatment at airports, and otherwise enjoying all the crass perquisites of twentieth-century success. The adventitious lesson to be learned here is that all men are brothers, even if only brother Babbitts, but I think I already knew that.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

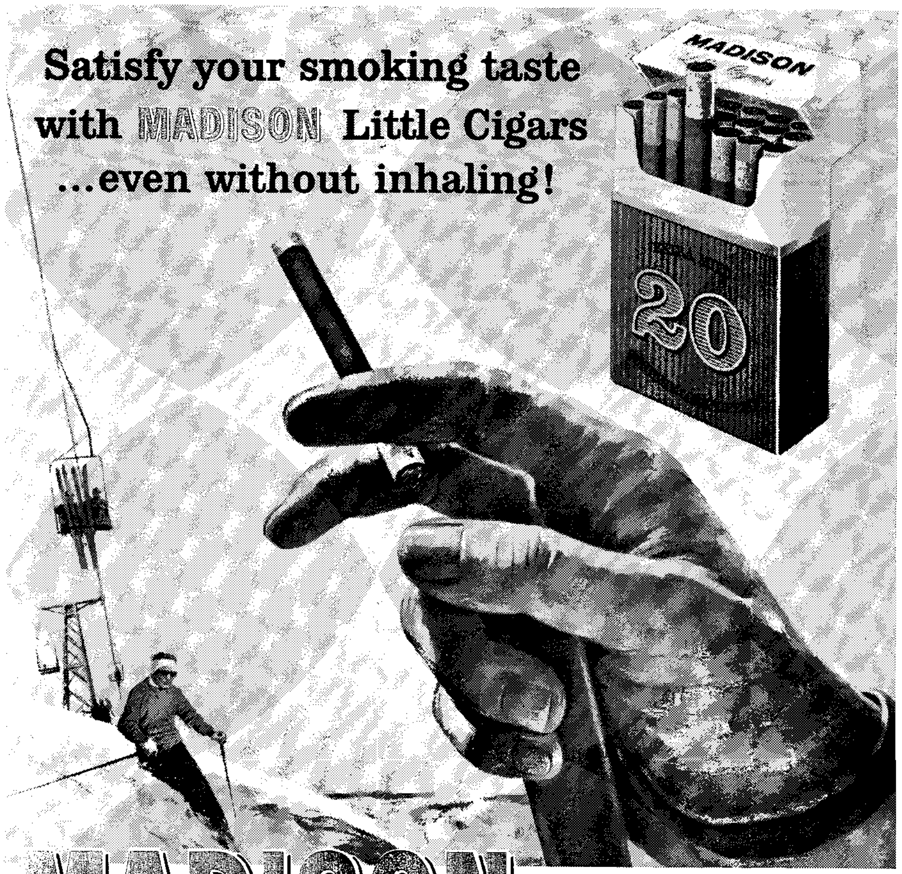
[*From the London Daily Telegraph*]

A one-year-old African python, missing from its cage in a house in the Fulham Road, London, since 10 A.M. yesterday, was still being hunted last night. Police using a tracker dog, members of the household and neighbours all joined in the hunt.

The python, known as "Thag," is nearly 7ft long and should grow to 30ft. Non-poisonous, but a constrictor, it is "not dangerous and would only strangle to eat," said Miss Elizabeth Carrdus, who has been helping to care for it temporarily at the home of her friend, Dr. Rachel Pinney.

"But he wouldn't be able to eat a human being," Miss Carrdus added. "At the moment he couldn't even eat a newborn baby. But he might give you a good nip," she warned.

"Thag" belongs to Lady Kimber, the author Margaret Bonham, who is away at present. It was given to her as a pet by Dr. Pinney, who could not comment. The doctor took a vow four years ago not to speak on Wednesdays as a protest against Britain's possession of nuclear weapons.



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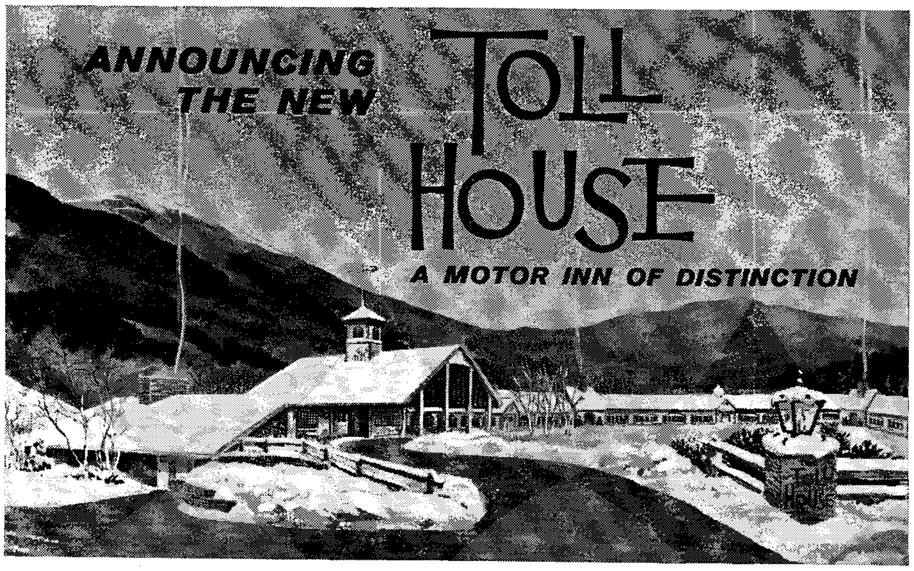

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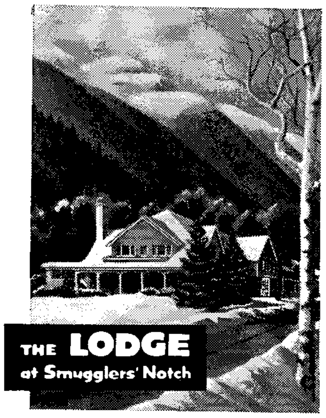

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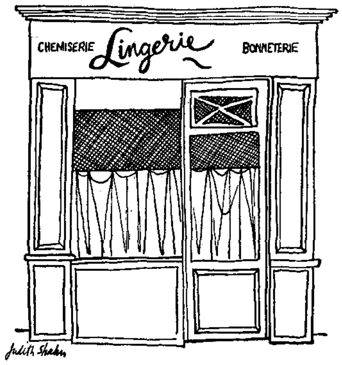
LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 29

THE record-breaking price of close to seven million francs recently paid to a French collector by the London National Gallery for a large and controversial Cézanne, "Les Grandes Baigneuses," naturally set a new high-water mark in talk in Paris art circles about picture prices vs. aesthetic values, about why collectors collect and what their judgments are worth. Part of this stimulation came from, and some of the answers were discernible in, an unusual husband-and-wife art collection of two hundred items gathered over almost half a century by M. George and Mme. Adèle Besson, which is now on temporary view in the Salle Mollien in the Louvre, because it was recently donated by the couple to the French state. Attention was further attracted to the collection by Mme. Besson's unexpectedly dying the very morning the pictures were put on public view—apparently her first absence from her husband's side in their long art-appreciation career together. They both came from the Jura region (whose chief city, Besançon, is to receive the best part of their pictures for its ill-supplied state museum), where he, a strong Socialist, inherited a small concern that made tobacco pipes. He moved to Paris with his wife in 1904, saw his first modern art, by van Gogh and then by Whistler (he despised the latter), visited the revolutionary Fauve salon of 1905, and, in 1908, ordered his first modern canvas—a portrait of his Adèle by the Fauvist van Dongen. She must have been lovely then, with great black eyes like wine grapes, which the artist stylistically swelled to the size of plums. In 1909, by scrimping, he was able to order his portrait by Bonnard. Already he was keeping realistic notes: "At this time, Bonnard wore steel pince-nez and a dark beard. From his upper lip protruded two incisors, which a dentist twenty years before had filed down—inappropriate to his frank and astonished expression. As he painted, he was crunching nut candies, which he pulled from a tiny paper sack." Besson appreciated Bonnard's paintings (he eventually owned six), admiring him for the same reasons that many French collectors distrusted him—for his malicious social fantasy, loose painting style, and bright colors, "which at the end of his life became a frenzy." Soon after his Bonnard portrait, the Bonnards and the Bessons were dining together weekly. In 1918, Besson ordered a small portrait of Adèle from Renoir, which the old man dashed off in one morning while his servant sang "La Madelon." But he was already dying in his wheelchair, and her face is terra-cotta, colored like the four other Besson Renoirs, which he could not afford until too late for them to be very good ones. Among his quartet of Matisses are two portraits of Besson himself, one still unfinished after fourteen sociable sittings. Besson's best unit is his half-hundred general works by Matisse's early, struggling friend (and later Besson's struggling friend, too) Albert Marquet, so long unappreciated—truly a poor colorist but a fine painter and aquarellist, whose brilliant, droll, stenographic *encre-de-Chine* street figures are actually the collection's only internationally known items. Next best are the two dozen watercolors and drawings by Besson's close friend Signac. There are three fine Rodin drawings—one really choice—and less lively and lovely ones by Maillol; a pair of oils by Suzanne Valadon; and one Dufy drawing, of a wheatfield; and then come works by Jongkind, Jourdain, Cross, Laprade, Puy, Vallotton, and even Valtat—those minor, gifted artists and friends who accompany great art movements like footnotes.



Paris art circles seem to take it for granted that most important modern art collections were made for the sake of prestige, or sometimes as a refined financial speculation, but only rarely to satisfy the deep aesthetic passion of a rich man. Being a relatively poor man with an aesthetic passion, Besson is a real, simon-pure amateur, and his collection, through its very limitations, possesses a historical social coherence in personal taste—all true to life and true to art, all identifiable. The Besson collection is loosely talked of in Paris as being worth (and on a minuscule original investment, mind you) a half, or even a whole, million dollars—but either figure is, for once, beside the

You'll trade with the dog, the horse, the hen, and the bull wherever you traffic in Ireland. But you'd best consider the cat in an Irish pub should you choose to make friends with an Irishman.

Though we do have a plethora of girls named Kitty in Ireland, we do not lionize the cat. In truth, despite certain well-publicized indications to the contrary, we do not even lionize the lion.

We do breed lions in Dublin, right enough. Or, at least, the keeper of the Phoenix Park Zoo breeds lions in Dublin, thereby making our zoo the only zoo in the world to successfully breed the kingly beasts in captivity. And we do export lions, right enough; recently even exporting six of our Irish lions to Africa. And from these gratifying facts, we do draw a certain ironical pride.

But for the lion himself we have no undue regard. Perhaps it comes of our unfortunate familiarity with the kings of another species, but we prefer more democratic beasts. The dog and the horse who race and hunt for us. The hare that we hunt. The salmon. The bull. The homely hen and the pig who feed us. And it is these creatures we choose to honor by graving their likenesses upon our national coinage.

Since you can still buy an astonishing great number of things without breaking a pound note in Ireland, you will have these creatures much in hand as you go about conducting your transactions.

And should you stay among us any reasonable time at all, you will soon find yourself knowing that the small coppery coin with the pig on it is a hapenny. And the big coppery coin with the hen and her brood on it is a penny. And the tiny silvery coin with the hare on it is a thrupenny bit. And the biggest of the silvery coins—the one with the horse—is a half-crown (2 shillings, sixpence) and that four of these last ($1.40) will buy you the best seats in the house in any theatre in Dublin. (As to what the crown will buy, we have no such Irish coin, being understandably disinclined—considering our history—to create any more crowns in Ireland.)

Just sixpence lower in value than our half-crown is our florin (the silvery coin with the salmon on it), worth 2 Irish shillings or 28 American cents. And we hope it will come as a pleasant surprise to you that in almost any pub in Ireland, this coin all by itself will bring you a pint of our good Guinness stout (for which you must generally pay at least 60¢ in the states).

Should you be wanting lunch with your Guinness, two florins more will usually procure you a fine, round platterful of firm, smoky-sweet Limerick ham, creamy Irish cheese, chewy Irish bread, curls of new butter, thick-sliced tomatoes and one small Irish wolfhound (sixpence) in change.

And if what you really want is neither lunch nor stout but some of our honest Irish pot-still whiskey, then you may generally have your choice of Jameson's, Paddy's, or Tullamore Dew for about 35¢ (2 shillings, six pence) on the rocks and nicely tumblered.

But if you've come to the pub not so much after any of these, as in hope of finding someone with whom to share a bit of honest and companionable conversation, then the time has come to consider the cat.

By this we do not mean to suggest that you carry a saucer of milk about with you on the odd chance that the publican might have a pet feline. (Although, indeed, this might not be a bad idea at all, since it would almost certainly cause you to be described as "a great character"—the most friend-attracting of all Irish compliments.)

But what we are wanting to tell you is that there is that in the average Irishman which makes him behave in a pub like nothing so much as a shy and independent, though reasonably friendly cat when confronted by a well-intentioned stranger. And if, in that situation, you already know how to make friends with the cat, then you already know the whole technique of making friends in a pub with an Irishman.

But if you do not already know, then we hope you will not take it amiss if we offer a single pointer: let the Irishman come to you, which he (like the cat) will do, drawn by a natural and friendly curiosity, if you but offer him time and the appearance of an amiable indifference. For if you make the first move, the Irishman will (like the cat) retreat in alarm—either literally or by hiding behind the facade (which he hopes will please you) of the stage or old-time-American-movie Irishman.

And that would be a pity. For we in Ireland do very much hope that, once you come among us, you will make real, personal friendships with us. And that it will be these friendships—as well as our blarney, and our bargains, and the beauty of our land—that will bring you back again and again to us.

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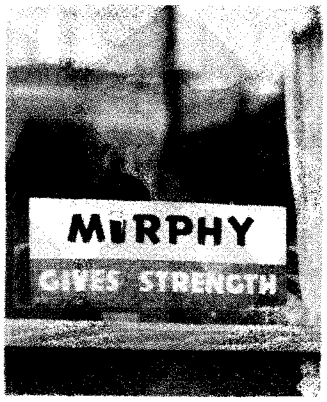

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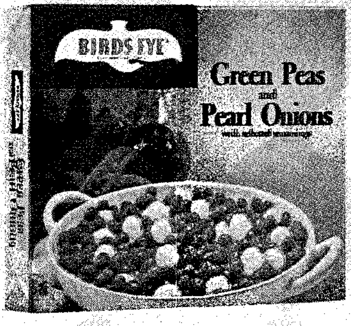

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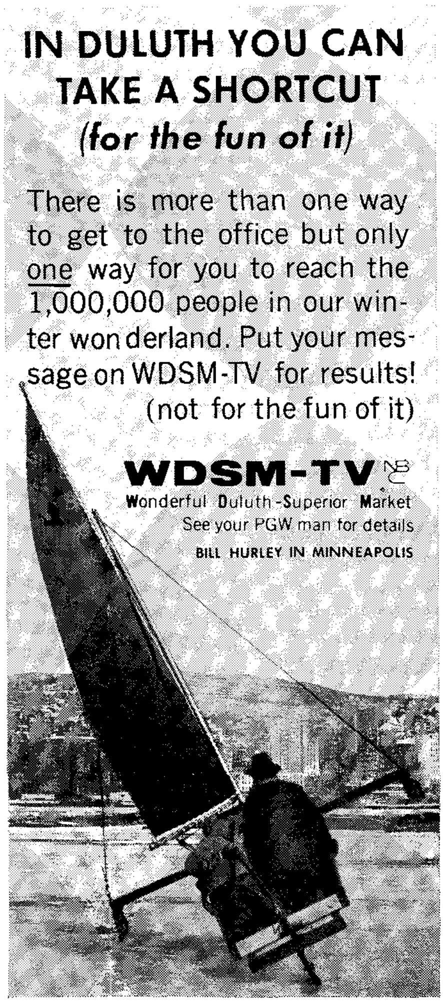
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point in judging a collection's, or a collector's, worth.

Before the First World War, Besson, who was always didactic, founded a small Paris review, *Les Cahiers d'Aujourd'hui*, in which, over the years, he published his pungent, often slashing personal art critiques. He never favored Cubist art or bought it. Now eighty-three, he is still as implacable an enemy of contemporary abstract art as he was when it first started. In a recent interview, he said that he is still combatting those young Paris art critics "who are all college graduates who majored in philosophy and start everything with Kandinsky and Mondrian." He added, "My late wife and I were simply intoxicated by art."

As the twentieth anniversary of France's liberation from the Germans began coming to a close, the left-wing daily newspaper *Libération*, founded clandestinely in 1941 in the southern Unoccupied Zone of France, came suddenly to its close on November 27th, after twenty-three years of existence. Thus, the list of Paris daily newspapers now adds up to twelve, with about ten slightly different interpretive political identities. The blow fell in *Libération's* big newsroom (formerly that of the rich, bourgeois *Le Matin*, which collaborated with the Nazis and so lost its postwar right to publication, and even its property, in which *Libération* was presently installed) late on a Thursday afternoon, when the entire collected staff, from editors through reporters and down to the messenger boys, was suddenly informed that tomorrow's edition would be its last. It is significant that the painful announcement was made by Henry Bordage, the editor-in-chief, who represented the Communist Party's interest in the moribund paper. He explained that the Party had made a long financial sacrifice to keep *Libération* going, in the hope that a union of the Left would "open political perspectives," which are now certainly not expected in 1965, "or even for a good many years"—a bleak, authoritative statement of national political importance in France, in view of the new year's Presidential election, in which a united Left has been hoping to weaken de Gaulle's chances. The manager of the dead newspaper, Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie, is a well-known *rara avis* in French journalism—adventurous, highly intelligent, an aristocrat, a former Navy officer, an intellectual Marxist, but not

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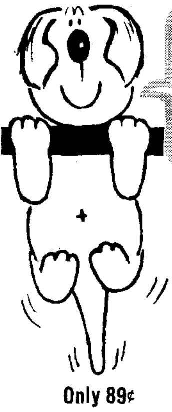
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a Communist. *Libération* was his creation and his contribution to the early French Resistance movement, edited by him and by two companions whom the Nazis caught and executed. It first appeared in Paris on August 19, 1944, on Liberation Day, with a flourishing patriotic circulation of a hundred and fifty thousand but little money. Since no leftist French intelligentsia newspaper ever gets any advertising revenue, by 1948 d'Astier had to seek financial help, either from intelligentsia capitalists—always hard to find—or from the Communists. In 1956, he quarrelled with his Communist backers over Moscow's treatment of Hungary's rebellion, and it was then that the Party put its own man in as editor-in-chief, to keep an eye on him. As dissatisfaction grew, with the paper's circulation down to half of what it had been, d'Astier was even accused of the heresy of "complacence toward Gaullism."

Of *Libération's* dismissed staff of writers, only one had a new post by the next day, at probably twice her *Libération* pay—Mlle. Madeleine Jacob, France's *doyenne* trial and court reporter, whose sardonic, trenchant reports on French justice will now be a feature in *France-Soir*, the most prosperous of all Paris papers, with a circulation of more than a million. However, none of the *Libération* staff has any immediate need to worry, because of the extraordinary protection that must be given dismissed workers (who have not been at fault) by a regulation called the Convention Collective, which governs French employer-and-employee relations, and of which the Communist Party, as the official workers' party, has always been a vociferous advocate; now it is wearing the shoe on the other foot, since its position is that of the employer who did the firing. The Convention's formulations are too complex to go into, but ever since the day of dismissal, the fired *Libération* workers have been returning every working day to the empty newsroom between the hours of five and six, with nothing to do except symbolically fulfill their working contract with the Communist Party—and this will go on through the month of January at full pay. What with one benefit and another, those of the staff who had worked on the paper since 1948, when the Communist Party first began footing the bills, will in some cases receive the equivalent of twenty months' salary. The Party might almost have saved money by

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PARIS is famed for the dramatic and solemn theatricality of its occasional funeral processions for France's great and usually elderly men. Recently, the city witnessed a series of majestic honors offered to the memory and ashes of Jean Moulin, who died young, aged forty-four, in the summer of 1943, tortured to death by the Gestapo in the village of Caluire, near Lyon. Before the war, he had been named Prefect of the department of Eure-et-Loir, with his official residence in the cathedral town of Chartres. There, in 1940, in his first misadventure with the Germans and their torture, he had unsuccessfully tried to kill himself by cutting his throat, on which the scars remained, making him a doubly marked man to the end; not only was he the chief of the Conseil National de la Résistance, which in 1942 he had started organizing for General de Gaulle, then in London, and thus the single omniscient French Resistant, whom the Germans most persistently sought to capture, but he was the man who always had to keep a scarf wrapped high around his throat to hide his identifying scars. Late on Friday afternoon of the week before last, his ashes were first deposited in the court of the crypt called Le Mémorial de la Déportation, behind Notre-Dame, with military honors rendered there to the strains of Chopin's funeral march, and a guard of honor composed of some of his Resistance followers. At nine o'clock that night began the torchlight procession that accompanied his remains to the nearby Panthéon. Passing from the *parvis* of Notre-Dame along by the river with its flaming reflections, and then up the Sorbonne students' Boulevard St.-Michel, the mounted Horse Guards slowly led the way in full dress with their sabres drawn, followed by drums muffled in black cloth to deaden their funeral beat. All the street lights had been turned out on the boulevard, and the boulevard cafés and cinemas followed suit, so no brightness remained to illuminate the way except the torches held aloft by the great crowd following their leader for the last time—men and women who had known and obeyed him in the Resistance, now carrying their associations' flags, and widows and sons and daughters of the Resistance dead, all silently marching, with their torch flames reddening the nocturnal scene. It was a moving and spectacular sight, without

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sound except for the dull thudding of the drums ahead. At the corner of the Luxembourg Garden, the procession turned toward the Panthéon, ablaze with an effulgent light on its little rise, its domed façade and its pillars cleaned and white, with a waiting tricolor pennant falling from their capitals, the scarlet fold alone being used to shelter his cenotaph for the night, while a tricolor "V" shone up into the night sky from searchlights on the Panthéon's steps.

At noon the next day, the ceremonies were concluded with the government officially present in sheltered tribunes, for the wind was cold. General de Gaulle could be seen in full military attire, with képi and greatcoat, surrounded by his family of Ministers. Minister of Culture André Malraux read aloud his farewell homage, his voice a threnody of melancholy sound accenting his heroic words, largely addressed to the youth of France, most of whom had doubtless never heard before of the long-dead man. The "Chant des Partisans" was sung in a choral arrangement, which perhaps enriched its simple and monotonous tragic tune. With military honors, the remembered courage of Jean Moulin then accompanied his ashes inside the Panthéon.

For several years, there has been in the precincts of Chartres Cathedral an exceptionally appropriate memorial to Jean Moulin, set up on a little triangle of grass against a garden wall. A medallion portrait of him on the wall shows his strong, youthful face in profile, with its sharp features and fervent, full lower lip. The monument itself in the grass triangle consists of a gigantic male hand, as tall as a man, clutching a broken sword. —GENÊT

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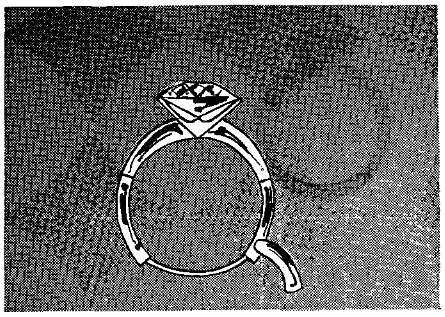

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BOOKS

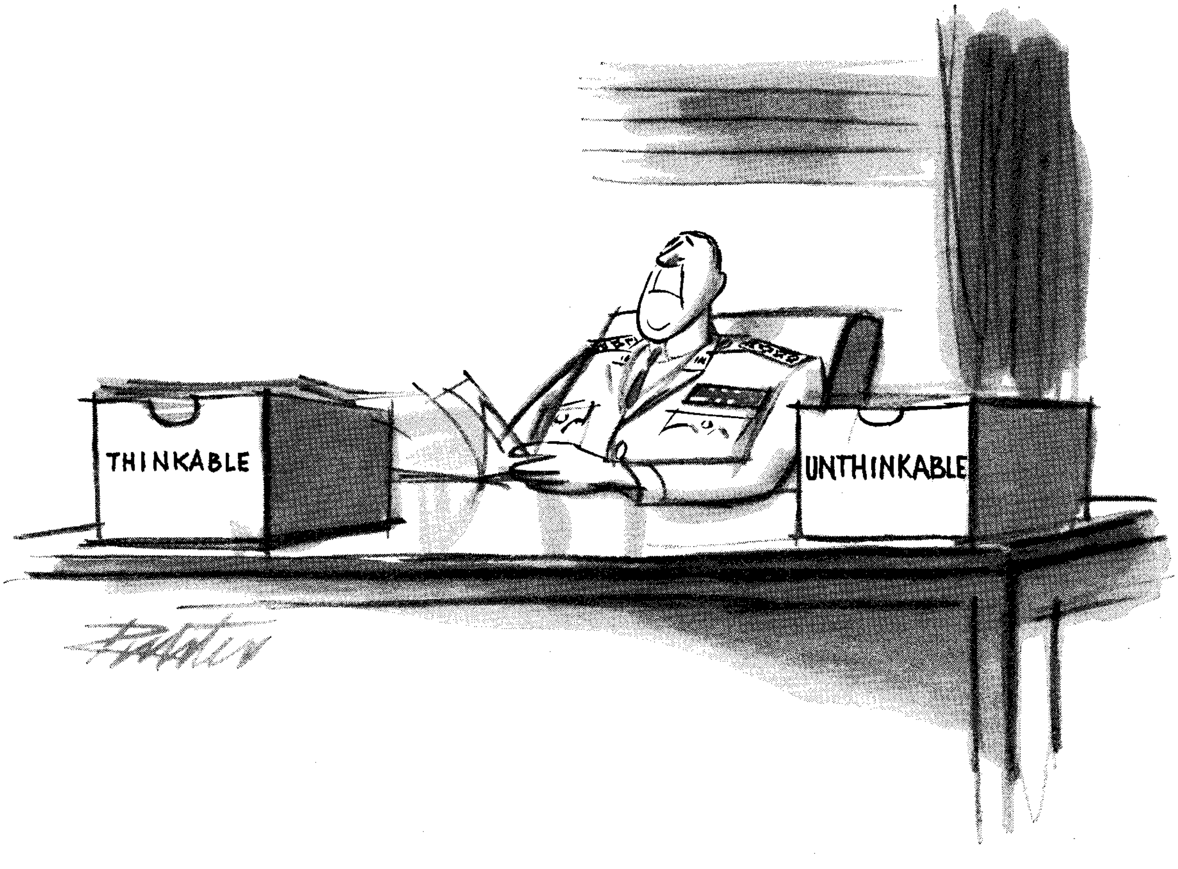
Valleys of the Shadow

"The Night Watchman," a fascinating, imperfect short novel by Simonne Jacquemard (published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, in a translation by L. D. Emmet), won the Prix Renaudot in France the year before last, when Americans were reading an English novel on a similar theme—"The Collector," by John Fowles. Both books concern a young man who abducts a young woman, locks her in a cellar, respects her chastity, and lets her die of neglect. Both authors connect their protagonists' inability to make love with their destructiveness, but this debt to Lady Chatterley's husband is the only other thing the books have in common. Mr. Fowles lets the killer and his victim tell their own stories, and calls the reader's attention to English class relationships. Miss Jacquemard places Siméon Leverrier socially—he is a night watchman—but gives him no role in the struggle of classes. His victim scarcely exists for him or for us, and his story is unfolded in a series of short passages written in various styles and arranged out of chronological order. Mr. Fowles chips off the excess from his narrative to shape a core; Miss Jacquemard chips at the narrative to get the fragments she wants to use.

Some of her fragments are primarily visual (a small-town street on a rainy night) and cinematic rather than painterly, for they are accompanied by noises (an old gate opening) if not speech, and they linger over gestures (Leverrier taking off his gloves) with the deliberation of many modern films. Other fragments are aural, too—local gossip; an examining magistrate asking Leverrier for a confession or an extenuation. The spoken passages, like the cinematic ones, are catalogues of banalities. Among the other fragments with which the author explains the night watchman, piecing together his character with brilliant economy, are bits of his diary—a bitterly funny record of petty thefts, humiliations, and sketches for lunatic scientific projects. And she studies his acts, sensations, and ideas as he works in secret to dig out a collapsed well in his garden. (Eventually he digs down to the remains of an ancient Roman bath; by that time he has forgotten all about the silly salesgirl he has picked up, lured home, and imprisoned. While he digs, she dies.) Mostly, Leverrier is an uncouth, nasty nut. But the passages about his descent and discovery transform him into a hero, for he has a hero's experience—not Orpheus's or Dante's but a more barbaric one: a descent into the underworld that survives in folk and fairy tales about tumbling into the trolls' kingdom. This kingdom is not the treasure he unearths (a stone carving, for instance); it is an unsharable vision, from within the earth, of death and burial as transmutation, of "buried cities" that turn into "cities of amethysts, with houses of opaline and temples of crystal and obelisks of sulphur and rubellite." Leverrier's kingdom is a statement of the unity of nature, as Shakespeare put it in "Full fathom five" and Wordsworth put it in "A slumber did my spirit seal." Miss Jacquemard's prose—a gorgeous, romantic, spooky collage of roots, jewels, stones, and bones—is far more ornate than these poems but hardly less affecting.

Her catalogues of banalities are, I think, employed as a dull frame to set off her hero's splendid vision; the mediocrity of Leverrier's surroundings fixes him among the fated nobodies—swineherds, shepherds, and runaway children—who get swallowed up by the earth in fairy tales. Unfortunately, the portentous scrutiny of banality has become a fashion in contemporary art, even an artistic banality. Miss Jacquemard demonstrates her intelligence in the way she makes use of this routine. It is in Leverrier's vision and in his diary that she demonstrates the force of her imagination and the originality of her style.

Georges Simenon's "The Bells of Bicêtre" (translated by Jean Stewart and published by Harcourt, Brace & World) invites comparison with Eric Hodgins' recent "Episode," for both books deal with a man who suffers a stroke and recovers. In Mr. Hodgins' admirable work of nonfiction the patient was the author; in Simenon's



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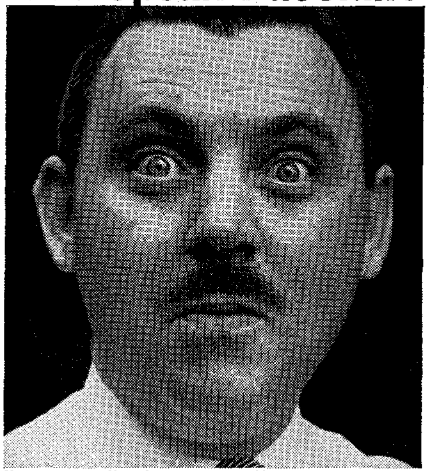

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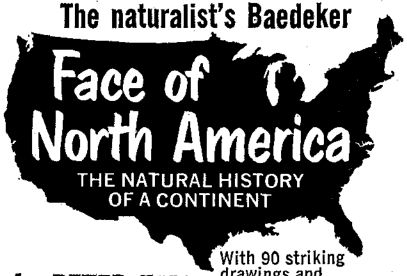

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novel it is René Maugras, a successful fifty-four-year-old Parisian publisher. Some coincidences must be expected, given the nature of the illness and its treatment—not to mention the apparently worldwide un-charm of hospitals. And the two books agree on a logical and unjust truth of medicine, or of life: unhappiness is a cause of illness. Yet while the reader felt that Mr. Hodgins' recovery was a triumph, for Simenon's Maugras the return to the life he led is rather a defeat.

Maugras has always worked so hard that the months of his hospitalization are the only time he has had to reflect on his life, and it looks to him like a procession of uninteresting mistakes. He realizes that twice he has married waifs because he was unsure of his ability to attract attractive, independent women, and that the dependence of both wives became exploitive. (His current wife is an expensive, self-pitying drunk.) He recognizes, too, that he has achieved his considerable worldly success by driving himself because of fear of failure rather than because of love of work. He has always, with some justice, thought of himself as untalented. He has abandoned his father (except financially) and alienated his daughter, and he suspects the affection of his eminent friends. He has, he feels, no reason to live. But the hospital draws him into its routine; his doctors insist that he help cure himself, and his nurses conspire to push him back to life. At first reluctantly, he begins to talk, feed himself, exercise, and then, with his doctors' encouragement, he resumes work before he is discharged from the hospital. Briefly he regrets, then—in the press of urgent business—forgets that he is too weak to mend, except physically.

Simenon's prose makes one think of a hard-working man who, on being observed closely, says, "Go away. Can't you see I'm busy?" His style's active, no-fuss quality aims to direct our attention anywhere but on itself. It is supple and capable of variety and refinement. This novel starts with the foggy perceptions of a half-paralyzed man recovering consciousness, and then moves back and forth in time, recollecting landscapes and city scenes; the seasons change outside the hospital; doctors, nurses, attendants, visitors come and go in his room; and the style realizes them all, all their distinctnesses and all their shiftings, however speedy and veering. Simenon allows Maugras no particular appeal—he is physically plain, he is unoriginal, he is not very clever—yet, thanks to that all-compe-

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tent prose, the man becomes the reader's fellow and brother.

MICHAEL, the questing protagonist of Elie Wiesel's religious novel, "The Town Behind the Wall" (published by Atheneum and translated from the French by Stephen Becker), is not literally Mr. Wiesel, but the author has endowed him with a past that may remind many readers of his own impressive autobiography, "Night." In that work, Wiesel is a Hungarian Jew who in 1944, at the age of fifteen, was taken away from his religious studies and mystical pursuits and shipped to Auschwitz. There, after witnessing the execution of a child by slow strangulation, he lost his faith in God. The Nazis killed all his family. Michael, too, enters the postwar world as an orphan alone in Paris. And, again like Mr. Wiesel, he wants to know: Why do the innocent suffer? How can man be happy if God does not exist? How should men be good?

Michael's search for answers takes him back to his home town—a smuggler friend escorts him across the Iron Curtain borders—and there he decides to confront a man he remembers only as a face looking out of a window into a courtyard where the city's Jews were collected for deportation. Michael wishes to discover what this bystander felt about the brutalities he watched and what explanation he can offer for his neutrality. The man is enraged by the confrontation—especially by Michael's refusal to hate him—and rids himself of the intruder, who is as unwelcome as an attack of conscience, by turning him over to the Communist police. All this is told in flashbacks, as Michael attempts to divert his mind while the police are making him stand hour after hour facing a wall. He wants to hold out, without talking, long enough to let his smuggler friend escape. He recalls his religious studies and his teacher, whose efforts to experience God directly drove several of the other students insane; remembers his furtive visits to his next-door neighbor, a heretic shunned by other Jews because he had once preached in the synagogue the superiority of man to God. And he thinks of the smuggler whose escape he is assuring and who has told him to study happiness, not suffering. Then he collapses.

From here on, the narrative proceeds straightforwardly in time. Michael is now in a cell with two madmen and a Jew who has been imprisoned for organizing classes in religion. This Jew is far less ambitious than Michael: he be-

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lieves in God without expecting to understand His purposes, and that man's duty is to weep, pray, submit, and withstand. He and Michael never finish their argument, for the jailers, operating under their arbitrary rules, take away the Jew. Then one of the madmen is taken, leaving Michael alone with the other, a boy who is in a state of withdrawn stupefaction. To preserve his own sanity, Michael undertakes to bring his cellmate to consciousness, and in this work of practical salvation he finds his answers: the book ends with a few unsettling paragraphs telling us that man and God once changed places, so that "neither . . . was ever again what he seemed to be."

The book is short; like a parable, it is stripped down to make its points, and it manages to be both particular and universal. This effect is hard to achieve; if it goes wrong, it may seem tendentious, like pious Agit-Prop, or merely boring. But Mr. Wiesel's simplicity is not false, and he has written a work of considerable distinction. His resurrection of Michael's boyhood town is especially splendid. Only in the case of the bystander, I think, is this simplicity inadequate, because the bystander's guilt is not a moral problem but a psychological one. Whether we see him, as Michael does, as a sinner against the religion of loving man, or take our text from Revelation—"I would thou wert cold or hot . . . because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth"—we have no difficulty in morally assessing his behavior. But indifference is colorless compared to good or evil, and it needs to be created in detail. The bystander, with his individual mixture of ignorance, fear, malice, incomprehension, and laziness, should be delineated like a character in a novel, not a figure in an allegory. It is possible, however, that Wiesel has left the bystander almost blank to allow each of us, painfully, to fill in the weak, sly features. There is no doubt that he writes less to create a fiction than to create a disturbance in the minds of his readers.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

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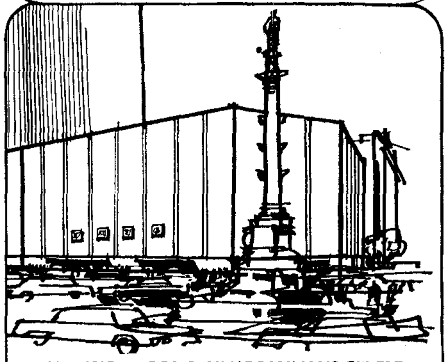

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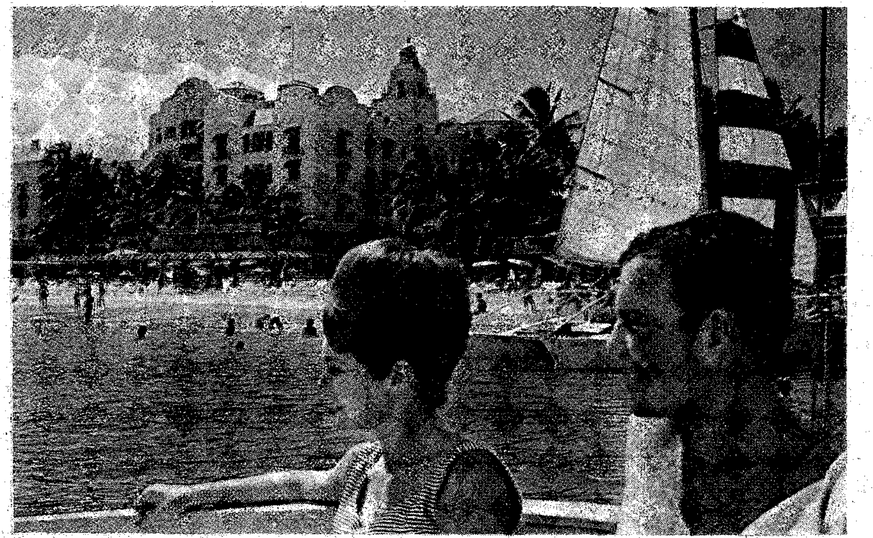

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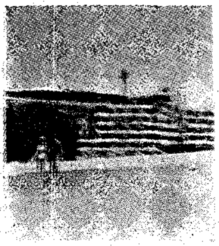

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